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Romance of Mason Country

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Chateaubriand

TRAVELS

IN

GREECE, PALESTINE, EGYPT,

AND

BARBARY,

DURING THE YEARS 1806 AND 1807.

BY F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY F. SHOBERL.

EMBELLISHED WITH A MAP,

AND THREE COPPER AND FOUR WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

If I were to assert that these Travels were not intended to see the light; that I give them to the public with regret, and, as it were, in spite of myself, I should tell the truth, and, probably, nobody would believe me.

My tour was not undertaken with the intention of writing it; I had a very different design, and this design I have accomplished in the *Martyrs*.* I went in quest of images, and nothing more. I could not behold Sparta, Athens, Jerusalem, without making some reflections. Those reflections could not be introduced into the subject of an epopee; they were left in the journal which I kept of my tour, and it is these that I now submit to the public.

I must, therefore, request the reader to consider this work rather as memoirs of a year of my life, than as a book of travels. I pretend not to tread in the steps of a Chardin, a Tavernier, a Chandler, a Mungo Park, a Humboldt: or to be thoroughly acquainted with people, through whose country I have merely passed. A moment is sufficient for a landscape painter to sketch a tree, to take a view, to draw a ruin; but whole years are too short for the study of men and manners, and for the profound investigation of the arts and sciences.

I am, nevertheless, fully aware of the respect that is due to the public, and it would be wrong to imagine that I am here ushering into the world a work that has cost me no pains, no researches, no labour; it will be seen, on the contrary, that I have scrupulously fulfilled my duties as a writer. Had I done nothing but determine the site of Lacedæmon, discover a new tomb at Mycenæ, and ascertain the situation of the ports of Carthage, still I should deserve the gratitude of travellers.

In a work of this nature, I have often been obliged to pass from the most serious reflections to the most familiar circumstances: now indulging my reveries among the ruins of Greece, now returning to the cares incident to the traveller, my style has necessarily followed the train of my ideas, and the change in my situation. All readers, therefore, will not be pleased with the same passages; some will seek my sentiments only, while others will prefer my adventures; these will feel themselves obliged to me for the positive information I have communicated respecting a great number of objects; those again will be tired of the observations on the arts, the study of monuments, and the historical digressions. For the rest, it is the man, much more than the author, that will be discovered throughout; I am continually speaking of myself, and I spoke, as I thought, in security, for I had no intention of publishing these Memoirs. But as I have nothing in my heart that I am ashamed to display to all the world, I have made no retrenchments from my original notes. The object which I have in view will be accomplished, if the reader perceives a perfect sincerity from the beginning of the work to the end. A traveller is a kind of historian; it is his duty to give a faithful account of what he has seen or heard; he should invent nothing, but then he must omit nothing; and whatever may be his private opinions, he should never suffer them to bias him to such a degree as to suppress or to distort the truth.

* *Les Martyrs, ou le Triomphe de la Religion Chretienne*, in 2 vols. 8vo published by the author about two years ago.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE volume here submitted to the public, is the last performance of a man, whose works, though less known in this country than they deserve to be, have gained, at home, a greater share, both of applause and animadversion, than those of, perhaps, any living writer. His *Atala, or the Amours of Two Savages in the Desert*, and a short extract from his great work *Genie du Christianisme*, which appeared under the title of a *Demonstration of the Existence of God*, are the only part of his writings that has hitherto been laid before the English reader. *Les Martyrs, ou le Triomphe de la Religion Chretienne*, which may be considered as his master-piece, yet remains wholly unknown here; though repeated editions of each of these performances evince the celebrity which they have acquired in France.

It was the latter that furnished occasion for the present tour. When we behold an author, for the sake of a close adherence to truth and nature, quitting his native land, and exposing himself in once classic, but now barbarous countries, to every species of fatigue, hardship, and danger, at the expense of his fortune and his health, merely that he may give a faithful portraiture of the scenes which he has chosen for a work of fiction; it is impossible to withhold our admiration of the ardour and enthusiasm which alone could suggest the idea of such an enterprise, and communicate the fortitude and energy requisite for its accomplishment.

Such, as we are informed by *M. de Chateaubriand* himself, was the sole motive for these Travels, the journal of which, though not originally intended for publication, will, unless I am mistaken, excite a considerable degree of interest in various classes of readers. The scholar and the man of science will accompany his steps, with feelings of mingled pleasure and pain, through some of the most renowned regions of antiquity; the Christian will follow him with devotion in his pilgrimage to the scenes hallowed by the presence and the miracles of the Divine Founder of his religion; the artist will find studies ready sketched to his hand; and the general reader will be delighted with the variety of information, the adventures, and the reflections, alternately sublime and pathetic, with which this volume is interspersed; while a tinge of melancholy, which pervades all the works of this writer, a grandson of the illustrious *M. de Malesherbes*, and which may, doubtless, be ascribed to the domestic calamities that his early life was destined to experience from a sanguinary revolution, will, assuredly, not diminish the interest arising from the perusal.

With respect to the translation, I shall merely observe, that I believe it will be found as free from imperfections as the very short time allowed for its execution will admit. A tolerable copious Index, which is not in the original, will, it is hoped, prove an acceptable addition.

F. SHOBERL.

London, October 3, 1811.

INTRODUCTION.

FIRST MEMOIR.

I SHALL divide this Introduction into two Memoirs; in the first I shall take up the history of Sparta and Athens, at about the age of Augustus, and bring it down to the present time. In the second I shall inquire into the authenticity of the religious traditions relative to Jerusalem.

Spon, Wheeler, Fanelli, Chandler, and Leroi, have, it is true, treated of the fortunes of Greece in the middle ages; but the picture drawn by those writers is far from being a finished one. They have contented themselves with general facts, and not taken the trouble to dispel the confusion which pervades the history of the Byzantine empire: they were, moreover, ignorant of the existence of some travels in the Levant. While I avail myself of their labours, I shall endeavour to supply their omissions.

As to the history of Jerusalem, it is involved in no obscurity in the barbarous ages. We never lose sight of the holy city. But when the pilgrims tell you, "We repaired to the tomb of Jesus Christ; we entered the grotto where the Redeemer of the world sweated blood, &c." an incredulous reader might imagine that the pilgrims were misled by uncertain traditions. Now, this is the point which I purpose to discuss in the second Memoir of this Introduction.

I now proceed to the history of Sparta and Athens.

When the Romans began to make their appearance in the East, Athens declared itself their enemy, and Sparta followed their fortunes. Sylla burned the Piræus and Munychia; he plundered the city of Cecrops, and made such a slaughter of its citizens, that, as Plutarch informs us, their blood filled the whole Ceramicus, and ran out at the doors.

B. C. 87. Plut. in Syl. Appian.

B. C. 87. In the civil wars of Rome, the Athenians espoused the cause of Pompey, which they looked upon as the cause of Liberty: the Lacedæmonians adhered to Cæsar, who was too generous to revenge himself on Athens. Sparta, faithful to the memory of Cæsar, fought at the battle of Philippi against Brutus, who had promised the pillage of Lacedæmon to his soldiers, in case they were victorious. The Athenians erected statues to Brutus, attached themselves to Anthony, and were punished by Augustus. Four years before the death of that prince they revolted against him.

B. C. 47. Cæs. de Bell. civil. Dion. Appian Plut. in Vit. Brut. B. C. 44. B. C. 41. Plut. in Ant. B. C 21. Vill. Pat.

A. D. 10. Suet. in Aug. A. D. 25. Tit. Liv. An. 4. Athens was free during the reign of Tiberius. Sparta pleaded at Rome, and lost a petty cause against the Messenians, formerly its slaves. The contested point was the possession of the temple of Diana Limnatis, that very Diana whose festival was the occasion of the Messenian wars.

De Sit. Orb. l. 9. If we suppose Strabo to have lived during the reign of Tiberius, the description of Sparta and Athens, by that geographer, must refer to the time of which we are now speaking.

A. D. 18. Tacit. Ann. l. 2. When Germanicus visited Athens, out of respect to its former glory, he devested himself of the insignia of power, and was preceded only by a single lictor.

A. D. 56. De. Sit. Orb. l. 2. Pomponius Mela wrote about the time of the emperor Claudius. He merely mentions Athens in his description of the coast of Attica.

A. D. 67. Xiphil. in Ner. Nero visited Greece, but he went neither to Athens nor to Lacedæmon.

Vespasian reduced Achaia to a Roman province, and gave it a proconsul for its governor. Pliny, the elder, a favourite of Vespasian and Titus, wrote in the time of those princes, concerning various monuments of Greece. A. D. 79. Dio.

Apollonius of Tyanæa, found the laws of Lycurgus still in force at Lacedæmon during the reign of Domitian. A. D. 91. Philostr. in Vit. Apol. Thy.

Nerva favoured the Athenians. The monuments of Herodes Atticus, and the description of Pausanius, are nearly of this period. A. D. 97. Eutr. Viet. Dio.

Pliny, the younger, under Trajan, exhorts Maximus, proconsul of Achaia, to govern Athens and Greece with equity. A. D. 115. Plin. jun. l. 8. c. 24.

Adrian rebuilt the monuments of Athens, completed the temple of Jupiter Olympus, erected a new city near the ancient one, and caused the arts, sciences, and letters to flourish once more in Greece. A. D. 134. Dio. Spart. Euseb.

Antonius and Marcus Aurelius loaded Athens with favours. The latter, in particular, was solicitous to restore the Academy to its ancient splendour; he increased the number of the professors of philosophy, eloquence, and civil law, and fixed it at thirteen; two platonic, two peripatetic, two stoic, two epicurean, two professors of civil law, and one prefect of youth. Lucian, who lived at that time, says, that Athens swarmed with long beards, mantles, sticks, and wallets. A. D. 176. Capitol. Dio.

The *Polyhistor* of Solinus appeared towards the conclusion of this century. Solinus describes several of the monuments of Greece. He has not copied Pliny, the naturalist, so closely as he has thought fit to assert. A. D. 176.

Severus deprived Athens of part of its privileges, as a punishment for having declared in favour of Pescennius Niger. A. D. 194. Herodian. Spart. Dio.

Sparta having fallen into obscurity, while Athens yet attracted the notice of the world, deserved the disgraceful esteem of Caracalla, who had in his army a A. D. 214. Herodian.

battalion of Lacedæmonians, and a guard of Spartans about his person.

A. D. 260. Trebell. Zon. The Scythians having invaded Macedonia, in the time of the Emperor Gallienus, laid siege to Thessalonica. The terrified Athenians rebuilt, in haste, the walls which Sylla had demolished.

A. D. 261. Trebell. Some years afterwards, the Heruli pillaged Sparta, Corinth, and Argos. Athens was saved by the valour of one of its citizens, named Dexippus, equally renowned in the career of letters and of arms.

Chandl. Trav. The archonship was abolished about this time, and the *stratigos*, the inspector of the *agora*, or market, became the first magistrate of Athens.

A. D. 269. Zon. During the reign of Claudius II. this city was taken by the Goths; they would have burned the libraries, but one of the barbarians opposed the design: "Let us," said he, "preserve the books which render the Greeks so easy a conquest, and extinguish in them the love of glory." Cleodemus, an Athenian, who had escaped the calamity of his country, collected some troops, attacked the Goths, killed a great number, and dispersed the rest, thus proving to the barbarians that science is not incompatible with courage.

A. D. 323. Liban. Or. Zon. Athens speedily recovered from this disaster, for we find it soon afterwards offering honours to Constantine, and receiving thanks from him. This prince conferred on the governor of Attica the title of grand duke; a title which, being usurped by one family, at length became hereditary, and transformed the republic of Solon into a Gothic principality. Pita, bishop of Athens, was present at the council of Nice.

A. D. 337. Eunopes Zon. in Const. Constantius, the successor of Constantine, after the decease of his brothers, Constantine and Constans, made a present of several islands to the city of Athens.

A. D. 354. Zos. lib. 4 Jul. Ep. ad Athen. Greg. Cyr. Bas. Chrys. Oper. Ap. Bibl. Pat. Julian, educated among the philosophers of the portico, did not quit Athens without shedding tears. Gregory, Cyril, Basil, and Chrysostom, imbibed their sacred eloquence in the birth-place of Demosthenes.

During the reign of Theodosius the Great, the Goths ravaged Epire and Thessaly. They were preparing to pass into Greece, but were prevented by Theodore, general of the Achaians. Athens, out of gratitude, erected a statue to her deliverer. A. D. 377. Zos. lib. 4. Chandl. Inscrip. antq.

Honorius and Arcadius held the reigns of empire when Alaric penetrated into Greece. Zosimus relates, that the conqueror, as he approached Athens, perceived Minerva in a menacing attitude on the top of the citadel; and Achilles standing before the ramparts. Alaric, if we are to believe the same historian, did not sack a city which was thus protected by heroes and by gods. But this story has too much of the air of a fable. Synesius, who lived much nearer to the event than Zosimus, compares Athens, burned by the Goths, to a victim consumed by the flames, and of which nothing but the bones are left. The Jupiter of Phidias is supposed to have perished in this invasion of the barbarians. A. D. 395. Zos. lib. 5. Syn. Ep. Op. omn. a Pet. Chandl. Trav.

Corinth, Argos, the cities of Arcadia, Elis, and Laconia shared the same fate as Athens. "Sparta, so renowned," continues Zosimus, "could not be saved; it was abandoned by its citizens, and betrayed by its chiefs, the base ministers of the unjust and dissolute tyrants who then governed the state."

Stilico, when he marched to drive Alaric out of the Peloponnese, completed the devastation of that unfortunate country. A. D. 395.

Athenais, daughter of Leontius, the philosopher, known by the name of Eudocia, was born at Athens, and became the wife of Theodosius the younger.* A. D. 423. Zon. in Th. II.

* Historians have not paid attention to chronological order, and have misplaced the marriage of Eudocia, by making it anterior to the taking of Athens by Alaric. Zonaras says, that Eudocia, driven from home by her brothers, Valerius and Genesius, was obliged to seek refuge at Constantinople. Valerius and Genesius lived peaceably in their native country, and Eudocia procured their elevation to dignities of the empire. Is not all this history of the marriage and family of Eudocia, a proof that Athens was not so great a sufferer by the invasion of Alaric as Synesius asserts, and that Zosimus may be right, at least, in regard to the fact.

A. D. 430. Procop. de Bell Vanda. l. 1. c. 5.

While Leontius held the reigns of the eastern empire, Genseric made a fresh incursion into Achaia. Procopius does not inform us how Sparta and Athens fared in this new invasion.

A. D. 527. Proc. c. 18.

The same historian describes, in his Secret History, the ravages of the barbarians in the following terms: "Since Justinian has governed the empire, Thrace, the Chersonesus, Greece, and the whole country lying between Constantinople and the Gulf of Ionia, have been yearly ravaged by the Antes, the Sclavonians, and the Huns. More than two hundred thousand Romans have been killed or made prisoners by the barbarians in each invasion, and the countries which I have mentioned are become like the deserts of Scythia."

Justinian caused the walls of Athens to be repaired, and towers to be built on the isthmus of Corinth. In the list of towns embellished or fortified by this prince, Procopius has not included Lacedæmon. It is remarked, that the emperors of the East had a Laconian, or, according to the pronunciation then introduced, a *Tzaconian* guard; the soldiers composing it were armed with pikes, and wore a kind of cuirass, adorned with the figures of lions; they were dressed in a short wide coat of woollen cloth, and had a hood to cover the head. The commander of these men was called *Stratopedarcha.*

Proc. de Edif. lib. 4. c. 2.

A. D. 527. Cod. Curop. ap. Byz. Script.

The eastern empire having been divided into governments, styled *Themata*, Lacedæmon became the appanage of the brothers, or eldest sons of the emperor. The princes of Sparta assumed the title of Despots; their wives were denominated Despœnes, and the government Despotship. The despot resided at Sparta or Corinth.*

A. D. 527.

Here commences the long silence of history, concerning the most celebrated regions of the universe.

* This title of despot is not, however, peculiar to Sparta; and we find despots of the East, of Thessaly, &c. which produces very great confusion in history.

Spon and Chandler lose sight of Athens for seven hundred years, "either," as Spon observes, "on account of the defectiveness of history, which is brief and obscure in those ages, or because fortune granted it a long repose." We may, however, discover some traces of Sparta and Athens during this long interval. Spon. Voy. tom. 2.

The first mention we find of Athens is in Theophylactus Simocattus, the historian of the Emperor Mauritius. He speaks of the Muses "who shine at Athens in their most superb dresses," which proves that about the year 590, Athens was still the abode of the Muses. Theoph. l. 8. c. 12. ap. Byz. Script.

The anonymous geographer of Ravenna, a Gothic writer, who probably lived in the seventh century, names Athens thrice in his Geography; a work of which we have as yet but an ill-executed abridgment by Galateus. A. D. 650. Raven. Anon. l. 4. & 6.

Under Michael III, the Sclavonians overran Greece. Theoctistus defeated and drove them to the extremity of the Peloponnese. Two hordes of these people, the Ezerites and the Milinges, settled to the east and west of Taygetus, called at that time Pentadactyle. Notwithstanding what we are told by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, these Sclavonians were the ancestors of the Mainottes, who are not descended from the ancient Spartans, as some yet maintain, without knowing that this is but a ridiculous opinion broached by the last mentioned writer.* It was doubtless these Sclavonians that changed the name of Amyclæ into that of Sclabochorion. A. D. 846. Const. Porph. de Adm. Imp. A. D. 846.

We read in Leo the Grammarian, that the inhabitants of Greece, no longer able to endure the oppressions of Chases, the son of Job and prefect of Achaia, stoned him in a church at Athens during the reign of Constantine VII. A. D. 915. Leo. Vit. Const. c. 2.

Under Alexis Commenus, some time before the A. D. 1081. Leo. Ann. Comn. lib. 7.

* The opinion of Pauw who makes the Mainottes the descendants not of the Spartans, but of Laconians set at liberty by the Romans, is not grounded on any historic probability.

Crusades, we find the Turks ravaging the Archipelago and all the western coasts.

A. D. 1085. Ann. Comn. l. 11. c. 9. In an engagement between the Pisans and the Greeks, a count, a native of the *Peloponnese*, distinguished himself by his valour about the year 1085; so that this country had not yet received the name of the Morea.

A. D. 1085. et seq. Ann. Comn. lib. 4. 5. &c. Glycas. Epire and Thessaly were the theatre of the wars of Alexis Commenus, Robert and Bohemond; and their history throws no light on that of Greece, properly so called. The first crusaders also passed through Constantinople without penetrating into Achaia. But, during the reign of Manuel Comnenus, who succeeded Alexis, the kings of Sicily, the Venetians, the Pisans, and other western nations, invaded Attica and the Peloponnese. Roger I, king of Sicily, removed Athenian artisans, skilled in the cultivation of silk, to Palermo. It was about this time that the Peloponnese changed its name for that of the Morea; at least I find the latter made use of by Nicetas, the historian. It is probable that as silk-worms began to multiply in the east, a more extensive cultivation of the mulberry was found necessary. The Peloponnese derived its new appellation from the tree which furnished it with a new source of wealth.

A. D. 1130.

A. D. 1130. Nicet. Hist. Bald. c. 1.

A. D. 1140. Nicet. Man. Comn. l. 2. c. 1. Roger made himself master of Corfu, Thebes, and Corinth, and had the boldness, says Nicetas, to attack towns situated farther up the country. But according to the historians of Venice, those republicans assisted the emperor of the East, defeated Roger and prevented him from taking Corinth. It was on account of this service, that two centuries afterwards, they asserted a claim to Corinth and the Peloponnese.

Coron. p. 17.

A. D. 1170. Itiner. Benj. Tudel. The travels of Benjamin of Tudela, in Greece, must be placed about the year 1070. He visited Patras, Corinth and Thebes. In the latter city he found two thousand Jews engaged in the manufacture of silks and the dying of purple.

Eustathius was then bishop of Thessalonica. Letters must consequently have been still cultivated with success in their native land, since this Eustathius is the celebrated commentator on Homer.

The French, headed by Boniface marquis of Montferrat, and Baldwin count of Flanders, and the Venetians under the conduct of Dandolo, drove Alexis from Constantinople, and re-placed Isaac Angelus on the throne. It was not long before they seized the crown for themselves. Baldwin obtained the empire and the marquis of Montferrat was declared king of Thessalonica. A. D. 1204. Nicet. in Bald Villehard. c. 136, et seq

About this time a petty tyrant of the Morea, named Sgure, a native of Napoli di Romania, laid siege to Athens, but was repulsed by the archbishop Michael Choniates, brother to Nicetas, the historian. This prelate composed a poem, in which he compared the Athens of Pericles with the Athens of the twelfth century. Some verses of this manuscript poem are yet extant in the Imperial Library at Paris. A. D. 1204. Nicet. in Bald: c. 8.

Sometime afterwards, Athens opened her gates to the marquis of Montferrat, who conferred the investiture of the lordship of Thebes and Athens on Otho de la Roche. Otho's successors assumed the title of dukes of Athens and grand-sires of Thebes. According to Nicetas, the marquis of Montferrat extended his conquests to the farthest extremity of the Morea, and made himself master of Argos and Corinth, but was unable to reduce the castle of the latter city, defended by Leo Sgure. Nicet. in Bald. c. 4.

While Boniface was following up his successes, a squall drove some more Frenchmen into Modon. Geoffrey de Ville Hardouin, who commanded them, and was on his return from the Holy Land, joined the marquis de Montferrat, then engaged in the siege of Napoli, and being well received by Boniface, undertook, with William de Champlite, the conquest of the Morea. Their success was equal to their hopes; all the towns surrendered to the two knights, except Lacedæ- Ville-Hard. c. 173. et seq. Ducang. Hist. Const. lib. 1.

men, where reigned a tyrant named Leo Chamaretus. Soon afterwards, the Morea was given up to the Venetians, to whom it was ceded by the terms of a general treaty, concluded at Constantinople, between the crusaders. The Genoese pirate, Leo Scutrano, made himself master for a moment of Coron and Modon, but was soon driven out of those places by the Venetians.

Nicet. in Bald. c. 9

Coronel. Giac. Died. Ist. de. Venet.

A D. 1210. Ducange Hist. Const. lib. 2.

William de Champlite assumed the title of prince of Achaia. At his death, William de Ville Hardouin inherited the possessions of his friend, and became prince of Achaia and the Morea.

A. D. 1214. Cantem. Hist of the Oth.Emp.b.1.

The origin of the Ottoman empire dates from about the time of which we are treating. Solyman Shah, issued about the year 1214 from the deserts of the Oguzian Tartars, and advanced towards Asia Minor. Demetrius Cantemir, who has given us a history of the Turks, from the original authors is more worthy of credit than Paul Jovius and the Greek writers, who often confound the Saracens with the Turks.

The marquis of Montferrat having been killed, his widow was declared regent of the kingdom of Thessalonica. Athens, apparently weary of the dominion of Otho de la Roche, or his descendants, determined to submit to the Venetians; but this design was frustrated by Magaducius, tyrant of the Morea, so that this country had probably shaken off the yoke of Ville Hardouin, or of Venice. This new tyrant, Magaducius, had under him other tyrants; for besides Leo Sgure, already mentioned, we find one Stephen a fisherman, *Signore di molti stati nella Morea,* says Giacomo Diedo.

Died. Stor. del. Rep. l. 5.

Theodore Lascaris re-conquered part of the Morea from the Franks. The struggle between the Latin emperors of the East, and the Greek emperors who had retired into Asia, lasted fifty-seven years. William de Ville Hardouin, successor of Geoffrey, had

become prince of Achaia. He fell into the hands of Michael Palæologus, the Greek emperor, who returned to Constantinople in August, 1261. To regain his liberty, William ceded to Michael the places which he possessed in the Morea, and which he had conquered from the Venetians and the petty princes who alternately started up and disappeared. These places were Monembasia, Maina, Hierace, and Misitra. Pachymeres writes without reflection, without astonishment, and almost without thought; as if this Misitra, the insignificant lordship of a French gentleman were not the heir of the renowned Lacedæmon. A. D. 1259. Pachy. lib. 1. 3. 5. Ducange. Hist. Const. lib. 5.

We have not long since seen Lacedæmon making its appearance under its ancient name, when it was governed by Leo Chamaretus. Misitra must therefore have been for sometime contemporary with Lacedæmon.

William ceded Anaplion and Argos also to the emperor Michael: but the country of Ciusterne remained an object of dispute. William is the same prince of the Morea mentioned by the Sire de Joinville: Joinv. Hist. de St. Louis Duchange. Annot.

> Lorst vint . . . . . .
> Avec mainte armure dorée,
> Celui qui prince est de la Morée.

Diedo calls him William Ville, thus retrenching half his name. Died. Stor. del. Rep. de. Ven. lib. 6.

Pachymeres mentions about this period, a certain Theodosius, a monk of Morea, "sprung from the race of the princes of that country." We also find that one of the sisters of John, heir apparent to the throne of Constantinople, married Matthew de Valincourt "a Frenchman from the Morea." Pachym. lib. 2.

Michael equipped a fleet, and retook the islands of Naxos, Paros, Ceos, Carystes, and Oreo; at the same time he reduced Lacedæmon, a distinct place of course from Misitra, ceded to the emperor as part of the ransom of the prince of Achaia. We find the Lacedæmonians serving in Michael's fleet; they had, ac- A. D. 1263. Pachym. l. 3.

Pachym. l. 3. cording to the historians, been transferred from their own country to Constantinople in consideration of their valour.

A. D. 1269. Pachym. l. 4. The emperor then made war on John Ducas Sebastocrator, who had rebelled against him. This John Ducas was the natural son of Michael, despot of the West. The emperor besieged him in the town of Durazzo. John found means to escape to Thebes, where reigned a prince, Sire John, styled by Pachymeres grand-signior of Thebes, and who was perhaps descended from Otho de la Roche. This Sire John caused his brother William to marry the daughter of John Ducas.

A. D. 1275. Pachym. l. 5. Six years after this, a prince "of the illustrious family of the princes of the Morea" was engaged in a contest with Veceus for the patriarchate of Constantinople.

John, prince of Thebes, died, and left his brother William his heir. In right of his wife, grand-daughter to the despot of the West, William also became prince of part of the Morea; for the despot of the West, had, in spite of the Venetians and the prince of Achaia, made himself master of that fine province.

A. D. 1293. Pachym. l. 9. Andronicus, on the death of his father Michael, ascended the throne of the East. Nicephorus, despot of the West, and son of that Michael, the despot who had conquered the Morea, followed the emperor Michael to the tomb, leaving a son and heir, Thomas, and a daughter, named Itamar. The latter married Philip, grandson of Charles, king of Naples: she brought him for her portion, several towns and a considerable extent of country. It is therefore probable, that the Sicilians had then some possessions in the Morea.

A. D. 1300. Pachym. l. 11. About this time I find a princess of Achaia, a widow, and very far advanced in years, to whom Andronicus was desirous of marrying his son John, the despot. This princess was perhaps the daughter, or even the relict of William, prince of Achaia, who, as

we have seen, was at war with Michael, the father of Andronicus.

Some years afterwards an earthquake shook Modon and other towns of the Morea. A. D. 1305. Pachym. l. 11.

Athens then witnessed the arrival of new masters from the West. A body of Catalans, seeking their fortunes under the conduct of Ximenes, Roger and Berenger offered their services to the emperor of the East; but soon growing dissatisfied with Andronicus, they turned their arms against the empire. They ravaged Achaia and numbered Athens among their conquests. It is now, and not before, that we see Delves, a prince of the house of Arragon upon the throne. History does not record whether he found the heirs of Otho de la Roche in possession of Attica and Bœotia. A. D. 1312. Pachym. l. 11. Pacif. Notis. del. duc. d'Ath. Fanel Athen. Attic. Spon. tom. 1. Chandl. vol. 2.

The invasion of Amurat, son of Orcan must be placed under the same date: we know not with what success it was attended.* Cant. Hist. of the Othm. Emp. lib. 2.

The emperors John Palæologus and John Cantacuzenus determined to carry their arms into Achaia. To this they were invited by the bishop of Corone and John Sidere, governor of several towns. The grand-duke Apocaucus, who had revolted against the emperor, pillaged the Morea and laid it waste with fire and sword. A. D. 1336. Cantac. l. 3. c. 11. A. D. 1342. Cant. lib. 3. c. 71.

Reiniere Acciajuoli, a Florentine, drove the Catalans from Athens. He governed that city for some time, and having no legitimate heirs, left it by his will to the republic of Venice: but his natural son Anthony, whom he had established in Thebes, took Athens from the Venetians. A. D. 1370. Pacif. Notis. del. duc. d'Att. Fanneli. Athen. Attic. Mart. Cras. l. 2. Spon. and Chandler.

Anthony, prince of Attica and Bœotia, was succeeded by one of his relatives named Nerius, who was expelled from his dominions by his brother Anthony II, and never returned to his principality till the death of the usurper. A. D. 1390, to 1400 Anc. sup. cit.

* Some traces of this invasion are to be seen in Cantacuzenus, lib. 1. c. 39.

A. D. 1390 to 1400.

Bajaset then struck terror into Europe and Asia; he threatened to invade Greece; but I nb where find that he reduced Athens, as Spon and Chandler assert. They have besides confounded the order of time in making the arrival of the Catalans in Africa precede the supposed incursion of Bajazet.

Be this as it may, the consternation with which this prince filled Europe, produced one of the most singular events recorded in history. Theodore Porphyrogenitus, despot of Sparta, was brother to Andronicus and Manuel, successively emperors of Constantinople. Bajazet menaced the Morea with an invasion, and Theodore thinking himself unable to defend his principality offered to sell it to the knights of Rhodes. Philibert de Naillac, prior of Aquitaine and grand-master of Rhodes, purchased in the name of his Order, the despotship of Sparta. He sent thither two French knights, Raymond de Leytoure, prior of Toulouse, and Clie du Fossé, commander of St. Maixance, to take possession of the country of Lycurgus. The treaty was broken off, because Bajazet, being obliged to return to Asia, there fell into the hands of Tamerlane. The two knights, who had already established themselves at Corinth, delivered up that city, and Theodore paid back the money which he had received as the price of Lacedæmon.

Hist. de Chev. de Malt. La Guilletiere Laced. anc. et moderne.

A. D. 1410. Mart Crus. Turco-Græc. l. 2 Guil. Laced. anc. et moderne.

Theodore's successor was another Theodore, his nephew, and son of the emperor Emanuel. This Theodore II, married an Italian lady of the house of Malatesta. On account of this alliance the princes of that illustrious house assumed in the sequel, the title of dukes of Sparta.

Theodore left the principality of Laconia to his brother Constantine, surnamed Dragazes. This Constantine, who ascended the throne of Constantinople, was the last emperor of the East.

A. D. 1420. Cantem. Hist. Oth. lib. 2.

While he was yet only prince of Lacedæmon, Amurat II, invaded the Morea, and made himself master

of Athens: but that city soon returned under the dominion of Reinier Acciajuoli.

The empire of the East was now no more, and the last relics of Roman greatness were swept away Mahomet II. had entered Constantinople. Greece, though threatened with impending slavery, was not yet bound by those fetters which it speedily demanded of the Mussulmen. Francus, son of the second Anthony, summoned Mahomet II. to Athens, to dispossess the widow of Nerius.* The sultan, who made these intestine broils subservient to the increase of his power, espoused the cause of Francus, and banished the widow of Nerius to Megara. Francus caused her to be poisoned. This unfortunate princess had a young son, who, in his turn, submitted his complaints to Mahomet. The latter, an interested avenger of guilt, took Attica from Francus, and left him nothing but Bœotia. It was in 1455 that Athens passed under the yoke of the barbarians. It is said that Mahomet seemed enchanted with the city; that he spared it from plunder, and minutely examined the citadel. He exempted the convent of Cyriani, seated on Mount Hymettus, from all taxes, because the keys of Athens had been delivered to him by its abbot. Some time after this, Francus Acciajuoli was put to death for conspiring against the sultan.

A. D. 1444. Cantem. Hist. Cres. Turco-Grec. lib. i. Fanel. Athen. Att. Pacif. Notiz. del duc. d'Athen. Spon. Chandl.

A. D. 1444.

A. D. 1455.

A. D. 1458.

Let us now inquire what was the fate of Sparta, or rather of Misitra. I have related that it was governed by Constantine, surnamed Dragazes. This prince, on his departure for Constantinople, to assume the crown which he lost with his life, divided the Morea between his two brothers, Demetrius and Thomas; Demetrius fixed his residence at Misitra, and Thomas at Corinth. The two brothers went to war, and had recourse to Mahomet, the murderer of their family, and the destroyer of their empire. The Turks first drove Thomas from Corinth. He fled to Rome. Mahomet then went to Misitra, and prevailed on the

A. D. 1460. Chalcon. Hist. Turc. l. 10. Ducas. Hist. c 45. Sanctow Ann. Turc. Cres. Turc. Grec. l. 1.

* The time when Nerius died is not known.

A. D. 1460. governor, by a bribe, to surrender the citadel. This unfortunate man had no sooner put himself in the hands of the sultan, than he ordered him to be sawed through the middle. Demetrius was exiled to Adrianople, and his daughter became Mahomet's wife. The conqueror esteemed and feared this young princess too much not to make her the partner of his bed.

A. D 1468. Guillet. Laced. anc. et mod. Three years after this event, Sigismond Malatesta, prince of Rimini, laid siege to Misitra. He took the town, but being unable to reduce the castle, he returned to Italy.

A. D. 1464. Chandl. Trav. The Venetians made a descent at Piræus, in 1464, surprised Athens, plundered the city, and retreated with their booty to Eubœa.

A. D. 1555: Cantem. Hist. Oth l. 3. Coron. Desc. de la Mor. A. D. 1688. Auct. sup. cit. During the reign of Solyman I., they ravaged the Morea, and took Coron, but were soon afterwards driven out by the Turks.

They once more conquered Athens, and all the Morea, in 1688; the former they again lost almost immediately, but the latter they retained till 1715, when it returned under the dominion of the Mussulmen. At

A. D. 1770. Choiseul Voy. de la Grèce. the instigation of Catherine II. the wretched inhabitants of the Peloponnese were induced to make a last and unavailing effort in favour of liberty.

I have abstained from intermixing the dates of travels in Greece with the historical events. I have mentioned only those of Benjamin of Tudela; his account is of such high antiquity, and gives us so little information, that it may be comprised without inconvenience. In the series of facts and annals. We now

A. D. 1770. proceed to the chronology of travels and geographical works.

No sooner had Athens, the slave of the Mussulmen, disappeared in modern history, than she began to receive a new kind of illustration, more worthy of her ancient renown. When she ceased to be the patrimony of obscure princes, she resumed, as it were, her ancient empire, and summoned all the arts to her venerable ruins. As early as 1465, Francesco Giam-

betti made drawings of some of the monuments of Athens. The manuscript of this architect was on vellum, and was preserved in the Barberini library at Rome. It contained, among other curious things, a view of the Tower of the Winds at Athens, and another of the ruins of Lacedæmon, four or five miles from Misitra. On this subject Spon observes, that Misitra does not stand on the site of Sparta, as had been asserted by Guillet, after Sophianus, Niger, and Ortellius; and he adds, "I consider the manuscript of Giambetti as the more curious, because the drawings were taken before the Turks had made themselves masters of Greece, and laid in ruins several fine monuments, which were then entire. The observation is just respecting the monuments, but false in regard to the dates: the Turks were masters of Greece in 1465. A. D. 1465. Frane. Giambetti.

In 1550, Nicholas Gerbel published, at Basle, his work, intituled, *Pro Declaratione Picturæ sive Descriptionis Græciæ Sophiani libri septem.* This description, excellent for the time, is clear, concise, and yet substantial. Gerbel says very little concerning ancient Greece; of modern Athens, he observes: Æneas Sylvius Athenas hodiè parvi oppiduli speciem gerere dicit, cujus munitissimam adhuc arcem Florentinus quidam Mahometi tradiderit, ut nimis vere Ovidius dixerit: A. D. 1550. Gerbel.

Quid Pandionis restat, nisi nomen Athenæ? A. D. 1550.

O rerum humanarum miserabiles vices! O tragicam humanæ protentiæ permutationem; Civitas olim muris, navalibus, ædificiis, armis, opibus, viris, prudentiâ atque omni sapientiâ florentissima, in oppidulum seu potius vicum redacta est. Olim libera et suis legibus vivens; nunc immanissimis belluis servitutis jugo obstricta. Proficiscere Athenas, et pro magnificentissimis operibus videto rudera et lamentabiles ruinas. Noli, noli nimium fidere viribus tuis;

sed in eum confidito qui dicit: Ego Dominus Deus vester."*

This apostrophe, of an aged and respectable scholar, to the ruins of Athens, is highly impressive. We cannot cherish too much gratitude towards those who opened the way for us to the beauties of antiquity.

A. D. 1554. Dupinet.

Dupinet asserted, that Athens, in his time, was but an insignificant village, exposed to the ravages of foxes and of wolves.

A. D. 1557. Laurenberg.

Laurenberg, in his description of Athens, emphatically exclaims: *Fuit quondam Græcia, fuerunt Athenæ: nunc neque in Græciâ Athenæ, neque in ipsa Græciâ Græcia est.*—"There was a time when Greece, when Athens existed: now, neither is there an Athens in Greece, nor is Greece itself any longer to be found."

A. D. 1578. Ortellius.

Ortellius, surnamed the Ptolemy of his time, furnished some new information respecting Greece, in his *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, and in his *Synonima Geographica*, reprinted with the title of *Thesaurus Geographicus:* but he erroneously confounds Sparta and Misitra. He also believed that nothing was left of Athens but a castle and a few cottages: *nunc casulæ tantum supersunt quædam.*

A. D. 1578.

A. D. 1584. Crusius, or Kraus.

Martin Crusius, professor of Greek and Latin at the University of Tübingen, towards the conclusion

* Æneas Sylvius says, that Athens, whose very strong citadel was delivered by a certain Florentine to Mahomet, now exhibits the appearance of a very small town, so that Ovid might but too truly exclaim: What, beside the name, is left of Pandionian Athens!

"O, the deplorable vicissitudes of human things! O, the tragic change of human power! A city once renowned for its walls, harbours, buildings; pre-eminent in arms, wealth, citizens, wisdom, and every species of learning, is now reduced to a petty town, or rather a village. Formerly free, and living under its own laws, now oppressed by the most cruel monsters, and bowed down by the yoke of slavery: Go to Athens, and instead of the most magnificent works, behold heaps of rubbish, and lamentable ruins. Beware, beware of confiding too much in thine own strength, but put thy trust in Him who says, I am the Lord your God."

of the sixteenth century, made diligent inquiries concerning the state of the Peloponnese and Attica. His eight books, intituled, *Turco-Græcia*, give an account of Greece from the year 1444 to the time in which he wrote. The first book contains the political, and the second the ecclesiastical history of that interesting country. The six others are composed of letters sent to different persons by modern Greeks. Two of these letters, containing some particulars relative to Athens, deserve to be known. The first is addressed, in 1575, by Theodore Zygomalas, who styles himself protho- Zygomalas.
notary of the great church of Constantinople, "to the learned Martin Crusius, professor of Greek and Latin Literature at the University of Tübingen, and very dear in Jesus Christ.

"Being a native of Nauplia, a town of the Peloponnese, not far from Athens, I have often been at that city. I have examined with care the objects which it contains, the Areopagus, the Antique Academy, the Lyceum of Aristotle, lastly, the Pantheon. This edifice is the most lofty, and surpasses all the others in beauty. The exterior all round exhibits in sculpture the history of the Greeks and of the gods. Over the principal entrance, in particular, you observe horses which appear absolutely alive, so that you may fancy you hear them neigh.* They are said to be the work of Praxiteles; the soul and genius of the man have A. D. 1584.
been transferred to the stone. There are, in this place, several other things worthy of notice. I say nothing of the opposite hill, on which grow all kinds of herbs useful in medicine;† a hill which I call the garden of Adonis. Neither do I say any thing concerning the

* Φρυασσομένων ανδρομίαν σαρκα. This expression I do not understand. The Latin version has: *tanquam frementes in carnem humanam.* Spon, who translates part of this passage, has adhered to the Latin version, which is just as obscure to me as the original. He renders it: "which seem to long for a repast of human flesh." I cannot admit this signification, which, to me, appears absurd, unless Zygomalas means here to allude to the horses of Diomed.

† Probably Mount Hymettus.

A. D. 1584. serenity of the air, the excellence of the water, and other advantages enjoyed by Athens; whence it happens that its inhabitants, now fallen into barbarism, still retain some remembrance of what they have been. They may be known by the purity of their language: like syrens, they charm all who hear them by the variety of their accents. But why need I say more of Athens! The animal, indeed, has perished, but the skin remains."

This letter abounds with errors, but it is valuable on account of its ancient date. Zygomalas made known the existence of the temple of Minerva, which was supposed to be destroyed, and which he wrongly denominates the Pantheon.

Cabasilas. The second letter, written to Crusius, by Simeon Cabasilas, a native of Acarnania, furnishes some addition to the information given by the prothonotary.

"Athens was formerly composed of three parts, all equally populous. At present, the first part, situated on an eminence, contains the citadel, and a temple dedicated to the Unknown God; and is inhabited by Turks. Between this and the third is situated the second part, where the Christians live together. After this second part comes the third, over which is the following inscription:

THIS IS ATHENS,

THE ANCIENT CITY OF THESEUS.

In this last portion is seen a palace, covered with large marbles, and supported by pillars. Here you still find inhabited houses. The whole city may be six or seven miles in circumference, and contains about twelve thousand inhabitants."

Four important things are to be remarked in this description. 1. The Parthenon had been dedicated, by the Christians, to the Unknown God, mentioned by St. Paul. Spon unseasonably cavils with Guillet on the subject of this dedication: Deshayes has mentioned it in his travels. 2. The temple of Jupiter Olympus, (the palace covered with marble,) or, at least, great

part of it, was standing in the time of Cabasilas: no other traveller has seen any thing of it but the ruins. 3. Athens was then divided in the same manner as it is still; but it contained twelve thousand inhabitants, and has now no more than eight thousand. Some inhabited houses were then to be seen near the temple of Jupiter Olympus: that part of the city is now deserted. 4. Lastly, the gate, with the inscription, *This is Athens, the ancient city of Theseus*, has stood till our times. On the other side of this gate, next to Hadrianopolis, or *Athenæ novæ*, we read: A. D. 1584.

THIS IS THE CITY OF ADRIAN,
AND NOT THE CITY OF THESEUS.

Previously to the appearance of the work of Martin Crusius, Belon had published, in 1555, his *Observations on various singular and remarkable things found in Greece*. I have not quoted his work, because this learned botanist visited only the islands of the Archipelago, Mount Athos, and a small portion of Thrace and Macedonia. Belon.

D'Anville, in commentating upon Deshayes, has conferred celebrity on his work relative to Jerusalem; but it is not generally known that Deshayes is the first modern traveller who has given us any account of Greece, properly so called: his embassy to Palestine has eclipsed his journey to Athens. He visited that city between the years 1621 and 1630. The lovers of antiquity will not be displeased to find here the original passage of the first Travels to Athens—for that appellation cannot be given to the letters of Zygomalas and Cabasilas. A. D. 1626. Deshayes.

"From Megara to Athens it is but a short stage, which took us less time than we should have been walking two leagues: no garden in the midst of a wood of forest trees can afford greater pleasure to the eye than this road. You proceed through an extensive plain, full of olive and orange trees, having the sea on the right, and hills on the left, whence spring so

A. D. 1625. many beautiful streams, that Nature seems to have taken pains to render this country so delightful.

"The city of Athens is situated on the declivity, and in the vicinity of a rock, imbedded in a plain, which is bounded by the sea on the south, and by pleasant hills that close it towards the north. It is not half so large as formerly, as may be seen from the ruins, to which time has done much less injury than the barbarism of the nations who have so often pillaged and sacked this city. The ancient buildings, still standing, attest the magnificence of those who erected them; for there is no want of marble, or of columns and pilasters. On the summit of the rock is the castle, which is still made use of by the Turks. Among various ancient buildings is a temple as entire and as unimpaired by the ravages of time as if but recently erected. Its arrangement and construction are admirable; its figure is oval, and without, as well as within, it is supported by three rows of marble columns decorated on their bases and capitals: behind each column there is a pilaster of corresponding style and proportion. The Christians of the country assert, that this is the very same structure which was dedicated to the Unknown God, and in which St. Paul preached: at present it is used as a mosque, and the Turks assemble there to pray. This city enjoys a very serene air, and the most malignant stars devest themselves of their baleful influences when they turn towards this country. This may easily be perceived, both from its fertility, and from the marbles and stones which, during the long period that they have been exposed to the atmosphere, are not in the least worn or decayed. You may sleep out of doors bare-headed, without experiencing the smallest inconvenience; in a word, the air which you breathe is so agreeable and so temperate, that you perceive a great difference on your departure. As to the inhabitants of the country, they are all Greeks, and are cruelly and barbarously treated by the Turks residing there, though their number is but small

There is a cadi, who administers justice, a sheriff, called soubachy, and some janizaries sent hither every three months by the Porte. All these officers received the Sieur Deshayes with great respect when he visited the place, and exempted him from all expenses, at the cost of the grand signior. A. D. 1625.

"On leaving Athens you pass through the great plain which is full of olive-trees, and watered by several streams that increase its fertility. After proceeding for a full hour you reach the shore, where is a most excellent harbour, which was formerly defended by a chain. The people of the country call it the Lion's Harbour, from a large lion of stone which is still to be seen there; but by the ancients it was denominated the harbour of Piræus. It was at this place that the Athenians assembled their fleet and were accustomed to embark."

The ignorance of Deshayes' secretary, for it is not Deshayes himself who writes, is astonishing; but we see what profound admiration was excited by the view of the monuments of Athens, when the finest of those monuments still existed in all its glory.

The establishment of French consuls in Attica preceded, by some years the visit of Deshayes. French consuls.

I conceived, at first, that Stockhove had been at Athens in 1630; but on comparing his text with that of Deshayes, I am convinced that this Flemish gentleman merely copied from the French ambassador. A. D. 1630. Stockhove.

Father Antonio Pacifico published, in 1636, at Venice, his Description of the Morea, a work without method, in which Sparta is taken for Misitra. A. D. 1636. Ant. Pacific.

A few years afterwards Greece witnessed the arrival of some of those missionaries who spread the name, the glory, and the love of France over the whole face of the globe. The Jesuits of Paris settled at Athens about the year 1645, the Capuchins in 1658, and in 1669, father Simon purchased the Lantern of Demosthenes, which became the place of entertainment for strangers. A. D. 1645. French Missionaries.

A. D. 1668. De Monceaux.

De Monceaux visited Greece in 1668. We have an extract from his travels printed at the end of Bruyn's. He has described antiquities, especially in the Morea, of which not a vestige is left. De Monceaux travelled with l'Aisné by order of Louis XIV.

The French missionaries whilst engaged in works of charity, were not unmindful of those pursuits which were calculated to reflect honour on their country. Father Babin, a Jesuit, published, in 1672, an *Account of the present state of the city of Athens*. Spon was the editor of this work. Nothing so complete and so circumstantial on the antiquities of Athens had yet appeared.

A D 1672. Fath. Babin.

A. D. 1674. Nointel and Galland.

M. de Nointel, the French ambassador to the Porte, passed through Athens in 1674; he was accompanied by Galland, the learned orientalist. He had drawings made of the basso relievos of the Parthenon. The originals have perished, and we think ourselves extremely fortunate in still possessing the copies of the marquis de Nointel. None of these, however, have yet been published, except that which represents the pediment of the temple of Minerva.*

A. D. 1674. Guillet, or La Guilletière.

In 1675, Guillet, under the assumed name of La Guilletière, published his *Ancient and Modern Athens*. This work, which is a mere romance, occasioned a violent quarrel among the antiquaries. Spon detected Guillet's falsehoods: the latter was nettled, and wrote an attack in the form of a dialogue, on the Travels of the physician of Lyons. Spon now determined not to spare his antagonist; he proved that Guillet or La Guillatiére had never set foot in Athens, that he had composed his rhapsody from memoirs procured from the missionaries, and produced a list of questions transmitted by Guillet to a capuchin of Patras: nay, more, he gave a catalogue of one hundred and twelve errors, more or less gross, which had escaped the author of *Ancient and Modern Athens* in his romance.

* In the atlas to the new edition of the travels of Anacharsis.

Guillet or La Guilletière is consequently entitled to no credit as a traveller, but his work, at the time of its publication, was not without a degree of merit. Guillet made use of the accounts which he obtained from the fathers Simon and Barnabas, both of whom were missionaries at Athens; and he mentions a monument the *Phanari tou Diogenis*, which was not in existence in the time of Spon. A. D. 1674.

The travels of Spon and Wheeler, performed in 1675, and the following year appeared in 1678. Every reader is acquainted with the merits of this work, in which the arts and antiquities are handled with a critical skill before unknown. Spon's style is heavy and incorrect; but it possesses the candour and the ease which characterize the publications of that day. A. D. 1676. Spon and Wheeler.

The earl of Winchelsea, ambassador from the court of London, also visited Athens in 1676, and had several fragments of sculpture conveyed to England. A. D. 1676. Winchelsea.

While the general attention was thus directed to Attica, Laconia was neglected. Guillet encouraged by the sale of his first imposture, produced, in 1676, his *Ancient and Modern Lacedæmon*. Meursius had published his different treatises, *de Populis Atticæ*, *de Festis Græcorum*, &c. &c.; and thus furnished a stock of materials ready prepared for any writer who chose to treat of Greece. Guillet's second work is full of the most egregious blunders on the locality of Sparta. The author insists that Misitra is Lacedæmon, and it was he who first gained credit for that egregious error. "Nevertheless," says Spon, "Misitra does not stand on the site of Sparta, as I know from M. Giraud, Mr. Vernon, and others." A. D. 1676. Guillet, or La Guilletière.

Giraud had been the French consul at Athens for eighteen years when Spon travelled in Greece. He understood the Turkish and Greek languages as well as the vulgar Greek. He had begun a description of the Morea, but as he afterwards entered into the ser- Giraud.

vice of Great Britain, his manuscript probably fell into the hands of his last employers.

Vernon. Vernon, an English traveller, has left nothing but a letter printed in the Philosophical Transactions for 1676. He gives a rapid sketch of his travels in Greece. "Sparta," says he, is a desert place: Misitra which is four miles off, is inhabited. You find at Sparta almost all the walls of the towers and the foundations of the temples, with many columns demolished, as well as their capitals. A theatre is yet standing, perfect and entire. It was formerly five miles in circumference, and is situated about a quarter of a mile from the river Eurotas."

It should be observed, that Guillet, in the preface to his last work, mentions several manuscript memoirs on Lacedæmon. "The least defective," says he are in the possession of M. Saint Chalier, secretary to the French embassy in Piedmont."

We have now arrived at another epoch in the history of the city of Athens. The travellers whom we have hitherto quoted, beheld some of the most beautiful monuments of Pericles in all their integrity. Pocoke, Chandler, and Leroi, admired them only in
A. D. 1687. their ruins. In 1687, while Louis XIV was erecting the colonade of the Louvre, the Venetians were demolishing the temple of Minerva. I shall speak hereafter of this deplorable event, a consequence of the victories of Koningsmark and Morosini.

Pacifico. In this same year, 1687, appeared at Venice, the Notizia del Ducato d'Atene by Pietro Pacifico, a small work which diplays no marks of taste or pains.

A. D. 1688. Coronelli. Father Coronelly, in his *Geographical Description of the Morea reconquered by the Venetians*, has shown erudition; but he furnishes no new information, and his quotations and his maps should not be implicitly relied on. The petty military transactions extolled by Coronelli, form a striking contrast with the places which are the theatre of them. Among the heroes of this conquest, we remark, however, a prince de Tu-

penne, who fought near Pylos, says Coronelli, with the intrepidity natural to all the members of his house. Coronelli confounds Sparta with Misitra.

The *Atene Attica* of Fanelli takes up the history of Athens from its origin, and brings it down to the period at which the author wrote. His work is of little importance as far as regards antiquities; but it contains curious particulars of the siege of Athens by the Venetians in 1687, and a plan of that city, of which Chandler seems to have availed himself. Fanelli.

Paul Lucas enjoys a high reputation among the class of travellers, and I am astonished at it: not but that he amuses us with his fables; the battles which he fights single-handed against fifty robbers—the prodigious bones which he meets with at every step—the cities of giants which he discovers—the three or four thousand pyramids which he finds on a public road, and which nobody besides himself ever saw, are diverting stories enough; but then he mangles all the inscriptions that he copies, his plagiarisms are incessant, and his description of Jerusalem is copied verbatim from that of Deshayes. Lastly, he speaks of Athens as if he had never been there, and what he says of that city is one of the most glaring falsehoods that ever traveller had the impudence to publish. A. D. 1704. Paul Lucas.

"Its ruins," says he, "are, as may be supposed, the most remarkable part of Athens. In fact, though the houses are very numerous in that city, and the climate delicious, there are scarcely any inhabitants. Here you find an accommodation that you meet with no where else; whoever pleases may live here without paying any rent, the houses being given away for nothing. For the rest, if this celebrated city surpasses all those of antiquity in the number of monuments which it has consecrated to posterity; it may likewise be asserted, that the excellence of its climate has preserved them in better condition than those of any other place in the world, at least of all such as I have seen. It would seem as if elsewhere people had

A. D. 1704. taken delight in the work of destruction: and war has, in almost every country, occasioned ravages which, while they have ruined the inhabitants, have at the same time disfigured all the monuments of their better days. Athens alone, either accidentally, or from that respect which must necessarily be commanded by a city, once the seat of the sciences, and to which the whole world is under obligation—Athens, I say, was alone spared in the universal destruction. In every part of it you meet with marbles of astonishing beauty and magnitude; they were profusely introduced; and at every step you discover columns of granite and of jasper."

Athens is very populous; houses are not given away there, neither are columns of granite and jasper to be met with at every step: in a word, seventeen years prior to 1704, the monuments of that celebrated city had been demolished by the Venetians. The most singular circumstance is, that we were already in possession of M. de Nointel's drawings and Spon's travels, when Paul Lucas printed this account, worthy of a place in the Arabian Nights.

A. D. 1718. Pellegrin. The narrative of the travels of the Sieur Pellegrin, in the kingdom of Morea, is dated 1718. The author seems to have been a man of little education and still less science. His paltry pamphlet of one hundred and eighty-two pages is a collection of anecdotes of gallantry, songs and wretched poetry. The Venetians had remained masters of the Morea from 1685; they lost it in 1715. Pellegrin has sketched the history of this last conquest of the Turks, which is the only interesting part of his work.

A. D. 1728. Fourmont. The abbé Fourmont went to the Levant, by order of Louis XV, in quest of inscriptions and manuscripts. I shall have occasion to mention in the present work some of the discoveries made at Sparta by that learned antiquary. His travels have remained in manuscript, and only some fragments of them are known; their publication would be highly desirable as we pos-

was nothing complete respecting the monuments of the Peleponnese.

Pocoke visited Athens on his return from Egypt. He has described the monuments of Attica with that accuracy which communicates a knowledge of the arts, but excites no enthusiasm for them. A. D. 1739. Pocoke.

Wood, Dawkins, and Bouverie were just then making their literary tour in honour of Homer. A. D. 1740 Wood, Dawkins, and Bouverie

The first picteresque tour of Greece was that of Leroi. Chandler accuses the French artist of a violation of truth in some of his drawings; and I have myself remarked in them superfluous ornaments. Leroi's sections and plans have not the scrupulous fidelity of Stuart's; but taking it altogether, his work is a monument honourable to France. Leroi was at Lacedæmon, which he clearly distinguishes from Mistra, and where he recognized the theatre and the *dromos*. A. D. 1758. Leroi.

I know not, if the *Ruins of Athens* by Robert Sayer, be not an English translation of Leroi's book with new engravings of the plates. I must likewise acknowledge my ignorance of Pars' work, which Chandler mentions with commendation. A. D. 1759. Sayer.

In 1761, Stuart enriched his country with his celebrated work, intituled, *Antiquities of Athens*. It is a grand undertaking, particularly useful to artists, and executed, with that accuracy of admeasurement, which is, at the present day, considered such a high recommendation: but the general effect of the prints is not good; the whole together is deficient in that truth which pervades the details. A. D. 1761. Stuart.

Chandler's Travels, which speedily followed Stuart's *Antiquities*, might enable us to dispense with all the others. In this work the doctor has displayed uncommon fidelity, a pleasing and yet profound erudition, sound criticism and exquisite taste. I have only one fault to find with him, which is, that he frequently mentions Wheeler, but never introduces the name of Spon without a marked reluctance. Spon certainly A. D. 1764. Chandler. A. D. 1764.

deserves to be noticed when the partner of his labours is spoken of; Chandler, as a scholar and a traveller, ought to have forgotten that he was an Englishman. In 1805, he published his last work on Athens, which I have not been able to procure.

A. D. 1773. Reidesel. Riedesel visited the Peloponnese and Attica in 1773. He has filled his little work with many grand reflections on the manners, laws, and religion of the Greeks and Turks. The baron travelled in the Morea three years after the Russian expedition. A great number of monuments had perished at Sparta, at Argos, and at Megalopolis, in consequence of this invasion; in the same manner as the antiquities of Athens owed their final destruction to the expedition of the Venetians.

A. D. 1778. Choiseul. Chabert. The first volume of M. de Choiseul's magnificent work appeared at the beginning of 1778. This performance I shall have frequent occasion to mention with deserved commendation. I shall merely remark in this place, that M. de Choiseul has not yet published the monuments of Attica and of the Peloponnese. The author was at Athens, in 1784; and it was the same year, I believe, that M. Chabert determined the latitude, and longitude of the temple of Minerva.

A. D. 1780. Foucherot and Fauvel. The researches of Messrs. Foucherot and Fauvel began about 1780, and were prosecuted in the succeeding years. The memoirs of the latter describe places and antiquities heretofore unknown. M. Fauvel was my host at Athens, and of his labours I shall speak in another place.

A. D. 1780. Villoison. Our great Greek scholar d'Anse de Villoison travelled over Greece nearly about this period, but we have not reaped the benefit of his studies.

A. D. 1785. Lechevalier. M. Lechevalier paid a hasty visit to Athens in 1785.

A. D. 1794. Scrofani. The travels of M. Scrofani bear the stamp of the age, that is to say, they are philosophical, political, economical, &c. To the study of antiquity they contribute nothing; but the author's observations on the

soil, population, and commerce of the Morea are excellent and new.

At the time of M. Scrofani's travels, two Englishmen ascended the most elevated summit of the Taygetus.

In 1797, Messrs. Dixo and Nicolo Stephanopoli were sent to the republic of Maina by the French government. These travellers highly extol that republic, which has been the subject of much discussion. For my part, I have the misfortune to consider the Mainottes as a horde of banditti, of Sclavonian extraction, and no more the descendants of the ancient Spartans, than the Druses are the offspring of the Count de Dreux. I cannot, therefore, share the enthusiasm of those who behold, in these pirates of Taygetus, the virtuous heirs of Lacedæmonian liberty. A. D 1797. Dixo and Nicolo Stephanopoli.

M. Poucqueville would certainly be the best guide for the Morea, if he had been able to visit all the places that he has described. He was, unfortunately, a prisoner at Tripolizza. A. D. 1798. Poucqueville.

About this time Lord Elgin, the English ambassador at Constantinople, caused researches and ravages to be made in Greece, which I shall have occasion to praise and to deplore. Soon after him, his countrymen, Swinton and Hawkins, visited Athens, Sparta, and Olympia. Lord Elgin, Swinton, and Hawkins.

The *fragments designed to contribute to the Knowledge of modern Greece* conclude the list of all these travels. They are, indeed, but fragments. A. D. 1803. Bartholdi.

Let us now sum up, in a few words, the history of the monuments of Athens. The Parthenon, the temple of Victory, great part of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, another monument denominated, by Guillet, *the lantern of Diogenes*, were seen, in all their beauty, by Zygomalas, Cabasilas, and Deshayes.

De Monceaux, the marquis de Nointel, Galland, father Babin, Spon, and Wheeler, also admired the Parthenon while yet entire; but the lantern of Diogenes had disappeared, and the temple of Victory had been

blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine;* so that no part of it was left standing but the pediment.

Pococke, Leroi, Stuart, and Chandler, found the Parthenon half destroyed by the bombs of the Venetians, and the pediment of the temple of Victory demolished. Since that period the ruins have kept continually increasing. I shall relate in what manner they were augmented by Lord Elgin.

The learned world consoles itself with the drawings of M. de Nointel, and the picturesque tours of Leroi and Stuart. M. Fauvel has taken casts of two cariatides of the Pandroseum, and some basso relievos of the temple of Minerva. A metope of the same temple is in the hands of M. de Choiseul. Lord Elgin took away several others, which, perhaps, perished with the ship that foundered at Cerigo. Messrs. Swinton and Hawkins possess a bronze trophy, found at Olympia. The mutilated statue of Ceres Eleusina is also in England. Lastly, we have in *terra cotta* the choragic monument of Lysicrates. It is a melancholy
A. D. 130. reflection, that the civilized nations of Europe have done more injury to the monuments of Athens, in the space of one hundred and fifty years, than all the barbarians together in a long series of ages; it is cruel to think that Alaric and Mahomet II. respected the Parthenon, and that it was demolished by Morosini and Lord Elgin.

* This accident happened in 1656.

SECOND MEMOIR.

I HAVE already observed, that it is my intention to inquire, in this Second Memoir, into the authenticity of the Christian traditions relative to Jerusalem. The history of that city being involved in no obscurity, has no occasion for preliminary explanations.

The traditions respecting the Holy Land derive their certainty from three sources: from history, from religion, and from places of local circumstances. Let us first consider them in a historical point of view.

Christ, accompanied by his Apostles, accomplished, at Jerusalem, the mysteries of his passion. The writings of the four Evangelists are the earliest documents that record the actions of the Son of Man. The acts of Pilate, preserved at Rome, in the time of Tertullian,* attested the principal event of that history, the Crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth.

The Redeemer expired. Joseph of Arimathea obtained the sacred body, and deposited it in a tomb at the foot of Calvary. The Messiah rose again on the third day; appeared to his apostles and disciples; gave them his instructions, and then returned to the right hand of his Father. At this time the church commences at Jerusalem.

It is natural to suppose that the first apostles and relatives of our Saviour, according to the flesh, who composed this first church in the world, were perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances attending the life and death of Jesus Christ. It is essential to remark, that Golgotha was out of the city, as well as the Mount of Olives: whence it follows, that the apostles might the more freely perform their devotions in the places sanctified by their divine master.

* Apolg. advers. Gent.

The knowledge of these places was not long confined within a narrow circle of disciples; Peter, in two harangues, converted eight thousand persons at Jerusalem;* James, the brother of our Saviour, was elected the first bishop of this church, in the year 35 of our era;† and was succeeded by Simeon, the cousin of Jesus Christ.‡ We then find a series of thirteen bishops, of Jewish race, who occupy a space of one hundred and twenty-three years, from Tiberius to the reign of Adrian. The names of these bishops are Justus, Zacheus, Tobias, Benjamin, John, Mathias, Philip, Seneca, Justus II., Levi, Ephraim, Joseph, and Jude.§

If the first Christians of Judea consecrated monuments to their religious worship, is it not probable that they erected them, in preference, on those spots which had been distinguished by the miracles of their faith? Can it be doubted, that in those times there existed sanctuaries in Palestine, when the believers possessed such at Rome, and in all the provinces of the empire? When St. Paul, and the other apostles, gave exhortations and laws to the churches of Europe and Asia, to whom did they address themselves, unless to a congregation of believers, meeting in one common place, under the direction of a pastor? Is not this even implied by the word *Ecclesia*, which, in Greek, signifies either *an assembly*, or *a place of assembly?* St. Cyril takes it in the latter sense.¶

A. D. 33. The election of the seven deacons, in the year 33 of
A. D. 51. the Christian era;** and the first council, held in 51,†† show that the apostles had particular places of meeting in the Holy City. We find no difficulty in believing, also, that the Holy Sepulchre was honoured, from the first institution of Christianity, under the name of *Martyrion*, or *the Testimony*. At least, St. Cyril, bishop of Jerusalem, preaching in 347, in the church

* Acts of the Apostl. c. 2. and 4. † Eus. Hist. Eccl. lib. I. c. 2.
‡ Eus. Hist. Eccl. lib. III. c. 11—33.
§ Eus. Hist. Eccl. lib. III. c. 35. and lib. IV. c. 5.
¶ Catech. XVIII. ** Acts, c. 6. †† Acts, c. 15.

of Calvary, says, "This temple does not bear the name of *church*, like the others, but is called *Marturion Testimony*, as the prophet predicted.*

At the commencement of the troubles in Judea, during the reign of Vespasian, the Christians of Jerusalem withdrew to Pella,† and as soon as the city was demolished they returned to dwell among its ruins. In the space of a few months,‡ they could not have forgotten the position of their sanctuaries, which being, moreover, without the walls, must not have suffered much from the siege. Simeon, the successor of James, governed the church of Judea when Jerusalem was taken, since we find the same Simeon, at the age of one hundred and twenty years, receiving the crown of martyrdom during the reign of Trajan.‖ The succeeding bishops, whose names I have mentioned, fixed their residence on the ruins of the Holy City, and preserved the Christian traditions respecting it. A. D. 70. A. D. 117.

That the holy places were generally known in the time of Adrian, is demonstrated by an undeniable fact. That emperor, when he rebuilt Jerusalem, erected a statue of Venus on Mount Calvary, and another of Jupiter on the holy sepulchre. The grotto of Bethlehem was given up to the rites of Adonis.¶ The folly of idolatry thus published, by its imprudent profanations, the silly doctrine of the Cross, which it was so much to its own interest to conceal. The faith made such rapid progress in Palestine, before the last insurrection of the Jews, that Barcochebas, the ringleader on this occasion, persecuted the Christians to oblige them to renounce their religion.** A. D. 137.

* S. Cyr. Cat. XVI. Illum. † Euseb. Hist. Eccl. lib. III. c. 5.

‡ Titus appeared before Jerusalem about Easter, in the year 70, and the city was taken in the month of September, the same year.

‖ Eus. Hist. Eccl. lib. III. c. 33.

¶ Hieron. Epist. ad Paul—Ruff. Sozom. Hist. Eccl. lib. II. c. 1. Socrat. Hist. Eccl. lib. I. c. 17.—Sev. lib. II.—Niceph. lib. XVIII.

** Eus. lib. IV. c. 8.

No sooner was the Jewish church of Jerusalem dispersed by Adrian, in the year of Christ 137, than we find the church of the Gentiles established in that city. Mark was its first bishop, and Eusebius gives us a list of his successors till the time of Diocleaian. These were: Cassian, Publius, Maximus, Julian, Caius, Symmachus, Caius II., Julian II., Capiton, Valens, Dolichian, Narcissus, the thirtieth after the apostles,* Dius, Germanion, Gordius,† Alexander,‡ Mazabanes,§ Hymenæus,‖ Zabdas, Hermon,¶ the last bishop before the persecution of Dioclesian.

A. D. 162. Under Commod.
A. D. 211. Under Severus.
A. D. 217. Under Car.
A. D. 251. Under Gal.

A. D. 284. Macrin.

Adrian, though so zealous in behalf of his deities, did not persecute the Christians, except those of Jerusalem, whom he, doubtless, looked upon as Jews, and who were, in fact, of the Israelitish nation. The apologies of Quadratus and Aristides are supposed to have made an impression upon him.** He even wrote a letter to Minucius Fundanus, governor of Asia, forbidding him to punish the believers without just cause.††

A. D. 126.

It is probable that the Gentiles, converted to the faith, lived peaceably at Ælia, or New Jerusalem, till the reign of Dioclesian: this is indeed evident, from the list of bishops of that church given above. When Narcissus filled the episcopal chair, the deacons were in want of oil at the feast of Easter: Narcissus, we are told, performed a miracle on that occasion.‡‡ The Christians, at this period, therefore, celebrated the mysteries of their religion in public, at Jerusalem, and had, consequently, altars consecrated to their worship.

A. D. 162. Under Commod.

Alexander, another bishop of Ælia, during the reign of the emperor Severus, founded a library in his diocess:§§ now, this circumstance must presuppose peace,

* Eus. lib. V. c. 12. † Eus. lib. VI. c. 10.
‡ Id. lib. VI. c. 10, 11. § Id. lib. VII. c. 5.
‖ Id. lib. VII. c. 28. ¶ Id. lib. VII. c. 31.
** Tillem. Persec. Sous Adr.—Eus. lib. IV. c. 3.
†† Eus. lib. IV. c. 3. ‡‡ Eus. lib. VI. c. 9.
§§ Eus. lib. VI. c. 20.

leisure, and prosperity; postscripts never open a public school of philosophy.

If the faithful were not, at this time, allowed the possession of Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, and Bethlehem, to celebrate their festivals, the memory of those sanctuaries could not, at least, be effaced. The very idols served to mark their places; nay, more, the Pagans themselves hoped that the temple of Venus, erected on the summit of Calvary, would not prevent the Christians from visiting the sacred Mount; for they rejoiced in the idea, that the Nazarenes, when they repaired to Golgotha to pray, would appear to be paying adoration to the daughter of Jupiter.* This is a striking proof of the perfect knowledge of the sacred places retained by the church of Jerusalem.

There are writers who go still farther, and assert that, prior to the persecution of Diocletian, the Christians of Judea had regained possession of the Holy Sepulchre.† It is certain that St. Cyril, speaking of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, positively says: "It is not long since Bethlehem was a country place, and Mount Calvary a garden, the traces of which are yet visible."‡ What, then, had become of the profane edifices? There is every reason to believe that the Pagans at Jerusalem, finding their number too small to maintain their ground against the increasing multitude of the faithful, by degrees forsook the temples of Adrian. If the Church, yet exposed to persecution, durst not rebuild its altars at the sacred tomb, it enjoyed, at least, the consolation of worshipping there unmolested, and of beholding the monuments of idolatry moulder into ruins.

A. D. 326. Under Constant.

We have now arrived at an epoch when the Holy places begin to shine with a lustre no more to be effaced. Constantine having placed the Christian religion upon the throne, wrote to Macarius, bishop A. D. 327.

* Sozom. lib. II. c. 1. † Epitom. Bell. Sacror. tom. VI.
‡ Cateches. XII. and XIV.

of Jerusalem. He ordered him to cover the tomb of our Saviour with a magnificent church.* Helena, the emperor's mother, went herself to Palestine, and directed search to be made for the Holy Sepulchre. It had been buried under the foundation of Adrian's edifices. A Jew, apparently a Christian, who, according to Sozomenes, had preserved memorials of his forefathers, pointed out the place where the tomb must have been. Helena had the glory to restore to religion the sacred monument. She likewise discovered three crosses, one of which is said to have been recognised by its miracles, as the cross on which the Redeemer suffered.† Not only was a magnificent church erected at the Holy Sepulchre, but two others were built by Helena; one over the manger of the Messiah, at Bethlehem, and the other on the Mount of Olives, in memory of the ascension of the Lord.‡ Chapels, oratories, and altars, by degrees marked all the places consecrated by the acts of the Son of Man: the oral traditions were committed to writing, and thus secured from the treachery of memory.

Eusebius, in his *History of the Church*, his *Life of Constantine*, and his *Onomasticum urbium et locorum Sacræ Scripturæ*, has, in fact, described the holy places
A. D. 327. as we see them at the present day. He speaks of the Holy Sepulchre, of Calvary, of Bethlehem, of the Mount of Olives, and the grotto where Christ revealed the mysteries to the apostles.§ After him comes St. Cyril, whom I have already quoted more than once: he shows us the sacred stations such as they were before and after their embellishments by Constantine and St. Helena. Socrates, Sozomenes, Theodoret, Evagrius, then give the succession of several bishops from Constantine to Justinian: Macarius,¶
A. D. 328. Ind. Const. Maximus,** Cyril,†† Herrennius, Heraclius, Hilarius,‡‡

* Eus. in Const. lib. III. c. 25—43. Socr. lib. I. c. 9.
† Socr. c. 17.—Sozom. lib. III. c. 1. ‡ Eus. in Const. lib. II. c. 1.
§ Eus. in Const. lib. III. c. 43. ¶ Socrat. lib. I. c. 17.
** Socrat. lib. II. c. 21.—Sozom. lib. II. c. 20.
†† Socrat. lib. III. c. 20. ‡‡ Sozom. lib. VI. c. 30

John,* Sallust, Martyrius, Elias, Peter, Macarius II.,† and John,‡ the fourth of that name. A. D. 361, Und. Jul.

St. Jerome, who retired to Bethlehem about the year 385, has left us in various parts of his works, the most complete delineation of the sacred places,§ "It would be too long," says he in one of his letters,¶ "to go through all the ages, from the ascension of the Lord to the time in which we live, to relate how many bishops, how many martyrs, how many teachers have visited Jerusalem, for they would have thought themselves possessed of less piety and learning had they not adored Jesus Christ on the very spot where the gospel began to diffuse its light from the summit of the cross." A. D. 384. Und. Val. Theod. and Arcad. A. D. 476. Und. Justin. A. D. 579 Under Tiber. II.

St. Jerome declares, in the same letter, that pilgrims from India, Ethiopia, Britain, and Hibernia,** resorted to Jerusalem, and sung in their various languages the praises of Christ, around his tomb. He says that alms were sent from all parts to Calvary; he mentions the principal places of devotion in Palestine and adds that, in the city of Jerusalem alone, there were so many sanctuaries that it was impossible to visit them all in one day. This letter is addressed to Marcella, and is conjectured to have been written by St. Paula and St. Eustochium, though it is ascribed in manuscripts to St. Jerome. Could then the believers who, from the days of the apostles to the conclusion of the fourth century, had frequented the tomb of our Saviour, could they, I ask, be ignorant of the situation of that tomb? A. D. 385. A. D. 385.

The same father of the church, in his letter to Eustochium, on the death of Paula, thus describes the stations visited by the pious Roman lady: A. D. 404.

"She prostrated herself," says he, "before the cross, on the top of Calvary; at the Holy Sepulchre

* Sozom. lib. VII. c. 14. † Evagr. lib. IV. c. 37.

‡ Evagr. lib. V. c. 14.

§ Epist. XXII. &c. De situ et nom. loc. hebraic, &c.

¶ Epist. ad Marcel. ** Epist. XXH.

she embraced the stone which the angel rolled away, and kissed, with particular reverence the spot where the body of Christ was laid. She saw on Mount Sion, the pillar where our Saviour was bound and scourged with rods; the pillar then supported the portal of a church. She desired to be conducted to the place where the disciples were assembled when the Holy Ghost descended upon them. She then repaired to Bethlehem and stopped by the way at Rachel's sepulchre. She adored the manger of the Messiah, and pictured to herself the wise men and the shepherds as still present there. At Bethphage she found the monument of Lazarus, and the habitation of Martha and Mary. At Sichar she admired a church erected over Jacob's well, where Christ conversed with the Samaritan woman, and lastly; she found at Samaria the tomb of St. John the Baptist."*

This letter is of the year 404; consequently more than fourteen centuries have elapsed since it was written. Read all the accounts of the Holy Land, all the travels from Arculfe's to mine and you will see
A. D. 404. that the pilgrims have invariably found and described the places marked by St. Jerome. Surely this is at least a high and imposing antiquity.

A proof that the pilgrimages to Jerusalem were of older date than the time of St. Jerome, as that learned writer has expressly said, is to be found in the Itinerary from Bordeaux to Jerusalem. This Itinerary was composed, according to the ablest critics in 333, for the use of the pilgrims from Gaul.† Mannert is of opinion that it was a sketch of the route for some person charged with a commission by the Prince: ‡ but it is much more natural to suppose that it was designed for a general purpose; and this is the more probable as the holy places are there described
A. D. 879. So much is certain, that Gregory of Nyssa cer-

* Epist. ad Eustoch.

† See Wess. Præf. in Itin. p. 5. 37. 47.—Berg. Chem de l'Emp

‡ Geog. I.

sured the abuse, as early as his, time of pilgrimages to Jerusalem.* He had himself visited the holy places in 379; he particularly mentions Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, the Mount of Olives, and Bethlehem. We find this journey among the works of the pious bishop, under the title of *Iter Hierosolymæ*. St. Jerome likewise endeavoured to dissuade Paulina from undertaking a pilgrimage to the holy land.† A. D. 404.

It was not only priests, recluses, bishops, and doctors that flocked from all quarters to Palestine at the period of which we are treating; but likewise females of high rank, even princesses and empresses. I have already mentioned Paula and Eustochium, and must not omit the two Melanias.‡ The monastery of Bethlehem was filled with the most illustrious families of Rome who fled thither from Alaric. Fifty years before, Eutropia, widow of Maximian Hercules, had made the tour of Palestine, and destroyed the relics of idolatry which still appeared at the fair of Terebinthus near Hebron.

In the age succeeding that of St. Jerome, we never lose sight of Calvary. It was then that Theodoret wrote his Ecclesiastical History, in which we find frequent mention of the Christian Sion. We have a still more distinct view of it in the *Lives of the Anchorites*, by the same author. St. Peter, one of their number, performed the sacred journey.§ Theodoret himself passed through Palestine, where he surveyed with astonishment the ruins of the temple.¶ The two pilgrimages of the empress Eudocia, wife of Theodosius the younger, took place in this century. She caused monasteries to be erected at Jerusalem, and there ended her days in retirement.*a* A. D. 430. A. D. 450.

The commencement of the sixth century, furnishes us with the Itinerary of Antoninus of Placentia: he A. D. 500.

* Epist. ad Ambros. † Epist. ad Paulin. ‡ Epist. XXII.
§ Hist. Relig. c. 6. ¶ Serm. II. De Pine et Judicio.
a Evagr. c. 20.—Zonar. in Theod. II. This illustrious Athenian lady has already been mentioned in the first memoir.

A. D 500. describes all the stations like St. Jerome. In this account I remark the *burial-place of pilgrims*, at the gate of Jerusalem, which plainly evinces the affluence of these pious travellers. The author found Palestine covered with churches and monasteries. He says, that the Holy Sepulchre was adorned with precious stones, Jewels, crowns of gold, necklaces and bracelets.*

A. D. 573. Gregory of Tours, the earliest historian of the French monarchy, also speaks in this century of the pilgrimages to Jerusalem. One of his deacons having gone to the Holy Land, had, with four other travellers, beheld a miraculous star at Bethlehem.† According to the same historian, there was then at Jerusalem a spacious monastery for the reception of travellers.‡ It was, without doubt, the same establishment that Brocard found two hundred years later.

A. D. 593. In the same century it was also that Justinian exalted the bishop of Jerusalem to the patriarchal dignity. The emperor presented to the holy sepulchre the sacred vessels which Titus had carried away from the temple. These vessels, which in 455, had fallen into the hands of Genseric, were recovered by Belisarius at Carthage.§

A. D. 613. Cosroes took Jerusalem in 613. Heraclius restored to the tomb of Christ, the real cross which the Persian monarch had taken away. Twenty-three years afterwards, Omar made himself master of the

A. D. 636. Holy city, which continued under the yoke of the Saracens till the time of Godfrey de Bouillon. In another part of this work will be found the history of the church of the Holy Sepulchre during these calamitous ages. It was saved by the invincible constancy of the believers of Judea: they never abandoned it, and the pilgrims, emulating their zeal, ceased not to throng to the sacred shore.

* Itin De Loc. Ter. Sanct. † Greg. Tur. de Martyr. lib I. c. 10.
‡ Greg. Tur. de [redacted]yr. lib. I. c. 11.
§ Procop. de Bell. Vand. lib. XI.

Some years after Omar's conquest, Arculfe visited Palestine. Adamannus, abbot of Iona, a British island, drew up a description of the Holy Land, from the account of the French bishop. This curious description is yet extant. Seranius published it in 1619, at Ingolstadt, under this title: *De Locis Terræ Sanctæ, lib.* 3. An extract from it may be found in the works of the venerable Bede: *De Situ Hierusalem et Locorum Sanctorum liber.* Mabillon has introduced the performance of Adamannus into his great collection: *Acta S. S. Ordin. S. Benedicti* II. 514. A. D. 636.

Arculfe describes the holy places as they were in the time of St. Jerome, and as we behold them at the present day. He represents the church of the Holy Sepulchre as a circular building: he found churches and oratories at Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, in the garden of the same name, and in that of Gethsemane. He admired the magnificent church at Bethlehem. These are precisely the same objects as are still shown, and yet this description is of about the year 690, if we place the death of Adamannus in 704.* It is to be observed that, in the time of St. Arculfe, Jerusalem still went by the name of Ælia.

In the eighth century, we have two narratives of *Travels to Jerusalem*, by St. Guillebaud† in which the same places continue to be described, and the same traditions to be faithfully repeated. These narratives are short, but the essential stations are marked. The learned William Cave‡ mentions a manuscript of the venerable Bede, *in bibliotheca Gualtari Copi, cod*, 169, under the title of *Libellus de Sanctis Locis.* Bede was born in 672, and died in 732. Whatever may be the nature of this little work, it must be placed in the eighth century. A. D. 700. A. D. 765.

During the reign of Charlemagne, at the commence- A. D. 800.

* Guil. Cav. Script. Eccl. Hist. litter. p. 328.

† Canisii Thesaur. Mon. Eccles. et Hist. a Barn. tom. II, p. 1.—Mabil. II. 372.

‡ Guil. Cav. Script. Eccl. Hist. litter. p. 336.

A. D. 800. ment of the ninth century; the chalif Haroun al Raschid, ceded to the French emperor the property of the Holy Sepulchre. Charles sent alms to Palestine, for one of his capitularies is extant, with this head: *De Eleemosynâ mittendâ ad Jerusalem.* The patriarch of Jerusalem had solicited the protection of the monarch of the west. Eginhard adds, that Charlemagne protected the Christians beyond sea.* At this period the Latin pilgrims possessed an hospital to the north of Solomon's Temple, near the convent of St. Mary; and Charlemagne made a present of a library to this establishment. We are informed of these particulars, by Bernard, a monk, who was in Palestine about the year 870. His account, which is very circumstantial, gives all the positions of the sacred places.†

A. D. 905. Elias, the third of that name, patriarch of Jerusalem, wrote to Charles the Fat, at the commencement of the tenth century, soliciting his assistance towards the rebuilding of the churches of Judea. "We shall not," says he, "enter into any recapitulation of our misfortunes; they must be well known to you from the pilgrims who daily come to visit the holy places, and who return to their own country.‡

A. D. 1000. The eleventh century, which terminates with the crusades, furnishes several travellers in the Holy Land. Oldric, bishop of Orleans, witnessed the ceremony of the sacred fire at the Holy Sepulchre.§ Glaber's chronicle, it is true, should be read with caution; but we have here to record a fact, not to discuss a point of criticism. Allatius, in *Symmictis, sive Opusculis*, &c. has also handed down to us the journey to Jerusalem of Eugesippus, a Greek. Most of the sacred places are described in it, and this account agrees with all that we know on the subject. In the

* In Vit. Car. Mag.

† Mabill. Act. S. S. Ord. S. Ben. sect. III. part 2.

‡ Acherii Spicileg. tom. II. Edit. à Barr.

§ Glaber. Chronic. lib. IV. Apud Duch. Hist. Franc.

course of this century, William the Conqueror sent considerable alms to Palestine. Finally, the travels of Peter the Hermit, which were attended with such important consequences, and the crusades themselves prove how strongly the attention of the Christian world was attracted to that remote region where the mystery of salvation was accomplished. A. D. 1099.

Jerusalem continued in the hands of French princes eighty-eight years; and the historians of the collection *Gesta Dei per Francos* have recorded every thing that occurred in the Holy Land during that period. Benjamin of Tudela visited Judea about the year 1173. A. D. 1100. A. D. 1173.

When Saladin had retaken Jerusalem from the crusaders, the Syrians ransomed the church of the Holy Sepulchre for a considerable sum,*a* and pilgrims still continued to visit Palestine in defiance of all the dangers attending the expedition. A. D. 1187.

Phocas in 1208,*b* Willdebrand of Oldenburg in 1211, Jacob Vetraco, or of Vetri, in 1231,*c* and Brocard, a Dominican friar, in 1283,*d* visited the sacred places and repeated, in their Travels, all that had been said before them on the subject. A. D. 1200.

For the fourteenth century we have Ludolph,*e* Mandeville,*f* and Sanuto.*g* A. D. 1300.

For the fifteenth, Breidenbach,*h* Tuchor,*i* and Langi.*k* A. D. 1400.

For the sixteenth, Heyter,*l* Salignac,*m* Pascha,*n* &c. A. D. 1500.

For the seventeenth. Cotovic, Nau, and a hundred A. D. 1600.

a Sanut. Lib. Secret Fidel. Cruc. Sup. Terr. Sanct. II.
b Itiner. Hieros. ap. Allat Symmict.
c Lib. de. Terr. Sanct.
d Descript. urb Jeros. et. Loc. Terr. Sanct.
e De Terr. Sanct. et Itin. Hierosol.
f Descript. Jerusalem.
g Lib. Secret. Fidel. Cruc.
h Peregrinat. ad. Sepulch. Dom.
i Reise-beschreib. zum heil. grab.
k Hierosol. Urb. Templ.
l Lib. Hist. Part. Orient.
m Itin. Ierosol. et Terr. Sanct.
n Peregrin. cum exact. Descript. Jerusalem.

A. D. 1700. For the eighteenth, Maundrel, Pococke, Shaw, and Hasselquist.*

These travels which are multiplied *ad infinitum*, are all repetitions of each other, and confirm the traditions relative to Jerusalem in the most invariable and striking manner.

What an astonishing body of evidence is here! The apostles saw Jesus Christ; they knew the places honoured by the Son of Man; they transmitted the tradition to the first Christian church of Judea; a regular succession of bishops was established, and religiously preserved the sacred tradition. Eusebius appeared, and the history of the sacred places commenced. It was continued by Socrates, Sozomenes, Theodoret, Evagrius, and St. Jerome. Pilgrims thronged thither from all parts. From this period to the present day, an uninterrupted series of travels for fourteen centuries, gives us the same facts and the same descriptions. What tradition was ever supported by such a host of witnesses? He who has doubts on this subject, must refuse credit to every thing: and, besides, I have not made all the use of the crusades that I might have done. To all these historical proofs I shall add some reflections on the nature of religious traditions, and on the local situation of Jerusalem.

It is certain, that religious traditions are not so easily lost as those which are purely historical. The former are in general treasured in the memory of but a small number of enlightened persons, who may forget the truth or disguise it according to their passions: the latter are circulated among a whole nation, and mechanically transmitted from father to son. If the principles of religion are rigid, as is the case with Christianity; if the slightest deviation from a fact, or an idea becomes a heresy, it is the more probable, that whatever relates to that religion will be preserved from age to age with scrupulous fidelity.

* I shall add no more to this list, which, perhaps, is already too long. In the following sheets will be found the names of many other travellers that are here omitted.

I know that, in a long series of years, an extravagant piety, an indiscreet zeal, the ignorance attached to the times and to the inferior classes of society, may overload a religion with traditions which will not stand the test of criticism; but the ground work still remains. Eighteen centuries, all pointing out the same facts and the same monuments in the same places, cannot err. If certain objects of devotion have been mistakenly multiplied at Jerusalem, this is no reason for rejecting the whole as an imposture. Let us not, moreover, forget, that Christianity was persecuted in its cradle, and that it has almost always continued to suffer at Jerusalem. Now it is well known what fidelity prevails among partners in affliction: to such, every thing becomes sacred, and the remains of a martyr are preserved with greater respect than the crown of a monarch. The child that can scarcely lisp, is already acquainted with this treasure; carried at night by his mother to perilous devotions, he hears the singing, he beholds the tears of his kindred and friends, which engrave upon his tender memory, objects that he can never afterwards forget; and, at an age when he might naturally be expected to display nothing but cheerfulness, frankness, and levity, he learns to be grave, discreet, and prudent; adversity is premature old age. A. D. 1600.

I find in Eusebius a remarkable proof of this veneration for a sacred relic. He relates that, in his time, the Christians of Judea still preserved the chair of St. James, the brother of our Saviour, and the first bishop of Jerusalem. Gibbon himself could not forbear admitting the authenticity of the religious traditions current in Palestine. "They" (the Christians) says he, "fixed by unquestionable tradition, the scene of each memorable event;"—an acknowledgement of considerable weight from a writer so well-informed, and at the same time so prejudiced against religion.

Finally, the traditions concerning places, are not so apt to be distorted as those relative to facts, be-

TRAVELS

IN

GREECE, PALESTINE, EGYPT, AND BARBARY.

FIRST PART.

GREECE.

To the principal motive which impelled me after so many peregrinations to leave France once more, were added other considerations.. A voyage to the East would complete the circle of studies which I had always promised myself to accomplish. In the deserts of America I had contemplated the monuments of Nature; among the monuments of man, I was as yet acquainted with only two species of antiquities, the Celtic and the Roman: I had yet to visit the ruins of Athens, of Memphis, and of Carthage. I was therefore solicitous to perform a pilgrimage to Jerusalem:

Qui devoto
Il grand sepolcro adora, e sciogle il voto.

At the present day it may appear somewhat strange to talk of vows and pilgrimages; but in regard to this subject I have no sense of shame, and have long ranged myself in the class of the weak and superstitious. Probably I shall be the last Frenchman that will ever quit his country to travel to the Holy Land, with the idea, the object, and the sentiments of an ancient pilgrim. But if I have not the virtues which shone of yore, in the Sires de Coucy, de Nesle, de Castillon, de Montfort, faith at least is left me; and by this mark I might yet be recognized by the ancient crusaders.

"And when I was about to depart and commence my journey," says the Sire de Joinville, "I sent for the abbè de Che.

minon to reconcile myself with him. And I girded myself with my scarf, and took my staff in my hand, and presently I set out from Joinville without ever entering the castle afterwards, till my return from the voyage beyond sea—And so as I went from Bleicourt to Saint Urban, when I was obliged to pass near the castle of Joinville, I durst not turn my face that way lest I should feel too great regret, and my heart should be too strongly affected."

On quitting my country again, the 13th July, 1806, I was not afraid to turn my head like the seneschal of Champagne; almost a stranger in my native land, I left behind me neither castle nor cottage.

From Paris to Milan the route was not new to me; at Milan I took the road to Venice, all around the country appeared nearly like the Milanese, one dull but fertile morass; I gave a few moments to the mounments of Verona, Vicensa, and Padua. On the 23d, I arrived at Venice, and spent five days in examining the remains of its former grandeur. I was shown some good pictures by Tintoret, Paul Veronese, and his brother, Bassano, and Titian; I sought in a deserted church the tomb of the latter, and had some difficulty to find it, as I had once before at Rome to discover the tomb of Tasso. After all, the ashes of a religious and unfortunate poet are not very much out of their place in an hermittage. The bard of Jerusalem seems to have sought a last asylum in this obscure spot; to escape the persecutions of men; he fills the world with his fame, and himself reposes unknown, beneath the orange-tree of St Onuphrius.

I left Venice on the 28th, and at ten at night embarked for *terra firma*. We had a breeze from the south-east sufficient to fill the sail, but not to ruffle the sea. As the vessel proceeded, I beheld the lights of Venice sink into the horizon; and distinguished, like spots upon the surface of the deap, the shadows of the different islands scattered along the coast. These islands, instead of being covered with forts and bastions, are occupied by churches and monasteries; the sound of the clocks belonging to the hospitals and lazarets reached our ears, and excited no ideas but those of tranquility and succour, in the midst of the empire of storms and dangers. We approached so near to one of these retreats, as to perceive the monks watching

our gondola as it passed; they looked like old mariners, who, after long peregrinations, have returned to port: perhaps they gave their benediction to the voyager, recollecting that like him, they had themselves been strangers in the land of Egypt.

I reached the main land before day-break, and took a post-chaise to carry me to Trieste. I turned not out of my road to visit Aquileia; I felt no temptation to examine the breach by which the Goths and Huns penetrated into the native country of Horace and Virgil, or to seek the traces of those armies which were the executors of the wrath of the Almighty. On the 29th, at noon, I entered Trieste. This city is regularly built, and seated in a very fine climate, at the foot of a chain of sterile mountains; it contains no monument of Antiquity. The last breeze of Italy expires on this shore, where the empire of barbarism commences.

M. Seguier, the French consul at Trieste, had the kindness to undertake to procure me a passage. He met with a ship ready to sail for Smyrna, the captain of which took me on board with my attendant. It was agreed that he should set me on shore as he passed on the coast of the Morea; that I should proceed by land across the Peloponnesus; that the vessel should wait for me some days at the Cape of Attica, and that, if at the expiration of this time I failed to make my appearance, she should then pursue her voyage.

We weighed anchor at one in the morning on the 1st of August—the wind was contrary as we left the harbour. Istria exhibited a low tract of coast, bordered in the interior of the country by a chain of mountains. The Mediterranean, placed in the centre of the civilized world, studded with smiling islands, and washing shores planted with the myrtle, the palm, and the olive, instantly reminds the spectator of that sea which gave birth to Apollo, to the Nereids, and to Venus; whereas the ocean deformed by tempests, surrounded by unknown regions, was well calculated to be the cradle of the phantoms of Scandinavia, or the domain of those Christian nations, who form such an awful idea of the greatness and omnipotence of God.

On the 2d, about noon, the wind became favourable, but the clouds which gathered in the west, announced an approaching storm; we heard the first clap of thunder off the coast of Croa

tia; at three o'clock the sails were furled, and a taper was set up in the captain's cabin, at the feet of an image of the Blessed Virgin. I have elsewhere remarked how affecting is that religion which ascribes the dominion over tempests, or rather the power of appeasing them, to a feeble woman. Sailors on shore may turn free-thinkers as well as any others, but human wisdom is disconcerted in the hour of danger; man then becomes religious; and the torch of philosophy cheers him in the midst of a storm, much less than a lamp lighted up before the Madonna.

At seven in the evening the tempest was at its height. Our Austrian captain began a prayer amid torrents of rain and peals of thunder; we prayed for Francis II, for ourselves, and for the mariners *sepolti in questo sacro mare.* The sailors, some standing and uncovered, others prostrate upon the deck, also prayed responsive to the captain.

The storm continued during part of the night. All the sails being furled and the crew having gone below, I remained almost alone by the steersman at the helm. In this situation I had formerly passed whole nights on the most tempestuous seas; but I was then young, and the roar of the billows, the solitude of ocean, winds, rocks, and dangers, were to me so many sources of enjoyment. I have perceived in this last voyage that the face of objects has changed for me. I am now capable of duly appreciating all those reveries of early youth; and yet such is the inconsistency of man, that I again listened to the siren voice of hope, that I again went forth to collect images and to seek colours with which to adorn pictures, destined perhaps to draw down upon me vexations and persecution. I paced the quarter-deck, and from time to time scrawled a note with my pencil by the light of the lamp placed near the compass in the steerage. The man at the helm looked at me with astonishment; he took me, I suppose for a French naval officer, busily engaged like himself with the ship's course; he knew not that my compass was not so good as his, and that he should make the port with greater certainty than I.

The next day, August 3d, the wind having settled in the north-west, we swiftly passed the islands of Pommo and Pelagosa. Leaving the last of the islands of Dalmatia on our left,

we described on our right Mount St. Angelo, the ancient Garganus, which covers Manfredonia, near the ruins of Sipontum on the coast of Italy.

On the 4th, it fell calm; a breeze sprung up at sun-set, and we continued our course. At two o'clock, the night being magnificent, I heard a cabin-boy singing the commencement of the seventh canto of the Jerusalem:

Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrose piante, &c.

The tune was a kind of recitative, very high in the intonation and descending to the lowest notes towards the conclusion of the verse. This picture of rural felicity delineated by a mariner in the midst of the sea, appeared to me more enchanting than ever. The ancients, our masters in every thing, well knew the effect of these moral contrasts. Theocritus has sometimes placed his swains on the margin of the deep, and Virgil loves to bring together the recreations of the husbandman, and the labours of the mariner:

Invitat genialis hyems, curasque resolvit;
Ceu pressæ cum jam portum tetigêre carinæ;
Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuêre coronas.

On the 5th, the wind was violent; it brought us a grayish bird, nearly resembling a lark; it was hospitably received. Sailors are in general pleased with whatever forms a contrast to their turbulent life: they delight in every thing connected with the remembrance of rural life, as the barking of dogs, the crowing of the cock, the flight of land birds. At eleven in the morning of the same day we were at the gates of the Adriatic; that is to say, between Cape Otranto in Italy, and Linguetta in Albania.

I was now on the frontiers of Grecian antiquity, as well as on the confines of Latin antiquity. Pythagoras, Alcibiades, Scipio, Cæsar, Pompey, Cicero, Augustus, Horace, and Virgil had crossed this sea. What different fortunes all those celebrated characters consigned to the inconstancy of these same billows! And I, an obscure traveller, passing over the effaced track of the vessels which carried the great men of Greece and Italy, was

repairing to their native land in quest of the Muses; but I am not Virgil, and the gods no longer dwell upon Olympus.

We advanced towards the island of Fano; it bears together with the rock of Merlera, the name of Othonos or Calypso's island, in some ancient maps. D'Anville seems to distinguish it by this appellation; and M. Lechevalier adduces the authority of this geographer in support of his opinion that Fano was the place were Ulysses so long deplored his absent country. Procopius somewhere observes, that if one of the small islands surrounding Corfu be taken for the island of Calypso, this will give probability to Homer's narrative. In this case, indeed, a boat would suffice to proceed from this island to that of Scheria (Corcyra, or Corfu;) but the passage must have been attended with great difficulties. Ulysses departs with a favourable wind, and after a voyage of eighteen days, he perceives Scheria rising like a shield above the surface of the deep. Now if Fano be Calypso's island, it is close to Scheria. Instead of requiring a navigation of eighteen whole days to descry the coast of Corfu, Ulysses must have seen it from the wood where he constructed his vessel. Pliny, Ptolemy, Pomponius Mela, the anonymous author of Ravenna, throw no light upon this subject; but Wood and the moderns may be consulted respecting the geography of Homer. All these, with Strabo, place the island of Calypso in that part of the Mediterranean situated between Africa and Malta.

For the rest, Fano shall be with all my heart, the enchanted island of Calypso, though to me it appeared but a small heap of whitish rocks: I will there plant, if you please, with Homer, "a forest dried by the sun's fervid rays, of pines and alders, filled with the nests of Sea-crows;" or with Fenelon, "I will there find groves of orange-trees, and mountains whose singular shapes form an horizon as diversified as the eye could wish." I envy not him who would not behold nature with the eyes of Fenelon and of Homer.

The wind having lulled about eight o'clock in the evening, and the sea being perfectly smooth, the ship remained motionless. Here I enjoyed the first sun-set, and the first night beneath the sky of Greece. To the left we had the island of Fano, and

that of Corcyra stretching away to the east: beyond these were seen the high lands of the continent of Epire; the Acroceraunian mountains, which we had passed, formed to the northward behind us a circle which terminated at the entrance of the Adriatic; on our right, that is, to the west, the sun went down beyond the coast of Otranto; and before us was the open sea, extending to the shores of Africa.

The colours produced by the setting sun were not brilliant; that luminary descended between clouds which he tinged of a roseate hue; he sunk below the horizon, and twilight supplied his place for half an hour. During this short interval, the sky was white in the west, light blue at the zenith, and pearl-gray in the east. The stars, one after another, issued from this admirable canopy; they appeared small, not very bright, but shed a golden light, so soft that it is impossible for me to convey any idea of it. The horizon of the sea, skirted with a slight vapour, was blended with that of the sky. At the foot of Fano, or the island of Calypso, was seen a flame, kindled by fishermen. With a little stretch of imagination, I might have seen the Nymphs setting fire to the ship of Telemachus; and had I been so disposed, I might have heard Nausicaa sportively conversing with her companions, or Andromache's lamentation on the banks of the false Simois, since I could perceive at a distance, through the transparent night, the mountains of Scheria and Buthrotum:

Prodigiosa veterum mendacia vatum.

The climate operates more or less upon the taste of nations. In Greece, for instance, a suavity, a softness, a repose pervade all Nature, as well as the works of the ancients. You may almost conceive, as it were by intuition, why the architecture of the Parthenon has such exquisite proportions; why ancient sculpture is so unaffected, so tranquil, so simple, when you have beheld the pure sky, and the delicious scenery of Athens, of Corinth, and of Ionia. In this native land of the Muses, Nature suggests no wild deviations; she tends, on the contrary, to dispose the mind to the love of the uniform and of the harmonious.

The calm continued on the 6th, and I had abundant leisure to survey Corfu, in ancient times alternately called Drepanum, Macria, Scheria, Corcyra, Ephisa, Cassiopea, Ceraunia, and even

Argos. Upon this island Ulysses was cast naked after his shipwreck. Would to God that the country of Alcinus had never been celebrated, but for fictitious misfortunes! In spite of myself, I called to mind the troubles of Corcyra, which Thucydides has so eloquently related. It seems, however, as if Homer, in singing the gardens of Alcinous, had attached something poetical and marvelous to the destinies of Scheria. There Aristotle expiated, in banishment, the errors of a passion which philosophy has not always the strength to surmount. Alexander in his youth, having quitted the court of his father Philip, landed at Corcyra, and the islanders beheld the first step of the armed stranger, who was destined to visit all the nations of the globe. Several natives of Corcyra won crowns at the Olympic games; their names were immortalized by the verses of Simonides, and the statues of Polycletus. Consistently with its two-fold destiny, Corcyra continued to be, under the Romans, the theatre of glory and of misfortune. Cato, after the battle of Pharsalia, met Cicero at Corcyra. What a fine subject to work upon would be the interview between these two Romans! What men! what sorrows! what vicissitudes of fortune! We should behold Cato offering to relinquish to Cicero the command of the last republican legions, because Cicero had been consul. They would then separate; the one to tear out his bowels at Utica, the other to carry his head to the triumvirs. Not long afterwards, Anthony and Octavia celebrated at Corcyra, that fatal marriage which proved the source of so much affliction to the world; and scarcely had half a century elapsed, when Agrippina repaired to the same place, to pay funeral honours to Germanicus: as if this island were destined to furnish two historians, rivals in genius as in language,* with the subject of the most admirable of their pictures.

Another order of things and events, of men and manners frequently brings forward the name of Corcyra, at that time Corfu, in the histories of Byzantium, of Naples, and of Venice, and in the collection entitled: *Gesta Dei per Francos*. It was from Corfu that the army of crusaders, which seated a French gentleman on the throne of Constantinople, took its departure. But, were I to say any thing concerning Apollidorus, bishop of Corfu,

* Thucydides and Tacitus.

who distinguished himself by his doctrine at the council of Nice, concerning St. Arsenius and George, likewise prelates of this island; were I to observe that the church of Corfu was the only one which escaped the persecution of Dioclesian, or that Helena, the mother of Constantine, set out from Corfu on her pilgrimage to the east, I should be afraid of exciting a smile of compassion in the face of the free-thinker. How is it possible to bring in the names of St. Jason and St. Sopistratus, apostles of the Corcyreans, during the reign of Claudius, after having mentioned Homer, Aristotle, Alexander, Cicero, Cato, and Germanicus? And yet is a martyr to independence a greater character than a martyr to truth? Is Cato, devoting himself for the liberties of Rome, more heroic than Sopistratus, suffering himself to be burned in a brazen bull, for proclaiming to men that they are brethren; that they ought to love and succour one another, and exalt themselves to the presence of the true God, by the practice of virtue?

I had abundant leisure for these reflections on beholding the shores of Corfu, off which we were detained by a profound calm. The reader perhaps wishes for a favourable wind to waft me to Greece, and to relieve him from my digressions: such a wind we had on the morning of the 7th. A breeze from the north-west sprung up, and we passed Cefalonia. On the 8th, we had, on our left Leucate, now St. Maura, which was blended in the view with a lofty promontory of the island of Ithaca and the low-lands of Cefalonia. You no longer discover in the country of Ulysses, either the forest of Mount Nereus, or the thirteen pear-trees of Laertes. These last have disappeared as well as the two still more venerable trees of the same kind, which Henry IV gave for a watch-word to his army at the battle of Ivry. I paid my distant salutations to the cottage of Eumæus, and to the tomb of the faithful dog. We know of but one dog celebrated for his ingratitude; he was called Math, and belonged, if I recollect rightly, to one of the kings of England, of the house of Lancaster. History has been at the pains of recording the name of this ungrateful animal, as she preserves the name of a man who continues faithful amidst adversity.

On the 9th, we coasted along Cefalonia, and rapidly approached Zante, the *nemorosa Zacynthos*. The inhabitants of this island were looked upon in ancient times, as being of Trojan origin;

they pretended to be the descendants of Zacynthus, the son of Dardanus, who conducted a colony hither. They founded Saguntum, in Spain; they were fond of the arts, and delighted in hearing the verses of Homer sung: they frequently afforded an asylum to proscribed Romans, and it has even been asserted that Cicero's ashes were found among them. If Zante has actually been the refuge of exiles, gladly would I decree it any honours and subscribe to its appellations of *Isola d'oro*, and *Fior di Levante*. The latter reminds me that the hyacinth originally came from Zante, and that this island received its name from the flower which it had produced: thus, in order to confer honour on a mother, the ancients sometimes added the name of her daughter to her own. In middle ages, we find a tradition that is not generally known, relative to the island of Zante. Robert Guiscard, duke of Apulia, died at Zante, on his way to Palestine. It had been foretold that he should expire at Jerusalem; whence it has been concluded, that in the fourteenth century, the whole island, or some place in it, was thus denominated. At the present day Zante is celebrated for its springs of petroleum, as it was in the time of Herodotus, and its currants rival those of Corinth.

Between the Norman pilgrim Robert Guiscard, and myself, a Breton pilgrim, it is, indeed, a good many years; but in this interval, the Seigneur de Villamont, my countryman, passed by Zante. He set out in 1588, from the dutchy of Bretagne for Jerusalem. "Courteous reader," says he, at the commencement of his Travels, "thou wilt receive this my little work, and correct, if thou pleasest, the faults which it may happen to contain; and, receiving it with as good a will as I present it to thee, thou wilt give me courage in future not to be sparing of the good things which I have had leisure and opportunity to collect; serving France according to my desire."

The Seigneur de Villamont did not land at Zante: he came like me, in sight of the island, and like me, was driven by a strong west wind towards Morea. I awaited with impatience the moment when I should discover the coasts of Greece; I kept my eyes fixed on the horizon, and fancied every cloud to be the wished-for object. On the morning of the 10th, I was upon deck before the sun had risen. As he issued from the deep, I per-

ceived confused and lofty mountains in the distance; they were the mountains of Elis. Glory must surely be something real, since it makes the heart of him who is but the judge of it, throb with such violence. At ten we passed Navarin the ancient Pylos, covered by the island of Sphacteria; names equally celebrated, the one in fable, the other in history. At noon we came to an anchor off Modon formerly Methone, in Messenia. In another hour I was on shore, I trod the classic soil of Greece I was but ten leagues from Olympia, thirty from Sparta, on the road which Telemachus followed when repairing to Menelaus to make inquiries respecting his father; and it was not yet a month since I quitted Paris.

Our ship had anchored half a league from Modon, in the passage formed by the continent and the islands of Sapienza and Cabrera, formerly Œnussæ. Viewed from this point, the coast of Peloponnesus, towards Navarin, appears dreary and barren. Beyond this coast, at some distance inland, rise mountains, seemingly of white sand, covered by withered herbage: these were nevertheless the Egalean mountains, at the foot of which Pylos was built. Modon has the appearance of a town of the middle ages, surrounded with Gothic fortifications, half in ruins. Not a vessel in the harbour, not a creature upon the shore; all was silence, solitude, and dessolation.

I went into the ship's boat with the captain, to get intelligence on land. We approached the beach: I was ready to spring out upon a desert shore, and to salute the native country of arts and of genius, when we were hailed from one of the gates of the town. We were obliged to change our course, and make for the castle of Modon. We perceived at a distance, on the top of a rock, some janissaries, completely armed, and a number of Turks drawn thither by curiosity. As soon as we were within hearing, they called out to us in Italian: *Ben venuti!* Like a true Greek, I took notice of these first words of good omen, that greeted my ears on the shore of Messenia. The Turks plunged into the water for the purpose of hauling our boat to land, and assisted us to leap upon the rock. They all spoke at once, and asked a thousand questions of the captain in Greek and Italian. We entered by the half ruined gate of the town, and advanced into a street, or rather into a real camp, which instantly reminded me

of the beautiful expression used by M. de Bonald: "The Turks have encamped in Europe." It is scarcely possible to conceive how just is this expression in its fullest extent, and in all its bearings. These Tartars of Modon were seated before their doors, cross-legged, on a kind of stalls or wooden tables, beneath the shade of tattered canvas, extended from one house to another. They were smoking their pipes and drinking coffee, and, contrary to the idea which I had formed of the taciturnity of the Turks, they laughed, and made a good deal of noise.

We repaired to the Aga, a poor wretch lying upon a sort of camp-bed in a penthouse; he received me with great kindness. The object of my voyage being explained to him, he replied, that he would take care that I should be furnished with horses and a janissary to take me to Coron, to the French consul, M. Vial; that I should find no difficulty in traversing the Morea, because the roads were clear, since examples had been made of three or four hundred banditti; and that there were now no impediments to travelling.

The history of these three or four hundred banditti, is as follows:—Near Mount Ithome there was a band of about fifty robbers, who infested the roads. The Pacha of the Morea, Osman Pacha repaired to the spot; he surrounded the villages where the robbers were accustomed to take up their quarters. It would have been too tedious and troublesome for a Turk to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty: all within the Pacha's inclosure were despatched like wild beasts. The robbers it is true, were exterminated; but with them perished three hundred Greek peasants, who were accounted as nothing in this affair.

From the house of the Aga, we proceeded to the habitation of the German vice-consul, for France had not then an agent at Modon. He resided in the quarter of the Greeks, without the town. In all those places that are military posts, the Greeks live separate from the Turks. The vice-consul confirmed what the Aga had told me respecting the state of the Morea, he offered me hospitality for the night, which I accepted, and returned for a moment to the ship in a galley boat, which was afterwards to carry me back to the shore.

I left Julian my French servant, on board, with directions to wait for me in the ship, at the promontory of Attica, or at Smyr-

ria, if I should miss the vessel. I fastened round me a girdle containing what specie I possessed, I armed myself at all points, and took into my service a Milanese, named Joseph, a dealer in tin at Smyrna. This man spoke a little modern Greek, and he agreed for a stipulated sum, to act as my interpreter. I took leave of the captain, and went with Joseph into the boat. The wind was violent and contrary. It took five hours to reach the harbour, from which we were not more than half a league distant, and were twice near upsetting. An old Turk, with a gray beard, animated eyes, deep sunk beneath bushy brows, and long and extremely white teeth, guided the helm, sometimes in silence, at others shouting wildly. He was no bad representation of Time carrying a traveller in his bark to the desert shores of Greece. The vice-consul was waiting for me on the beach. We went to our lodgings in the Greek town. By the way I admired some Turkish tombs, over-arched with spreading cypresses, and the waves breaking at their base. Among these tombs I perceived female figures covered with white veils, and looking like ghosts: this was the only circumstance that reminded me at all of the country of the Muses. The cemetry of the Christians adjoins that of the Mussulmans; it is in a ruinous state, without sepulchral stones, and without trees: water-mellons growing here and there among these forsaken tombs, resemble, both in their form and the paleness of their colour, human skulls, which the survivors have not taken the trouble to bury. Nothing can be more dreary than these two cemeteries, where you observe the distinctions of tyrant and slave, even in the equality and independence of death.

The abbé Barthelemy considered Methone as so uninteresting in antiquity, that he has made mention of nothing but its spring of bituminous water. Inglorious, amid so many cities founded by the gods or celebrated by the poets, Methone occurs not in the songs of Pindar, which, with the works of Homer, constitute the brilliant archieves of Greece. Demosthenes recapitulating the history of Messenia in his oration in behalf of the Megalipolitans, makes no mention of Methone. Polibius, a native of Megalopolis, who gives excellent advice to the Messenians, maintains the same silence. Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius, name not one hero, not one philosopher of that place. Athenæus,

Aulus Gellius, and Macrobius record nothing of Methone. Finally, Pliny, Ptolemy, Pomponius Mela, and the anonymous writer of Ravenna, merely mention its name in enumerating the towns of Messenia; but Strabo and Pausanias will have it that Methone is the Pedasus of Homer. According to Pausanias, it derives the name of Methone or Mothone from a daughter of Œneus, a companion of Diomed, or from a rock which obstructs the entrance of the port. Methone frequently occurs in ancient history, but never as the scene of any important event. Thucydides speaks of some bodies of Hoplites from Methone, in the Peloponnesian war. From a fragment by Diodorus Siculus we find that Brasidas defended this place against the Athenians. The same writer terms it a town of Laconia, because Messenia was a conquest of Lacedæmon, which sent to Methone, a colony of Nauplians, who were not expelled from their new country when Epaminondas recalled the Messenians. Methone shared the fate of Greece, when the latter passed under the Roman yoke. Trajan granted privileges to Methone. The Peloponnese having become an appendage to the eastern empire, Methone underwent the same revolutions as the rest of the Morea. Laid waste by Alaric, and perhaps still more cruelly ravaged by Stilico, it was dismembered from the Greek empire in 1124, by the Venetians. Restored to its former masters in the following year, it again fell under the dominion of Venice in 1204. A Genoese corsair dispossessed the Venetians in 1208. The doge Dandolo recovered it from the Genoese. In 1498 it was taken from Venice by Mahomet II, who made himself master of all Greece. Morosini reconquered it in 1686, from the Turks, who again obtained possession of the country in 1715. Three years afterwards, Pellegrin visited this town, of which he has given a description intermingled with the scandalous chronicle of all the French consuls. Such is the obscure history of Methone from Homer to the present day. As to what befel Modon at the time of the expedition of the Russians in the Morea, the reader is referred to the first volume of the Travels of M. de Choiseul, and the history of Poland by Rhullières.

The German vice-consul, who lives in a wretched plastered hut, cordially invited me to a supper, consisting of water-melons, grapes, and black bread; a person must not be nice in regard to

victuals when he is so near to Sparta. I then retired to the chamber prepared for me, but was unable to close me eyes. I heard the barking of a Laconian dog, and the whistling of the wind of Ellis; how then was it possible for me to go to sleep? At three in the morning of the 11th, the Aga's janissary came to apprise me that it was time to set out for Coron.

We immediately mounted our horses. I shall describe the order of the cavalcade, as it continued the same throughout the whole journey.

At our head appeared the guide, or Greek postillion on horseback, leading a spare horse provided for remounting any of the party in case an accident should happen to his steed. Next came the janissary, with his turban on his head, two pistols and a dagger at his girdle, a sabre by his side, and a whip to flog the horses of the guide. I followed, armed nearly in the same manner as the janissary, with the addition of a fowling piece. Joseph brought up the rear. This Milanese was a short, fair man, with a large belly, a florid complexion, and an affable look; he was dressed in a complete suit of blue velvet; Two large horse pistols stuck under a tight belt, raised up his waistcoat in such a grotesque manner, that the janissary could never look at him without laughing. My baggage consisted of a carpet to sit down upon, a pipe, a coffee-pot, and some shawls to wrap round my head at night. We started at the signal given by our guide, ascending the hills at full trot, and descending over precipices in a gallop. You must make up your mind to it; the military Turks know no other paces, and the least sign of timidity, or even of prudence, would expose you to their contempt. You are, moreover, seated on Mameluke saddles, with wide short stirrups, which keeps your legs constantly bent; which break your toes, and lascerate the flanks of your horse. At the slightest trip, the elevated pommel comes in most painful contact with your belly; and if you are thrown the contrary way, the high ridge of the saddle breaks your back. In time, however, you find the utility of these saddles, in the sureness of foot which they give to the horse, especially in such hazardous excursions.

You proceed from eight to ten leagues with the same horses. About half way they are suffered to take breath, without eating; you then mount again, and continue your journey. At night you

sometimes arrive at a kan, the ruins of a forsaken house, where you sleep among all sorts of insects and reptiles, on a worm-eaten floor. At this kan you can demand nothing, unless you have a post firman; so that you must procure provisions as you can. My janissary went a foraging in the villages, and sometimes brought back fowls, which I insisted on paying for. We had them broiled upon the green branches of the olive, or boiled with rice to make a pilau. Seated on the ground, about this repast, we tore our victuals to pieces with our fingers, and when the meat was finished, we went to the first brook to wash our beards and hands. Such is now-a-days the mode of travelling in the country of Alcibiades and Aspasia.

It was still dark when we left Modon. I fancied myself wandering among the wilds of America; here was the same solitude, the same silence. We passed through woods of olive trees, proceeding in a southerly direction. At day break, we found ourselves on the level summits of the most dreary hills that I ever beheld. For two hours we continued our route over these elevated plains, which being ploughed up by the torrents, resembled forsaken fallows, interspersed with the sea-rush and bushes of a species of briar. Large bulbs of the mountain lily, uprooted by the rains, appeared here and there on the surface of the ground. We descried the sea to the east, through a thinly sown wood of olives. We then descended into a valley, where we saw some fields of barley and cotton. We crossed the bed of a torrent, now dried up; it was full of rose laurels, and agnus-castus; a shrub with a long, pale, narrow leaf, whose purple and somewhat woolly flower, shoots out nearly in the form of a spindle. I mention these two shrubs because they are met with over all Greece, and are almost the only decorations of those solitudes, once so rich and gay, now so naked and dreary. Now I am upon the subject of this dry torrent, I shall observe that in the native country of the Ilissus, the Alpheus, and the Erymanthus, I have seen but three rivers whose urns were not exhausted; these were the Pamisus, the Cephisus, and the Eurotas. I must also beg pardon for the kind of indifference, and almost of impiety with which I shall sometimes write the most celebrated and the most harmonious names. In Greece, a man becomes familiarized, in spite of himself, with Themistocles, Epaminondas, So-

phocles, Plato, and Thucydides, and it requires profound devotion not to pass Citæron, Mænalos, or Lycæon, as he would ordinary hills.

On leaving the valley which I have just mentioned, we began to ascend fresh mountains. My guide several times repeated to me names which I had never heard; but, to judge from their position, these mountains must form part of the chain of Mount Temathea. We soon entered a wood of olive-trees, rose-laurels, agnus-castus, and cornell-trees. This wood was overlooked by rugged hills. Having reached the top of these, we beheld the gulf of Messenia, skirted on all sides by mountains, among which, the Ithome, was distinguished by its insulated situation, and the Taygetus by his two pointed peaks. I saluted these famous mountains with all the fine verses that I knew, in their praise.

A little below the summit of Temathea, as we descended towards Coron, we perceived a wretched Greek farm-house, the inhabitants of which fled on our approach. As we proceeded, we discovered below us, the road and harbour of Coron, in which we saw several ships at anchor: the fleet of the captain-pacha lay on the other side of the gulf towards Calamate. On reaching the plain, which lies at the foot of the mountains, and extends to the sea, we left on our right a village, in the middle of which stood a kind of fortified castle; the whole, that is to say, both the village and the castle were in a manner surrounded by an immense Turkish cemetery, covered with cypresses of all ages. My guide, pointing to these trees, called them Parissos. One of the ancient inhabitants of Messenia would have related to me the whole history of the young man of Amyclæ, only half the name of which is preserved by the Messenian of the present day, but this name, disfigured as it is, pronounced on the spot, within sight of a cypress, and of the summit of Taygetus, afforded me a pleasure which the poet will comprehend. I had one consolation in beholding the tombs of the Turks; they showed me that the barbarian conquerors of Greece had also found their end in this country, which they have ravaged. In other respects, these tombs were a pleasing object. The rose-laurel there grew at the foot of the cypresses, which resembled large, black obelisks; white turtle-doves and blue pigeons fluttered and cooed among their branches: the grass waved about the small funeral columns

crowned with a turban; and a fountain built by a sherif poured its waters into the road, for the benefit of the traveller. Fain would I have lingered awhile in this cemetery, where the laurels of Greece, overtopped by the cypress of the East, seem to renew the memory of the two nations whose ashes repose in this spot.

From this cemetery to Coron, is nearly two hours' journey. We proceeded through an uninterrupted wood of olives; the space between the trees being sown with wheat, which was half cut down. The ground, which at a distance has the appearance of a level plain, is intersected by rough and deep ravines. M. Vial, then the French consul at Coron, received me with that hospitality for which the consuls of the Levant are so remarkable. I delivered to him one of the letters of recommendation to the French consuls, which M. de Taleyrand had, at the request of M. d'Hanterive, politely furnished me with.

M. Vial had the goodness to lodge me in his house. He dismissed my janissary from Modon, and gave me one of his own janissaries to travel with me through the Morea; and to conduct me to Athens. The captain-pacha being at war with the Mainottes, I could not proceed to Sparta by way of Calamate, which you may take, if you please, for Calathion, Cardamyle, or Thalamæ, on the coast of Laconia, almost opposite to Coron. It was therefore determined that I should make a long circuit; that I should endeavour to find the defile of the gates of Leondari, one of the Hermæums of Messenia; that I should proceed to Tripolizza to obtain from the pacha of the Morea, the firman necessary for passing the isthmus; that I should return from Tripolizza to Sparta, and thence go by the mountain road to Argos, Mycenæ, and Corinth.

Corone, like Messene and Megalopolis, is not a place of very high antiquity, since it was founded by Epaminondas on the ruins of the ancient Epea. Coron has hitherto been taken for the ancient Corone, agreeable to the opinion of D'Anville. On this point I have some doubts. According to Pausanias, Corone was situated at the foot of Mount Temathia, near the mouth of the Pamisus: Coron, on the contrary, is at a considerable distance from that river; it stands on an eminence, nearly in the position in which the same Pausanias, places the temple of

Apollo Corinthus, or rather in the position of Colonides.* At the bottom of the gulph of Messenia, on the sea-shore, you meet with ruins which may be the remains of the ancient Corone, unless they belong to the village of Ino. Coronelli is mistaken in supposing Coron to be the ancient Pedasus, which according to Strabo and Pausanias, must be sought in Methone.

The modern history of Coron very closely resembles that of Modon. Coron was alternately in the possession of the Venetians, the Genoese, and the Turks, and at the same periods as the latter place. The Spaniards besieged and took it from the Infidels in 1633. The knights of Malta distinguished themselves at this siege, which was of some note. On this subject, Vertot has fallen into an extraordinary error, as he supposes Coron to be Cheronæa, the birth-place of Plutarch, which is not, any more than the other, the Cheronæa where Philip enslaved Greece. Having again fallen under the dominion of the Turks, Coron was once more besieged, and taken by Morosini, in 1685. At this siege were two of my countrymen. Coronelli mentions only the commander de la Tour, who there fell gloriously; but Giacomo Diedo speaks also of the marquis de Courbon. I was pleased to find at my outset the traces of French honour in the genuine country of glory—in the country of a people who were such good judges of valour. But where are not such traces to be discovered? At Constantinople, at Rhodes, in Syria, in Egypt, at Carthage, I was shown the camp of the French, the tower of the French, the castle of the French. The Arab has pointed out to me the tombs of our soldiers beneath the sycamores of Cairo, and the Siminole under the oaks of Florida.

It was also in this same town of Coron that M. de Choiseul began his splendid collection of views.† Thus chance conducted me to the same spot where my countrymen had earned the double wreath of talents and of arms, with which Greece delighted to crown her sons. If I have myself run without glory, but not without honour, the two careers in which the citizens of Athens and of Sparta acquired such high renown, I am consoled by the reflection, that other Frenchmen have proved more fortunate than I.

* This is also the opinion of M. de Choiseul.

† For his *Voyage pittoresque de la Grèce*.

M. Vial took the trouble to show me Coron, which is but a heap of modern ruins: he also pointed out to me the spot from which the Russians cannonaded the town, in 1770, a fatal epoch for the Morea, whose population has since been swept away by the massacres of the Albanians. The narrative of Pellegrin's travels is dated from 1715 to 1719: according to that writer, the territory of Coron then comprehended eighty villages; I am doubtful if five or six could now be found within the same district. The rest of this devastated tract belongs to Turks, who possess three or four thousand olive-trees, and who consume the patrimony of Aristomenes in a harem at Constantinople. Tears started into my eyes, on observing the hands of the Greek slave steeped, to no purpose, in that oil which nerved the arms of his forefathers, to triumph over tyrants.

The consul's house overlooked the Gulf of Coron. From my window I beheld the sea of Messenia, painted with the most beautiful azure: on the other side of that sea, rose the lofty chain of the snow-capped Taygetus, which Polybius justly compares to the Alps, but to the Alps beneath a more lovely sky. On my right extended the open sea, and on my left, at the extremity of the Gulf, I discovered Mount Ithome, detached like Vesuvius, which it also resembled in its truncated summit. I had not power to force myself from this spectacle: what reflections are excited by the prospect of the desert coasts of Greece, where nought is heard but the eternal whistling of the wind, and the roaring of the billows! The report of guns, fired from time to time against the rocks of the Mainottes, alone interrupted these dismal sounds, by a sound still more dismal; and nothing was to be seen upon this whole extent of sea, but the fleet of this chief of the barbarians. It reminded me of those American pirates, who hoisted their bloody flag in an unknown region, and took possession of an enchanting country, in the name of slavery and death; or rather fancy transformed them into the ships of Alaric, quitting the smoking ruins of Greece, carrying off the plunder of the temples, the trophies of Olympia, and the broken statues of liberty and the arts.

On the 12th, at two in the morning, I quitted Coron, overwhelmed with the civilities and attentions of M. Vial who gave me a letter for the pacha of the Morea, and another for a Turk at

Mistra. I embarked, with Joseph and my new Janissary, in a skiff, which was to convey me to the mouth of the Parmisus, at the bottom of the Gulf of Messenia. A fine passage of a few hours, carried us into the bed of the largest river of the Peloponnese, where our little bark grounded for want of water. The janissary went in quest of horses, to Nissi, a considerable village, three or four miles up the Pamisus. This river was covered with a multitude of wild fowl, and I amused myself with watching their sports till the return of the janissary. Nothing would be so pleasing as natural history, if it were always connected with the history of man: we should with delight behold the migratory birds quitting the unknown tribes of the Atlantic to visit the renowned banks of the Cephisus and the Eurotas. Providence, in order to confound our vanity, has permitted the animals to know before man the real extent of the abode of man; and an American bird might probably attract the attention of Aristotle in the rivers of Greece, when the philosopher had not the slightest suspicion of the existence of a new world. Antiquity would furnish us in its annals with numberless curious approximations; the progress of nations and of armies would be found connected with the pilgrimages of some solitary bird, or with the peaceful migrations of the antelope or the camel.

The janissary returned with a guide and five horses; two for the guide and three others for me, Joseph, and himself. We passed through Nissi, which seems not to have been known in ancient times. I saw the waywode for a moment; he was a young and very affable Greek, who offered me confectionary and wine; but I declined his hospitality and pursued my route to Tripolizza.

We directed our course towards Mount Ithome, leaving the ruins of Messene on our right. The abbé Fourmont, who visited these ruins seventy years ago, counted thirty-eight towers then standing. I think M. Vial informed me that nine of these yet remained entire, together with a considerable fragment of the exterior wall. M. Poucqueville who travelled through Messenia ten years before me, was not at Messene. We arrived about three in the afternoon at the foot of Ithome, the modern Mount Vulcano, according to D'Anville. I was convinced, by an examination of this mountain, how difficult it is thoroughly to understand the ancient writers without having seen the places of which

they treat. It is evident, for instance, that Messene and the ancient Ithome could not comprise the mountain within their limits, and that we ought to adopt the signification assigned to the Greek particle περι by M. Lechevalier, who, on occasion of the pursuit of Hector by Achilles, observe, that it ought to be rendered *before* Troy, and not *round* Troy.

We passed through several villages, Chafasa, Scala, Cyparissa, and several others recently destroyed by the pacha, during his last expedition against the banditti. In all these villages I observed but one female; with her blue eyes, her majestic stature, and her beauty, she was no disgrace to the blood of the Heraclides. Messenia was almost invariably unfortunate: a fertile country frequently proves a baleful boon to its inhabitants. From the desolation which reigned around me, it might have been supposed that the ferocious Spartans had again been ravaging the native land of Aristodemus. A great man undertook to avenge a great man: Epaminondas reared the walls of Messene. Unfortunately this town may be charged with the death of Philopœmen. The Arcadians revenged it, and removed the ashes of their countryman to Megalopolis. I passed with my little caravan over precisely the same roads as the funeral procession of the last of the Greeks had done about two thousand years ago.

Having skirted Mount Ithome, we crossed a brook which runs to the north, and may, possibly, be one of the sources of the Balyra. I have never defied the Muses; they have not struck me blind like Thamyris; and if I have a lyre, I have not thrown it into the Balyra, at the risk of being transformed after my death into a nightingale. I mean yet to pay my devotion to the Nine for a few years longer; after which I shall forsake their altars. Anacreons' crown of roses has no attractions for me; the fairest crown of an old man is his silver hair and the recollections of an honourable life.

Andania must have been lower down on the Balyra. I should have rejoiced in the discovery at least of the site of the palace of Merope; but Andania was too far out of our track to think of looking for its ruins. An uneven plain, covered like the savannas of Florida, with long grass, and droves of horses, conducted me to the extremity of the basin, formed by the junction of the

lofty mountains of Arcadia and Laconia. Lycæon was before us, but a little to the left, and we were probably treading the soil of Stenyclarus. There I heard not Tyrtæus singing at the head of the battalions of Sparta; but in his stead I met at this place with a Turk mounted on a good horse, and attended by two Greeks on foot. Perceiving me to be a Frank by my dress, he rode up to me, saying in French: "A pretty country forsooth is this Morea for travelling! In France, from Paris to Marseilles, I found beds and inns every where. I am excessively fatigued: I have come from Coron by land, and am going to Leondari. To what place are you bound?"—"To Tripolizza," was my reply. "Well then," rejoined the Turk, "We will proceed together to the kan of the gates, but I am shockingly fatigued, my dear sir." This courteous Turk was a merchant of Coron, who had been in France, from Marseilles to Paris and from Paris back to Marseilles.*

It was dark when we arrived at the entrance of the defile, on the confines of Messenia, Arcadia, and Laconia. Two parallel ranges of mountains form this hermæum, which opens from north to south. The road gradually rises on the Messenian side, and goes down again by a very gentle descent towards Laconia. This is, perhaps, the hermæum where, according to Pausanias, Orestes, haunted by the first apparition of the Eumenides, bit off one of his fingers.

Our caravan soon entered this narrow passage. We marched in silence and in file.† This road, notwithstanding the summary mode of administering justice adopted by the pacha, was unsafe, and we held ourselves in readiness for whatever might happen. At midnight we arrived at the kan, situated in the midst of a defile. The sound of running water and a large tree announced this pious foundation of a servant of Mahomet. In Turkey all the public institutions owe their existence to private individuals; the state performs nothing for the state. These institutions are the effect of a spirit of religion, and not of the love of country, a sentiment unknown there. Now it is worthy of remark, that all

* It is remarkable, that M. Poucqueville met nearly at the same place with a Turk who spoke French. Perhaps it was the same man.

† I know not whether this is the same hermæum as M. Poucqueville and his companions in misfortune passed in coming from Navarin.

these fountains, all these kans, all these bridges, are of the earliest times of the empire, and are falling into ruin: I cannot recollect having observed one single modern fabric upon the road. Hence we cannot but infer, that the religious fervour of the Mussulmans is abating, and that with religion the social order of the Turks draws near to its dissolution.

We entered the kan through a stable: a ladder in the form of a reversed pyramid, led us into a dusty loft. The Turkish merchant threw himself upon a mat, exclaiming: "And this is the best kan in the Morea! From Paris to Marseilles I found beds every where." I strove to cheer his spirits, by offering him half of the supper which I had brought from Coron. "Ah! my dear sir," cried he, "I am so fatigued, that I am ready to die." He then groaned, grasped his beard, and wiped his forehead with a shawl, repeatedly ejaculating: "Allah! Allah!" He nevertheless ate with a good appetite the portion of the supper which he had at first refused.

Quitting this good fellow* at day-break on the 13th, I continued my journey. Our progress was very slow: instead of the janissary of Modon, who seemed bent on riding his horse to death, I had one of a very different disposition. My new guard was a very meagre little man, much marked with the small-pox, speaking low and deliberately, and so full of the dignity of his turban, that you would have taken him for some upstart favourite of fortune. So grave a personage was not disposed to gallop, except when the importance of the occasion required; as for instance, when he perceived any passenger coming. The irreverence with which I interrupted the order of march, sometimes running before, at others to the right, or left, and in any direction where I thought I discovered any vestiges of antiquity, was highly displeasing to him, but he durst not complain. In other respects, I found him trusty, and very disinterested, for a Turk.

Another circumstance likewise contributed to retard our progress. The velvet in which Joseph was dressed in the dog-

* This man, half Turk and half Greek, as M. Fauvel has since informed me, is always travelling about. He has not the best of characters, on account of some transactions, highly advantageous to himself, relating to the equipment of an army.

days of the Morea, made him extremely uncomfortable. At the least motion of the horse, he clung to the saddle; his hat dropped on one side, his pistols on the other; these were to be picked up, and poor Joseph to be set to rights again upon his horse. His excellent temper shone with new lustre in the midst of all his troubles, and his good humour was absolutely unalterable.

Thus we were three tedious hours in clearing the herhæum, which in this part, strongly resembles the passage of the Appennines between Perouse and Tarni. We entered a cultivated plain which extends to Leondari. We were now in Arcadia and on the frontiers of Laconia.

It is generally admitted, notwithstanding the opinion of D'Anville, that Leondari is not Megalopolis. It is asserted that the former is the ancient Leuctra, of Laconia and in this conjecture M. Barbié du Bocage coincides. Where then is Megalopolis? Perhaps at the village of Sinano. To satisfy myself on this subject I should have been obliged to go out of my way, and to undertake researches foreign to the object of my journey. Besides, Megalopolis, which is not celebrated for any memorable action, or for any master-piece of the arts, could not have tempted my curiosity, except as a monument of the genius of Epaminondas, and the birth-place of Philopœmen and Polybius.

Leaving Leondari, a quite modern town on the right, we passed through a wood of aged evergreen oaks, the venerable remains of a sacred forest. A prodigious vulture perched on the top of a dead tree seemed still to be waiting there for the passing of an augur. We beheld the sun rise on mount Boreon, at the foot of which we alighted to climb a road cut in the rock. Roads of this kind were denominated ladder roads in Arcadia.

I was not able to discover in the Morea either any Greek roads or Roman ways. Turkish causeways two feet and an half broad, carry you over low and marshy spots. As there is not a single wheel carriage in this part of the Peloponnese, these causeways are sufficient for the asses of the peasants and the horses of the soldiery. Nevertheless Pausanias and Peutinger's map lay down several roads in the districts through which I passed, especially in

the vicinity of Mantinea. Bergier has followed them very accurately in his Roads of the Empire.*

We found ourselves in the neighbourhood of one of the sources of the Alphæus; I eagerly measured with my eye the ravines that we came to: all were silent and dry. The road leading from Boreon to Tripolizza, first crosses desert plains and then abruptly descends into a long stony valley. The sun scorched us. From some thinly scattered and parched bushes were suspended grasshoppers which were silent at our approach, but renewed their chirping as soon as we had passed. Nothing was to be heard but this monotonous sound, the trampling of our horses, and the plaintive notes of our guide. When a Greek postillion mounts his horse, he begins a song, which he continues till the end of the journey. It almost always consists of a long story in rhyme, with which the descendants of Linus beguile the tedious hours. The stanzas are numerous, the tune melancholy, and very much like the airs of our old French ballads. One in particular, which must be very common, for I heard it all the way from Coron to Athens reminded me in a striking manner of the song:

Mon cœur charmé de sa chaine, &c.

Were these tunes introduced into the Morea by the Venetians? or did the French, excelling in the ballad, happen to chime in with the genius of the Greeks? Aré these tunes ancient? If they be, do they belong to the second school of music among the Greeks, or owe their origin to the Olympic ages? These questions I leave to the decision of more competent judges than myself. But I can still fancy that I hear the songs of my unfortunate guides, in the night, in the day-time, at sunrise, at sun-set, in the solitudes of Arcadia, on the banks of the Eurotas, in the deserts of Argos, of Corinth and of Megara, places where the voice of the Menades no longer resounds, where the concerts of the Muses have ceased, where the wretch-

* Peutinger's map cannot be erroneous at least in regard to the existence of the roads, since they are marked in that curious monument, which is nothing but a book of the roads of the ancients. The difficulty lies only in the calculation of the distances, and especially with reference to Gaul where the abreviation *leg.* may sometimes be taken for *lega* or *legio.*

ed Greeck seems only to deplore in doleful strains the calamities of his country.

——————— soli periti
Cantare Arcades.*

Three leagues from Tripolizza we met two officers of the Pacha's guards, who were travelling post like myself. They were belabouring the horses and the postillion with whips of rhinoceros skin. They stopped when they saw me, and asked for my arms, which I refused to give them. The janissary desired Joseph to tell me their only motive was curiosity, and that I might demand their arms if I pleased. On this condition I agreed to gratify the spahis: we exchanged arms; they examined my pistols for a considerable time, and at last discharged them over my head.

I had been cautioned never to put up with the jokes of a Turk, if I would not expose myself to a thousand insults. I have since found, at various times the very great utility of this advice: a Turk becomes, as tractable if he sees that you are not afraid of him, as he is insolent if he perceives that you are. I should, however, have had no need of such a caution on this occasion; the joke seemed to be carried too far for me not to resent it. Clapping spurs to my horse, I rode up to the Turks, and fired their own pistols, so close to their faces, that the priming scorched the whiskers of the younger spahi. An explanation ensued between these officers and the janissary, who told them that I was a Frenchman. There are no Turkish civilities but what they paid me on receiving this intimation. They offered me a pipe, charged my arms, and returned them to me. I thought it right to keep the advantage which they gave me, and merely directed Joseph to load their pistols for them. These two hair-brained fellows then tried to persuade me to ride a race with them, which I declined, and they left us. It will be seen in the sequel, that I was not the first Frenchman they had ever heard of, and that their pacha was well acquainted with my countrymen.

* Spon could not help noticing in Greece a tune exactly like that of *Reveillez-vous, belle endormie;* and he even amused himself with composing words for it in modern Greek.

An accurate description of Tripolizza, the capital of the Morea, is given by M. Poucqueville. I had not yet seen a completely Turkish town: its red roofs, its minarets, and its domes, therefore struck me in a pleasing manner at the first view. Tripolizza is, nevertheless, situated in a very naked part of the valley of Tegea, and beneath one of the summits of the Mænalion, which seemed to be destitute of trees and verdure. My janissary took me to a Greek, who was acquainted with M. Vial. The consul, as I have already mentioned, had given me a letter for the pacha. The day after my arrival, being the 14th of August, I went to his excellency's drogman; I requested him to expedite the delivery of my travelling firman as much as possible, and of the order necessary for passing the isthmus of Corinth. This drogman, a young man with an intelligent and subtle countenance, answered, in Italian, that, in the first place, he was not well; that, in the next, the pacha had just gone to his women; that a pacha was not to be talked to in that manner; that I must wait, and that the French were always in a hurry.

I replied, that it was only out of form that I had applied for firmans, as my French passport sufficed for travelling in Turkey, now at peace with my country; and that, since they had not the leisure to favour me with them, I would set off without firmans, and without delivering the consul's letter to the pacha.

I went away, but in an hour the drogman sent for me. I found him more tractable, either judging from my tone that I was a person of consequence, or apprehensive lest I should find means to lay my complaints before his master. He told me that he was going to *his greatness*, to speak to him concerning my business.

Accordingly, two hours afterwards, a Tartar came to fetch me, and conducted me to the residence of the pacha. His palace is a large quadrangular building of wood, with a very spacious court in the centre, and galleries running round the four sides of this court. I was directed to wait in an apartment, where I found some Greek priests and the patriarch of the Morea. These papas and their patriarch talked much, and had precisely the loose and debased manners of the Greek courtiers in the times of the eastern empire. I had reason to suppose, from the bustle which I observed, that a brilliant reception was preparing for me: the

idea of this ceremony threw me into some embarrassment. My clothes were the worse for wear, my boots covered with dust, my hair in disorder, and my beard like Hector's—*barba squalida*. I had wrapped myself in my cloak, and looked more like a soldier who had passed the night in the open field, than a stranger going to the levee of a gradee.

Joseph, who pretended to be an adept in eastern etiquette, had forced me to put on this cloak, as he disliked my short coat: he insisted on attending me with the janissary, in order to do me honour. He accordingly walked behind me without boots, bare-footed and bare-legged, and with a red handkerchief tied over his hat. Thus handsomely equipped, he was unluckily stopped at the door of the palace. The guards would not suffer him to pass: and I had such difficulty to refrain from laughing, that I could not seriously protest against his exclusion. His pretension to the turban was the cause of his disappointment, and he had only a distant prospect of the honours to which he had aspired.

After two hours of tedious delay, expectation and impatience, I was introduced into the pacha's apartment. I beheld a man, about forty years old, with a handsome countenance; seated, or rather reclined on a divan, dressed, in a silk caftan, having a dagger enriched with diamonds at his girdle, and a white turban on his head. An old man, with a long beard, respectfully occupied a place on his right—perhaps it might be the executioner. The Greek drogman was sitting at his feet, while three pages standing, held pastils of amber, silver nippers, and fire for lighting the pipe. My janissary remained at the door of the room.

I advanced, saluted his excellency, by putting my hand on my heart, presented the consul's letter, and availing myself of the privilege enjoyed by the French, I took a seat without waiting to be invited. Osman inquired whence I came, whither I was going, and what was my business with him. I replied, that I was going on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, that on my way to the holy city of the Christians, I had visited the Morea, to see the Roman antiquities,* that I requested a travelling firman, by

* The Greeks are called Romans by the Turk; consequently, whatever belongs to the former people, is distinguished by the same appellation.

means of which I might procure horses, and an order for passing the isthmus. The pacha answered, that I was welcome; that I might see whatever I pleased, and that he would grant me the firmans. He then asked if I was a military man, and if I had accompanied the French expedition in Egypt. This question embarrassed me, being totally ignorant with what intention it was put. I replied, that I had formerly served my country, but that I had never been in Egypt. Osman immediately relieved me from my perplexity; he frankly told me he had been taken prisoner by the French at the battle of Aboukir; that he had been extremely well treated by my countrymen, and should never forget them.

I had not expected the honours of coffee, and yet I obtained them; I then complained of the insult offered to one of my attendants, and Osman proposed to me to order twenty strokes of the bastinado to be inflicted before my face on the *delis* who had detained Joseph. This indemnity I declined, and was satisfied with the good will of the pacha. I quitted him, highly pleased with my interview: though it is true that I was obliged to pay pretty handsomely at the door for the flattering distinctions which I had received. How fortunate, if the Turks in office were to employ this simplicity of manners and of justice for the benefit of the people whom they govern! on the contrary, they are tyrants, who, tortured with the thirst of gold, without remorse spill innocent blood to appease it.

I returned to the house of my host, preceded by my janissary, and followed by Joseph who had forgotten his disgrace: I passed near some ruins which appeared to me to be of antique construction. I now awoke from a species of distraction, into which I had been thrown by the late scenes with the two Turkish officers, the drogman and the pacha; I found myself all at once, in the midst of the fields of the Tegeans: and I, a Frank, in a short coat and a large hat, had just received an audience of a Tartar, in a long robe and turban, in the heart of Greece.

M. Barbié du Bocage justly complains of the inaccuracy of our maps of the Morea, in which even the capital of that province is very often omitted. This negligence arrises from a change in the Turkish government in this part of Greece. There was formerly a sangiac who resided at Coron. The Morea

having become a pachalik, the pacha has fixed his residence at Tripolizza, as a more central point. As to situation I have remarked, that the Turks are perfectly indifferent to the beauties of nature. In this respect they have not the delicacy of the Arabs, for whom, the charms of climate and position have strong allurements, and who, to this day, deplore the loss of Grenada.

Tripolizza, however, though very obscure, is not wholly unknown. M. Poucqueville writes the name Tripolitza: Pellegrin speaks of it, and calls it Trepolezza; D'Anville, Trapolizza; M. de Choiseul, Tripolizza; and other travellers have followed this orthography. D'Anville observes that Tripolizza is not Mantinea. It is a modern town, which appears to have been erected between Mantinea, Tegea, and Orchomenus.

A Tartar brought me in the evening my travelling firman, and and the order for passing the isthmus. The Turks, in establishing themselves on the ruins of Constantinople, have manifestly retained several of the customs of the conquered nation. The institution of posts in Turkey is nearly the same as that introduced by the Roman emperors: you pay for no horses; the weight of your baggage is fixed; and wherever you go, you may insist on being gratuitously supplied with provisions. I would not avail myself of these magnificent but odious privileges, which press heavily on a people unfortunate enough without them, but paid wherever I went for my horses and entertainment, like a traveller without protection and without firman.

Tripolizza being an absolutely modern town, I left it on the 15th, for Sarte, which I was anxious to reach. I was obliged to retrace my steps as it were; which would not have been the case had I first visited Laconia, going by way of Calamate. Proceeding westward, at the distance of a league from Tripolizza, we stopped to examine some ruins. They proved to be those of a Greek convent destroyed by the Albanians, at the time of the Russian expedition; but in the walls of this convent may be discerned fragments of beautiful architecture, and stones covered with inscriptions worked into them. I spent a considerable time in attempting to make out one to the left of the principal door of the church. The letters were in the best style, and the inscription appeared to me to run alternately from right to left, and

from left to right: which is not always an indication of high antiquity. The characters were reversed from the position of the stone, which was split, placed very high, and partly covered with mortar. I could decypher nothing but the word TEGEATES, which rejoiced me almost as much as if I had been a member of the Academy of Inscriptions. Tegea must have stood in the vicinity of this convent. In the neighbouring fields are found great numbers of medals. I bought three of a peasant, but they afforded me no light. He sold them very dear; for the Greeks have begun to learn of travellers the value of their antiquities.

I must not forget to mention that in wandering among these ruins, I discovered a much more modern inscription. This was the name of M. Fauvel, written with a lead pencil upon a wall. None but a traveller can know what pleasure is felt on meeting unexpectedly, in a remote and unknown spot, with a name that reminds you of your country.

We continued our route in a north-western direction. After travelling for three hours over half cultivated lands, we entered a desert, which extends to the valley of Laconia. The dry bed of a torrent served us for a road: we followed its windings through a labyrinth of mountains of no great height, all resembling each other, their summits being naked, and their sides covered with a species of dwarf ever-green oak, with leaves like the holly. On the edge of this channel, and nearly in the centre of these hills we came to a kan, overshadowed by two sycamores, and cooled by a little fountain. We allowed some rest to our beasts, for we had been ten hours on horseback. The only refreshment we could meet with was goat's milk and a few almonds. We set out again before sun-set, and stopped at eleven in a narrow valley, on the bank of another channel, which retained a small quantity of water.

The road which we were pursuing, passed through no place of celebrity: it might, at most, have been traversed perhaps by the troops of Sparta when they marched to attack those of Tegea, in the early wars of Lacedæmon. There was nothing upon this road but a temple of Jupiter Scotitas, towards the passage of Hermes; and all these mountains together, must have formed different branches of Parnon, Cronius, and Olympus.

On the 20th at day-break, we saddled our horses. The janissary said his prayers, washed his elbows, his beard and his hands, turned towards the east, as if to summon the light, and we set off. As we approached Laconia, the mountains began to be more elevated, and to exhibit a few clumps of trees: the vallies were narrow and rugged; and some of them, though upon a smaller scale, reminded me of the Grand Chartreuse, and the magnificent forests in the back-ground. At noon, we discovered a kan, as wretched as that where we stopped the preceding day, though it was decorated with the Ottoman flag. These were the only two habitations we had met with in a space of twenty-two leagues: so that fatigue and hunger obliged us to make a longer stay than was agreeable, in this filthy kennel. The master of the place, an aged Turk, with a most repulsive countenance, was sitting in a loft above the stables of the kan; the goats clambered up to him, and surrounded him with their excrements. In this sweet place he received us, and without condescending to rise from his dung-hill, to direct some refreshment to be brought for the Christian dogs, he shouted with a terrible voice, when a poor Greek boy, quite naked, and his body swollen with fever and flogging, brought us some ewe's milk in a vessel disgustingly dirty. I was obliged to go out to drink even this at my ease, for the goats and their kids crowded round me to snatch a piece of biscuit which I held in my hand. I had eaten of the bear and the sacred dog with the savages; I have since partaken of the repast of the Bedouins, but I never met with any thing to be compared with this first kan of Laconia. It was nearly on the same spot however, that the flocks of Menelaus grazed, and that he entertained Telemachus. "They repaired to the palace of the king; the attendants conducted the victims; they also brought generous wine, while their wives, their foreheads adorned with clean fillets, prepared the repast."*

We left the kan about three in the afternoon. At five, we reached an elevation of the mountains, whence we descried before us Mount Taygetus, which I had already seen from the opposite side, Misitra situated at its foot, and the valley of Laconia.

* Odyss. Book IV.

We descended by a kind of stair-case cut in the rock as at Mount Boreon; and perceived a light bridge, of a single arch, elegantly thrown over a small river, and connecting two high hills. On reaching the river, we forded its limpid current, among tall reeds, and beautiful rose-laurels in full flower. This river, which I thus passed without knowing its name, was the Eurotas. A tortuous valley opened before us, winding round several small hills, nearly alike in form; and having the appearance of artificial mounds, or tumuli. We followed these windings, and at night-fall arrived at Misitra.

M. Vial had given me a letter for one of the principal Turks of Misitra, named Ibrahim Bey. We alighted in his court yard, and his slaves ushered me into the strangers' apartment, which was full of Mussulmans, travellers like myself, and Ibrahim's guests. I took my place among them on the divan, and like them, hung up my arms against the wall over my head. Joseph and my janissary did the same. Nobody asked me who I was, or whence I came: each continued to smoke, to sleep, or to converse with his neighbour, without taking the least notice of me.

Our host, to whom M. Vial's letter had been carried, soon entered the room. Ibrahim, about sixty years old, had a mild and open countenance. He came to me, took me cordially by the hand, blessed me, endeavoured to pronounce the word *bon*, half in French, half in Italian, and seated himself by my side. He spoke in Greek to Joseph, desiring him to tell me that he begged I would excuse him, if he did not receive me so well as he could have wished; that he had a little child ill; *un figliolo*, he repeated in Italian, and this almost turned his head—*mi fa tornar la testa*, said he;—at the same time pressing his turban with both his hands. I should certainly not have gone to Sparta to look for paternal affection in all the simplicity of nature: and yet an aged Tartar displayed this moving sentiment on the tomb of those mothers who, when delivering the shield to their sons addressed them in these words;—ἢ τὰν, ἢ ἐπὶ τᾶν—*either this or upon this.*

Ibrahim left me in a few minuets to go and attend his son. He ordered a pipe and coffe to be brought me, but as it was past the usual hour for supper, I was obliged to do as well as I could without pilau, though I should have liked it exceedingly

well, having eaten scarcely any thing for the last twenty-four hours. Joseph took a sausage out of his bag, and slipped a bit now and then into his mouth, unperceived by the Turks: he secretly offered some to the janissary, who turned away with a look of mingled pity and horror.

I made up my mind, and lay down on the divan, in a corner of the room. A grated window opened upon the valley of Laconia, on which the moon threw an admirable light. Leaning on my elbow, I gazed on the sky, the valley, the summits of Taygetus, brilliant or sombre, according as they were in the light or shade. I could scarcely persuade myself that I was in the native country of Helen and Menalaus. I gave way to those reflections which every person may make, and myself with more reason than many others, on the vicissitudes of human destiny. How many places had already witnessed my slumbers, either peaceful or perturbed! How many times by the radiance of the same luminaries had I, in the forests of America, on the roads of Germany, on the moors of England, in the plains of Italy, on the bosom of the ocean, indulged in the same ideas respecting the agitations of life.

An old Turk, apparently a man of high distinction, drew me from these reflections to convince me in a still more sensible manner that I was far from my country. He lay at my feet on the divan: he turned, he sat up, he sighed, he called his slaves, he sent them away again, and waited for day-light with impatience. Day-light came (August 17): the Tartar surrounded by his attendants, some kneeling, others standing, took off his turban, looked at himself in a bit of broken glass, combed his beard, curled his whiskers, and rubbed his cheeks to give them animation. Having thus finished his toilet, he majestically departed, slipshod, and giving me a look of infinite disdain.

My host entered some time afterwards with his son in his arms. This poor child, sallow, and wasted with a fever, was stark naked. He had amulets and various kinds of spells hanging from his neck. The father set him on my knee, and I was obliged to listen to the history of his illness. The boy had taken all the bark in the Morea; he had been bled (and this was the real disease); his mother had fastened charms about him, and placed a turban over the tomb of a Santon, but all in vain.

Ibrahim concluded with asking if I knew of any remedy. I recollected that when I was a child, I had been cured of a fever by the plant, little centaury; I recommended the use of it with all the gravity of a professional man. But what was centaury? I pretended that the virtues of centaury had been discovered by a certain physician of that neighbourhood, named Chiron, who scampered over the mountains on horseback. A Greek declared, that he had known this Chiron, who resided at Calamate, and generally rode a gray horse. We were still in consultation, when we were interrupted by the entrance of a Turk, whom I knew by his green turban to be a minister of the law. He came up to us, took the child's head between both his hands and devoutly pronounced a prayer: such is the character of piety; it is affecting, it is respectable even in the most mischievous religions.

I had sent the janissary to procure horses and a guide, with the intention of first visiting Amyclæ, and then the ruins of Sparta, where I supposed myself to be. While I awaited his return, Ibrahim sent me in breakfast in the Turkish style. I was still reclined on the divan; beside me was set an extremely low table: a slave supplied me with the necessaries for washing; a pullet hashed in rice was then brought on a wooden platter, and I helped myself with my fingers. After the pullet, a kind of ragout of mutton was sent up in a copper basin, and this was followed by figs, olives, grapes, and cheese, to which, according to Guillet, Misitra owes its name.* Between each dish, a slave poured water over my hands, and another gave me a towel of coarse but very white cloth. I declined, from courtesy, to drink any wine; and, after my coffee, I was offered soap for my mustaches.

During this repast, the chief of the law had, through the medium of Joseph, asked me several questions. He was desirous to know my motive for travelling, as I was neither a merchant nor a physician. I replied, that I was travelling to see foreign nations, and especially the Greeks, who were dead. This produced a laugh. He replied, that as I had come to Turkey, I ought to have learned the Turkish language. I hit upon a reason for my

* M. Serofani has followed him in this opinion. If Sparta derived its name from the brooms growing in its territory, and not from Spartus, the son of Amyclus, or Sparte, the wife of Lacedæmon, that of Misitra might certainly have been borrowed from cheese.

travels, much more comprehensible to him, when I told him that I was a pilgrim going to Jerusalem. *Hadgi! hadgi!** exclaimed he, and was perfectly satisfied. Religion is a sort of universal language, understood by all mankind. This Turk was unable to conceive how I could quit my country from the mere motive of curiosity; but he thought it perfectly natural that I should undertake a long journey with a view to offer up my prayers at a tomb, to pray to God for some blessing, or for deliverance from some affliction. Ibrahim who when he brought his son, had asked if I had any children, was persuaded that I was going to Jerusalem for the purpose of obtaining issue. I have seen the savages of the new world indifferent to my foreign manners, but attentively only, like the Turks, to my arms and my religion, that is to say, to the two things which protect man in his spiritual and corporeal relations. This unanimous coincidence of all nations in regard to religion, and this simplicity of ideas, have appeared to me to be worthy of remark.

'For the rest, this strangers' apartment, in which I took my repast, exhibited an impressive scene, which forcibly reminds me of the ancient manners of the East. All Ibrahim's guests were not rich; very far from it: some even were actually beggars. They, nevertheless, sat upon the same divan with Turks, who had a numerous retinue of horses and slaves. Joseph, and my janissary, were treated like myself, except that they were not invited to my table. Ibrahim saluted all his guests with equal cordiality, spoke to all, and supplied all with refreshments. Among them were mendicants in rags, to whom the slaves respectfully carried coffee. Here we recognize the charitable precepts of the Koran, and the virtue of hospitality which the Turks have learned of the Arabs; but this fraternity of the turban, steps not beyond the threshold of the door: for the slave who has drunk coffee with his host, perhaps has his head cut off at his departure, by order of this same host. I have, nevertheless, read, and been informed, that in Asia, there are still Turkish families who retain the manners, the simplicity, and the candour of the early ages, and I believe it; for Ibrahim is certainly one of the most venerable men I ever met with.

* A pilgrim! a pilgrim!

The janissary returned with a guide, who offered me horses not only for Amyclæ, but also for Argos. He asked a price which I agreed to give. The minister of the law, who witnessed the bargain, rose in a transport of anger. He told me, through my interpreter, that since I was travelling to study the characters of people, I ought to know that I had to deal with rogues; that these fellows were robbing me; that they demanded an extraordinary price, though I had no occasion to give them any thing, since I was provided with a firman; and, finally, that I was completely their dupe. He then departed, boiling with indignation; but I could perceive, that he was not so much animated by a love of justice, as shocked at my stupidity.

At eight in the morning, I set out for Amyclæ, now Sclabochorion, accompanied by my new guide, and a Greek cicerone, very good tempered, but extremely ignorant. We took the road to the plain, at the foot of Taygetus, following shady and very agreeable by-paths, leading between gardens irrigated by streamlets which descended from the mountain, and planted with mulberry, fig, and sycamore trees. We also saw in them abundance of water-melons, grapes, cucumbers, and herbs of different kinds; from the beauty of the sky, and the similarity of produce, a traveller might imagine himself to be in the vicinity of Chambery. We passed the Tiasa, and arrived at Amyclæ, where I found nothing but the ruins of a dozen Greek chapels, demolished by the Albanians; situated at some distance from one another, in the midst of cultivated fields. The temple of Apollo, that of Eurotas, at Onga, the tomb of Hyacinthus, have all disappeared. I could not discover a single inscription; though I sought with care the celebrated necrology of the priestesses of Amyclæ, which the abbé Fourmont copied in 1731 or 1732, and which records a series for nearly a thousand years before Christ. Destructions succeed each other with such rapidity in Greece, that frequently one traveller perceives not the slightest vestige of the monuments which another has admired only a few months before him. Whilst I was searching for fragments of antique ruins among heaps of modern ones, I saw a number of peasants approach with a papa at their head. They removed a board set up against the wall of one of the chapels, and entered a sanctuary which I had not yet discovered. I had the curiosity to follow

them, and found that the poor creatures resorted with their priest to these ruins to pray; they sung litanies before an image of the Panagia,* daubed in red upon a wall that had been painted blue. How widely different was this ceremony from the festival of Hyacynthius! The tripple pomp, however, of the ruins of adversity, and of prayers to the true God, surpassed in my opinion, all the splendors of the earth.

My guides urged me to depart, because we were on the frontiers of the Mainottes, who, notwithstanding modern accounts, are very great robbers. We recrossed the Tiasa, and returned to Misitra by the mountain road. I shall here notice an error which still creates much confusion in the maps of Laconia. We give indiscriminately the modern name of Iris, or Vasilipotamos to the Eurotas. La Guilletière, or rather, Guillet, cannot conceive where Niger picked up this name Iris; and M. Poucqueville seems to be equally puzzled by it. Niger and Meletius, who write Neris by corruption, are not, however, totally wrong. The Eurotas is known at Misitra by the name of Iri, and not Iris, as far as its junction with the Tiasa; it then takes the appellation of Vasilipotamos, which it retains throughout the rest of its course.

In our way over the mountain, we arrived at the village of Parori, where we saw a large fountain, called Chieramo. It issues copiously from the side of a rock; a weeping willow shades it above, and below stands a prodigious plane-tree, round which travellers seat themselves, upon mats, to take their coffee. I cannot tell whence this weeping willow was brought to Misitra; it is the only one that I have seen in Greece.† Common opinion, I believe, makes the *salix babylonica*, a native of Asia Minor, though it perhaps travelled to us from China, through the East. The same may be said of the Pyramidal poplar which Lombardy received from the Crimea and Georgia, and the family of which has been discovered on the banks of the Mississippi, above the Illinois.

Great numbers of marbles have been broken and buried in the vicinity of the fountain of Parori: several have inscriptions, the

* The All holy, the Virgin Mary.

† I am not sure, however, that I have not seen some others in the garden of the Aga of Naupoli di Romania, at the bottom of the gulf of Argos.

letters and words of which may be distinguished. With time and money, some discoveries might possibly be made in this place; though it is probable that most of these inscriptions were copied by the abbé Fourmont, who collected no fewer than three hundred and fifty in Laconia and Messenia.

Keeping along the side of Taygetus, about midway between the summit and its base, we came to a second fountain called Panthalama, which derives its name from the stone whence the water issues. On this stone is seen a piece of antique sculpture, badly executed, representing three nymphs dancing with garlands. Lastly, we found a third fountain, named Tritsella, above which is a grotto that contains nothing remarkable.* You may if you please, take one of these three fountains for the Dorcia of the ancients; but then it would be situated at far too great a distance from Sparta.

At the fountain of Tritsella we found ourselves behind Misitra, and almost at the foot of the ruined castle which commands the town. It stands on the summit of a rock of nearly a pyramidal form. Alighting from our horses, we ascended on foot to the castle, through the Jews' suburb, which winds spirally round the rock to the base of the castle. This suburb was totally destroyed by the Albanians; the walls alone are standing, and through the apertures of the doors and windows you still perceive traces of the flames which consumed these ancient retreats of wretchedness. Children, as mischievous, as the Spartans from whom they are descended, lurk in these ruins, lying in wait for the traveller, and, at the moment he is passing, tumble fragments of walls, and masses of rocks down upon him. I narrowly escaped falling a victim to these Lacedæmonian amusements.

The gothic castle which crowns this scene of desolation is itself falling to ruin: from the dilapidation of the battlements, the cracks in the arches, and the mouths of cisterns, you cannot walk there without danger. It has neither doors, nor guards, nor guns; but you are amply compensated for the trouble you have taken to climb to the top of this building, by the view which you there enjoy.

Beneath you, on the left, is the destroyed part of Misitra,

* M. Scrofani mentions these fountains.

that is, the Jews' suburb, which I have mentioned above. At the extremity of this suburb, you perceive the archiepiscopal church of St Dimitri, surrounded by a group of Greek houses with gardens. At your feet lies the quarter called Katochorion, or the town below the castle. Beyond Katochorion, is Mesochorion, middle town, which contains extensive gardens, and Turkish houses painted green and red. Here you perceive also, bazars, kans, and mosques.

On the right, at the foot of Taygetus, you see in succession the three villages through which I had passed: Tritsella, Panthalama, and Parori.

From the town itself issue two streams. The first is called, Hebriopotamos, Jews' river, and runs between Katochorion and Mesochorion. The other is named Panthalama, after the fountain of the Nymphs, from which it springs. These two streams, over which there is a small bridge, have authorized Guilletière to set them down for the Eurotas and the bridge Babyx, under the generic name of *Gephuros*, which, in my opinion, he ought to have written *Gephura*. At Magoula, these two rivulets conjointly discharge themselves into the river of Magoula, the ancient Cnacion, which is itself soon lost in the Eurotas.

Surveyed from the castle of Misitra, the valley of Laconia is truly admirable. It extends nearly from north to south, is bordered on the west by Taygetus, and on the east by mounts Thornax, Barosthenes, Olympus, and Menelaion: small hills obstruct the nothern extremity of the valley, descend to the south, diminishing in height, and terminate in the eminences on which Sparta is seated. From Sparta to the sea, stretches a level and fertile plain watered by the Eurotas.

Here then, was I mounted on one of the battlements of the castle of Misitra, exploring, contemplating, and admiring Laconia. But methinks I hear the reader inquire; when will you speak of Sparta? Where are the ruins of that city? Are they comprised within Misitra? Are no traces of them remaining? Why did you run away to Amyclæ before you had examined every corner of Lacedæmon? You merely mention the name of the Eurotas without pointing out its course, without describing its banks. How broad is it? Of what colour are its waters? Where are its swans, its reeds, its laurels; The minutest particulars

ought to be related when you are treating of the birth-place of Lycurgus, of Agis, of Lysander, of Leonidas. Every body has seen Athens, but very few travellers have penetrated as far as Sparta: none of them have completely described its ruins, and the very site of that renowned city is problematical.

I should long since have satisfied the reader, had I not, at the very moment when he espies me on the top of the castle of Misitra, been asking myself all the questions which he has just put to me.

Those who have read the Introduction to these Travels, will have seen that I spared no pains to obtain all the information possible relative to Sparta. I have traced the history of that city from the Romans till the present day; I have mentioned the travellers and the books that have treated of modern Lacedæmon, but unfortunately their accounts are so vague, that they have given rise to two contradictory opinions. According to father Pacifico, Coronelli, the romancing Guillet, and those who have followed them, Misitra is built on the ruins of Sparta: and according to Spon, Vernon, the abbé Fourmont, Leroi, and D'Anville, the ruins of Sparta are at a considerable distance from Misitra. Hence it is evident, that the best authorities adopt the latter opinion. D'Anville in particular is precise and seems to scout the contrary notion: "The place," says he "occupied by this city, (Sparta) is called Palæochori, or the old town: the new town, under the name of Misitra which is erroneously confounded with Sparta, lies at a distance from it towards the west."* Spon, contesting the point against La Guilletière, makes use of expressions equally strong on the authority of Vernon and the consul Giraud. The abbé Fourmont, who discovered so many inscriptions at Sparta, could not be mistaken in regard to the site of that city: we have not indeed the result of his observations; but Leroi, who recognized the theatre and the dromos, could not have been ignorant of the true situation of Sparta. The best geographical works, following these great authorities, have been careful to apprize the reader, that Misitra is by no means the ancient Lacedæmon. There are even some who fix with tolerable accuracy the distance between the two places, which they state to be about two leagues.

* *Geog. Anc. Abrég.* tom. I. p. 270.

Here we have a striking instance of the difficulty of restoring truth when an error has once taken root. In spite of Spon, Fourmont, Leroi, and D'Anville, the generality of people have continued to look upon Misitra as the ancient Sparta, and myself among the rest. Two modern travellers, Scrofani and Poucqueville, contributed to mislead me. I had not taken notice, that the latter, when he describes Misitra as the representative of Lacedæmon, merely repeats the notions of the inhabitants of the country, without giving any opinion of his own. On the contrary, he even seems to incline towards the sentiments adopted by the best authorities; whence I conclude that M. Poucqueville, who is accurate in regard to every thing that he had an opportunity of seeing himself, was deceived by what had been told him concerning Sparta.*

Persuaded, therefore, by an error of my early studies, that Misitra was Sparta, I began with the excursion to Amyclæ, with a view to finish, first, with all that was not Lacedæmon, so that I might afterwards bestow on the latter my undivided attention. Judge then of my embarrassment, when, from the top of the castle of Misitra, I persisted in the attempt to discover the city of Lycurgus, in a town absolutely modern, whose architecture exhibited nothing but a confused mixture of the Oriental manner, and of the Gothic, Greek, and Italian styles, without one poor little antique ruin to make amends. Had but ancient Sparta, like ancient Rome, raised her disfigured head from amidst these new and incongruous monuments! But no—Sparta was overthrown in the dust, buried in the tomb of ages, trodden under foot by Turks, dead, and not a vestige of her existence left behind!

Such were now my reflections. My cicerone scarcely knew a few words of Italian and English. To make him understand me the better, I attempted some sentences in modern Greek; I scrawled with a pencil a few words of ancient Greek; I talked Italian and English, and jumbled French along with them all.—Joseph endeavoured to explain, but he only encreased the con-

* He even asserts positively, that Misitra does not stand on the site of Sparta; but afterwards comes round again to the ideas of the inhabitants of the country. It is obvious that the author wavers continually between the great authorities which he was acquainted with, and the gosip of some ignorant Greek.

fusion; the janissary and the guide (a kind of half negro Jew,) gave their opinion in Turkish, and made matters still worse.—We all spoke at once, we bawled, we gesticulated; with our different dresses, languages, and physiognomy, we looked like an assembly of demons, perched, at sunset, on the summit of these ruins. The woods and cascades of Taygetus were behind us, Laconia was at our feet, and over our heads the most lovely sky.

This Misitra, said I to the cicerone, is Lacedæmon; is it not?

Signor? Lacedæmon? What did you say?—rejoined he.

Is not this Lacedæmon or Sparta?

Sparta? What do you mean?

I ask you if Misitra is Sparta?

I don't understand you.

What, you a Greek, you a Lacedæmonian, and not know the name of Sparta?

Sparta? Oh yes! Great republic; celebrated Lycurgus.

Is Misitra then Lacedæmon?

The Greek nodded in affirmation. I was overjoyed.

Now, I resumed, explain to me what I see. What part of the town is that? I pointed at the same time to the quarter before me a little to the right.

Mesochorion, answered he.

That I know perfectly well; but what part of Lacedæmon was it?

Lacedæmon? I don't know.

I was beside myself.

At least show me the river, cried I, and repeated: Potamos, Potamos.

My Greek pointed to the stream called the Jews' River.

What! is that the Eurotas? Impossible! Tell me where is the Vasilipotamos?

The cicerone after many gestures, pointed to the right towards Amyclæ.

I was once more involved in all my perplexities. I pronounced the name of Iri, on which my Spartan pointed to the left, in the opposite direction to Amyclæ.

it was natural to conclude from this, that there were two rivers; the one on the right, the Vasilipotamos, the other on the left, the Iri; and that neither of these rivers flowed through Misitra. The reader has seen from the explanation which I have already given of these two names, what occasioned my mistake.

But then, said I to myself, where can be the Eurotas? It is clear that it does not pass through Misitra. Misitra therefore is not Sparta, unless the river has changed its course and removed to a distance from the town, which is by no means probable. Where, then, is Sparta? Have I come so far without being able to discover it? Must I return without beholding its ruins? I was heartily vexed. As I was going down from the castle, the Greek exclaimed: "Your lordship perhaps means Palæochori?" At the mention of this name, I recollected the passage of D'Anville, and cried out in my turn: "Yes, Palæochori! The old city! Where is that? Where is Palæochori?" "Yonder, at Magoula;" said the cicerone, pointing to a white cottage with some trees about it, at a considerable distance in the valley.

Tears came into my eyes when I fixed them on this miserable hut, erected on the forsaken site of one of the most renowned cities of the universe, now the only object that marks the spot where Sparta flourished, the solitary habitation of a goatherd whose whole wealth consists in the grass that grows upon the graves of Agis and Leonidas.

Without waiting to see or to hear any thing more, I hastily descended from the castle, in spite of the calls of my guides, who wanted to show me modern ruins and tell me stories of agas and pachas and cadis and waywodes; but passing the residence of the archbishop, I found some papas, who were waiting at the door for the Frenchman, and invited me to enter in the name of the prelate.

Though I would most cheerfully have dispensed with this civility, I knew not how to decline the invitation: I therefore went in. The archbishop was seated in the midst of his clergy, in a very clean apartment, furnished with mats and cushions after the Turkish manner. All these papas and their superior were intelligent and affable. Many of them understood Italian and could speak the language fluently. I related to them in what

perplexity I had been involved, in regard to the ruins of Sparta: they laughed and ridiculed the cicerone, and seemed to me to be much accustomed to foreigners.

The Morea in fact swarms with Levantines, Franks, Ragusans, Italians, and particularly with young physicians, from Venice and the Ionian islands, who repair hither to despatch the cadis and agas. The roads are very safe: you find tolerably good living, and enjoy a great deal of liberty, provided you possess a little firmness and prudence. It is upon the whole, a very easy tour, especially for a man who has lived among the savages of America. There are always some Englishmen to be met with on the roads of the Peloponnese: the papas informed me that they had lately seen some antiquaries and officers of that nation. At Misitra, there is even a Greek house called the English Inn, where you may eat roast beef, and drink Port wine. In this particular, the traveller is under great obligations to the English: it is they who have established good inns all over Europe, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany, in Spain, at Constantinople, at Athens, nay, even at the very gates of Sparta, in despite of Lycurgus.

The archbishop knew the French vice-consul at Athens, and I think he told me that M. Fauvel had been his guest in the two or three excursions which he has made to Misitra. After I had taken coffee, I was shown the archbishop's palace and the church. The latter, though it cuts a great figure in our books of geography, contains nothing remarkable. The Mosaic work of the pavement is common, and the pictures extolled by Guillet, absolutely resemble the daubings of the school that preceded Perugino. As to the architecture, nothing is to be seen but domes more or less dilapidated, and more or less numerous. This cathedral, dedicated to St. Dimitri, and not to the Virgin Mary, as some have asserted, has for its share seven of these domes. Since this ornament was employed at Constantinople, in the decline of the art, it has been introduced in all the monuments of Greece. It has neither the boldness of the Gothic, nor the simple beauty of the antique. When of very large dimensions, it is certainly majestic, but then it crushes the structure which it adorns: when small, it is a paltry cap that blends with no other member of the architecture, and rises above the entablature

for the express purpose of breaking the harmonious line of the ogee.

I observed in the archiepiscopal library, some treatises of the Greek fathers, books on controversial subjects, and two or three Byzantine historians, among the rest Pachymeres. It might be worth while to collate the text of this manuscript, with the texts which we possess: but it must doubtless have been examined by our two great Grecians, the abbé Fourmont, and d'Ansse de Villoison. The Venetians, who were long masters of the Morea, probably carried off the most valuable manuscripts.

My hosts officiously showed me printed translations of some French works; such as Telemachus, Rollin, and some modern books printed at Bucharest. Among these translations I durst not say that I found Attala; if M. Stamati had not also done me the honour to impart to my savage the language of Homer. The translation which I saw at Misitra was not finished: the translator was a Greek, a native of Zante, who happened to be at Venice, when Atala appeared there in Italian, and from this version he began his in vulgar Greek. I know not whether I concealed my name from pride or modesty; but my petty fame of authorship was so highly gratified to find itself beside the brilliant glory of Lacedæmon, that the archbishop's porter had reason to praise my liberality—a kind of liberality of which I have since repented.

It was dark when I left the residence of the archbishop: we traversed the most populous part of Misitra, and passed through the bazar, asserted in several descriptions to be the Agora of the ancients, under the idea that Misitra is Lacedæmon. This bazar is a wretched market place, resembling those which are to be seen in our small provincial towns. Paltry shops, shawls, mercery, and eatables, occupy its streets. These shops were then lighted by lamps of Italian manufacture. Two Mainottes were pointed out to me selling, by the light of these lamps, cuttle-fish and the species of marine polypus, distinguished at Naples by the name of *frutti di mare*. These fishermen, who were tall and stout, looked like peasants of Franche Comté: I observed in them nothing extraordinary. I purchased of them a dog of Taygetus:

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he was of middling size, with a yellow, shaggy coat, very wide nostrils, and a fierce look.

Fulvus Lacon,
Amica vis pastoribus.

I called him Argus, the same name which Ulysses gave to his dog. Unluckily I lost him a few days afterwards in the journey from Argos to Corinth.

We met several women wrapped in their long garments: we turned aside to give them the way, in compliance with a custom originating rather in jealousy than politeness. I could not discern their faces; so that I knew not whether Homer's epithet of Καλλιγυναικα celebrated for fair women, be yet applicable to Sparta.

I returned to Ibrahim's, after an excursion of thirteen hours, during which I had taken but a few moments' rest. Not only can I easily bear fatigue, heat, and hunger, but I have observed, that a strong emotion protects me from weariness and gives me new strength. I am besides convinced, and perhaps more than any other person, that an inflexible determination surmounts every difficulty and even triumphs over time. I determined not to lie down, to employ the night in taking notes, to proceed the next day to the ruins of Sparta, and then continue my journey without returning to Misitra.

I took leave of Ibrahim; ordered Joseph and the guide to proceed, with their horses, along the road towards Argos, and to wait for me at the bridge of the Eurotas which we had already passed in our way to Tripolizza. I kept the janissary only to accompany me to the ruins of Sparta, and could I have dispensed with his services I would have gone alone to Magoula; for I had experienced how much you are harassed in the researches you are desirous of making by your attendants who grow tired and impatient.

Having made these arrangements, on the 18th, half an hour before day-light, I mounted my horse with the janissary, and having given something to the slaves of the kind Ibrahim, I set off at full gallop for Lacedæmon.

We had proceeded at that pace for an hour along a road running direct south-west, when at break of day, I perceived some

ruins and a long wall of antique construction: my heart began to palpitate. The janissary turning towards me pointed with his whip to a whitish cottage on the right, and exclaimed with a look of satisfaction, "Palæochôri!" I made up towards the principal ruin which I perceived upon an eminence. On turning this eminence by the north-west for the purpose of ascending it, I was suddenly struck with the sight of a vast ruin of semicircular form which I instantly recognized as an ancient theatre. I am not able to discribe the confused feelings which overpowered me. The hill at the foot of which I stood, was consequently the hill of the citadel of Sparta, since the theatre was contiguous to the citadel; the ruin which I beheld upon that hill was of course the temple of Minerva Chalciœcos, since that temple was in the citadel, and the fragments of the long wall which I had passed lower down must have formed part of the quarter of the Cynosuri, since that quarter was to the north of the city. Sparta was then before me; and its theatre to which my good fortune conducted me on my first arrival, gave me immediately the positions of all the quarters and edifices. I alighted, and ran all the way up the hill of the citadel.

Just as I reached the top, the sun was rising behind the hills of Manelaion. What a magnificent spectacle! but how melancholy! The solitary stream of the Eurotas running beneath the remains of the bridge Babyx; ruins on every side, and not a creature to be seen among them. I stood motionless, in a kind of stupor, at the contemplation of this scene. A mixture of admiration and grief, checked the current of my thoughts and fixed me to the spot; profound silence reigned around me. Determined, at least, to make echo speak in a spot where the human voice is no longer heard, I shouted with all my might, "Leonidas! Leonidas!" No ruin repeated this great name, and Sparta herself seemed to have forgotten her hero.

If ruins to which brilliant recollections are attached, demonstrate the vanity of all terrestrial things, it must however, be admitted, that names which survive empires, and immortalize ages and places, are not an empty sound. After all, glory should not be too much slighted; for what is fairer, unless it be virtue? The highest degree of felicity would be to unite them both in this life,

and such was the purport of the only prayer which the Spartans addressed to the gods; *ut pulchra bonis adderent!*

When my agitation had subsided, I began to study the ruins around me. The summit of the hill was a platform encompassed, especially to the north-west by thick walls. I went twice round it, and counted one thousand five hundred and sixty, and one thousand five hundred and sixty six ordinary paces; or nearly seven hundred and eighty geometrical paces; but it should be remarked, that, in this circuit I comprehend the whole summit of the hill, including the curve formed by the excavation of the theatre in this hill. It was this theatre that Leroi examined.

Some ruins partly buried in the ground, and partly rising above the surface, indicate, nearly in the centre of this platform, the foundations of the temple of Minerva Chalcicœcos,* where Pausanias in vain sought refuge and lost his life. A sort of flight of steps, seventy feet wide, and of an extremely gentle descent, leads from the south side of the hill down to the plain. This was perhaps the way that conducted to the citadel, which was not a place of any great strength till the time of the tyrants of Lacedæmon.

At the commencement of these steps, and above the theatre, I saw a small edifice of a circular form, three fourths destroyed: the niches within it seem equally well adapted for the reception of statues or of urns. Is it a tomb? Is it the temple of the armed Venus? the latter must have stood nearly on this spot and belonged to the quarter of the Egides. Cæsar who boasted of being descended from Venus, had the figure of the armed Venus engraved on his ring: it was in fact, the two-fold emblem of the weakness and glory of that great man.

If the reader will place himself with me upon the hill of the citadel, he will then have a view of the following objects around him:

To the east, that is, towards the Eurotas, a hill of an oblong form and levelled at the top, as if for the purpose of a race-

* Chalcicœcos, signifies a house of brass. We must not however take the text of Pausanias and Plutarch in a literal sense, and imagine that this temple was entirely of brass. Those writers only mean to say, that it was lined with brass internally and perhaps externally. I hope too, that nobody will confound the two Pausaniases mentioned here, the one in the text and the other in the note.

course or hippodrome. Two other hills, one on each side of that just mentioned, form with it two hollows, in which you perceive the ruins of the bridge Babyx, and the current of the Eurotas. Beyond the river, the view is bounded by a chain of reddish hills which compose mount Menelion. Beyond these hills, the high mountains which border the gulf of Argos, tower aloft in the distance.

In this space, seen to the eastward, between the citadel and the Eurotas, looking north and south by east, in a parallel direction to the course of the river, we must place the quarter of the Limnates, the temple of Lycurgus, the palace of king Damaratus, the quarters of the Egides and the Messoates, one of the Leschi, the monument of Cadmus, the temples of Hercules and Helen, and the Platanistæ. In this extensive space I counted seven ruins standing, and above ground, but absolutely shapeless and dilapidated. As I was at liberty to choose, I gave to one of these ruins the name of Helen's Temple, and another I called the Tomb of Alcman. In two others I fancied I beheld the heroic monuments of Ægeus and Cadmus; I thus determined in favour of fable, and assigned nothing to history but the temple of Lycurgus. I prefer, I must confess, to black broth and barley bread, the memory of the only poet that Lacadæmon has produced, and the garland of flowers gathered by the Spartan maidens for Helen in the isle of Platanistæ.

O ubi campi
Sperchiusque et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygeta!

Now looking towards the north, as you still stand on the site of the citadel, you see a hill of considerable height, commanding even that on which the citadel was erected, though this contradicts the text of Pausanias. The valley formed by these two hills must have been the site of the public place and the structures that adorn it, as the buildings appropriated to the meetings of the Gerontes and Ephori, the portico of the Persice and other edifices. On this side there are no ruins. To the north west extended the quarter of the Cynosuri, by which I had entered Sparta, and where I observed the long wall and some other remains.

Let us now turn to the west, and we shall perceive upon a level spot in the rear and at the foot of the theatre, three ruins; one of which is of considerable height, and circular like a tower. In this direction must have lain the quarter of the Pitanates, the Theomelis, the tombs of Pausanias and Leonidas, the Lesche of the Crotanes, and the temple of Diana Isora.

Lastly, if you turn your eye to the south, you will see an uneven space, intersected here and there by the bases of walls that have been razed to the ground. The stones of which they were composed, must have been removed, for they are not to be discovered any where round about. In this part stood the residence of Menelaus; and beyond it, on the road towards Amyclæ, rose the temple of the Dioscuri and of the Graces. This description will be rendered more intelligible, if the reader will turn to Pausanias, or merely to the travels of Anacharsis.

The whole site of Lacedæmon is uncultivated—the sun parches it in silence, and is incessantly consuming the marble of the tombs. When I beheld this desert, not a plant adorned the ruins, not a bird, not an insect, not a creature enlivened them, save millions of lizards, which crawled without noise up and down the sides of the scorching walls. A dozen half wild horses were feeding here and there upon the withered grass; a shepherd was cultivating a few water-melons in a corner of the theatre; and, at Magoula, which gives its dismal name to Lacedæmon, I observed a small grove of cypresses. But this Magoula formerly a considerable Turkish village, has also perished in this scene of desolation; its buildings are overthrown, and the index of ruins is itself but a ruin.

I descended from the citadel, and, after walking about a quarter of an hour, I reached the Eurotas. Its appearance was nearly the same as two leagues higher, where I had passed it, without knowing what stream it was. Its breadth before Sparta, is about the same as that of the Marne above Charenton. The bed of the river, nearly dry in summer, is a sand intermixed with small pebbles, overgrown with reeds and rose-laurels, among which run a few rills of a cool and limpid water. I drank of it abundantly, for I was parched with thirst. From the beauty of its reeds the Eurotas certainly deserves the epithet καλλιδόναξ, given it by Euripides; but I know not whether it ought to retain that of *ole-*

sufficient, for I perceived no swans upon its surface. I followed its current, hoping to meet with some of these birds which, according to Plato, have, before they expire, a view of Olympus, on which account their dying notes are so melodious; but I was disappointed. Perhaps, like Horace, I am not in the good graces of Tyndarides, and they would not permit me to discover the secrets of their cradle.

Famous rivers share the same fate as famous nations; at first unknown, then celebrated throughout the whole world, they afterwards sink into their original obscurity. The Eurotas, at first denominated Himera, now flows forgotten under the appellation of *Iri*; as the Tiber, more anciently Albula, now rolls to the sea the unknown waters of the Teverone. I examined the ruins of the bridge Babyx, which are insignificant. I sought the island of Platanistæ, and imagine that I discovered it below Magoula: it is a piece of ground, of a triangular form, one side of which is washed by the Eurotas, while the other two are bounded by ditches full of rushes, where in winter flows the river Magoula, the ancient Cnacion. In this island are some mulberry-trees and sycamores, but no plantains. I perceived no indication that the Turks still continue to make this spot subservient to pleasure; I observed there a few flowers, among others blue lilies, some of which I plucked in memory of Helen: the perishable crown of the beauty yet exists on the banks of the Eurotas, and the beauty herself has disappeared.

The view enjoyed, as you walk along the Eurotas, is very different from that commanded by the hill of the citadel. The river pursues a winding course, concealing itself, as I have observed, among reeds and rose-laurels, as large as trees, on the left side, the hills of Mount Menelaion, of a bare and reddish appearance, form a contrast with the freshness and verdure of the channel of the Eurotas. On the right, the Taygetus spreads his magnificent curtain; the whole space comprehended between this curtain and the river, is occupied by small hills, and the ruins of Sparta. These hills and these ruins have not the same desolate aspect as when you are close to them; they seem, on the contrary, to be tinged with purple, violet, and a light gold colour. It is not verdant meads and foliage of a cold and uniform green, but the effects of light, that produce admirable

landscapes. On this account the rocks and the heaths of the bay of Naples will ever be superior in beauty to the most fertile vales of France and England.

Thus, after ages of oblivion, this river, whose banks were trodden by the Lacedæmonians whom Plutarch has celebrated, this river, I say, perhaps rejoiced, amid this neglect, at the sound of the footsteps of an obscure stranger upon its shores. It was on the 16th of August, 1806, at nine in the morning, that I took this lonely walk along the Eurotas, which will never be erased from my memory. If I hate the manners of the Spartans, I am not blind to the greatness of a free people, neither was it without emotion that I trampled on their noble dust. One single fact is sufficient to proclaim the glory of this nation. When Nero visited Greece, he durst not enter Lacedæmon. What a magnificent panegyric on that city!

I returned to the citadel, stopping to survey the ruins which I met with on my way. As Misitra has probably been built with materials from the ruins of Sparta, this has undoubtedly contributed much to the destruction of the edifices of the latter city. I found my companion exactly where I left him; he had sat down, and fallen asleep; having just awoke, he was smoking his pipe, after which he went to sleep again. The horses were peacefully grazing in the palace of king Menelaus; but "Helen had not left her distaff laden with wool, dyed of a purple colour, to give them pure corn in a magnificent manger."* Thus, though a traveller, I am not the son of Ulysses; but yet, like Telemachus, I prefer my native rocks to the most enchanting foreign regions.

It was noon, and the sun darted his rays perpendicularly on our heads. We retired to the shade in a corner of the theatre, and ate with a good appetite some bread and dried figs, which we had brought from Misitra: Joseph had taken care of all the rest of our provisions. The janissary was delighted; he thought himself once more at liberty; and was preparing to start, but soon perceived, to his no small mortification, that he was mistaken. I began to write down my observations, and to take a view of the different places; this occupied me two full hours; after which, I determined to examine the monuments to the west of the citadel.

* Odyss.

I knew, that, in this quarter, the tomb of Leonidas, must be situated.‡ We wandered from ruin to ruin; the janissary following me, and leading the horses by the bridle. We were the only living human beings among such numbers of illustrious dead; both of us were barbarians, strangers to each other, as well as to Greece; sprung from the forests of Gaul, and the rocks of Caucasus, we had met at the extremity of the Peloponnese, the one to pass over, the other to live upon tombs, which were not those of our forefathers.

In vain I examined the smallest stones to discover the spot where the ashes of Leonidas were deposited. For a moment, I had hopes of succeeding. Near the edifice, resembling a tower, which I have described as standing to the west of the citadel, I found fragments of sculpture, which I took to be those of a lion. We are informed by Herodotus, that there was a lion of stone on the tomb of Leonidas; a circumstance, which is not recorded by Pausanias. I continued my researches with increased ardour, but all my efforts proved fruitless.* I know not whether this was the spot where the abbé Fourmont discovered three curious monuments. One of them was a cippus, on which was engraven the name of Jerusalem; perhaps a memorial of that alliance between the Jews and the Lacedæmonians, which is mentioned in the Maccabees. The two others were the sepulchral inscriptions of Lysander and Agesilaus. I shall observe that, to my countrymen, Europe is indebted for the first satisfactory accounts of the ruins of Sparta and Athens.† Deshayes, who was sent to Jeru-

* On this subject my memory deceived me. The lion spoken of by Herodotus was at Thermopylæ. It is not even related by that historian that the bones of Leonidas were carried to his native land; he asserts, on the contrary, that Xerxes caused the body of the hero to be crucified: consequently the fragments of the lion, which I saw at Sparta, cannot mark the tomb of Leonidas. It may be supposed that I had not an Herodotus in my hand, on the ruins of Lacedæmon: I carried with me from home, nothing but Racine, Tasso, Virgil, and Homer, the latter interleaved for the purpose of writing notes. It cannot, therefore, appear surprising that, being obliged to draw upon the resources of my memory, I may have been wrong in regard to the place, without, however, being mistaken respecting the fact. Two neat epigrams on this stone lion, at Thermopylæ, may be seen in the Anthology.

† On the subject of Athens, we have certainly the two letters from the collection of Martin Crusius, written in 1584; but not only do they contain scarcely any information, but they were written by Greeks, natives of the Morea, and conse-

salem by Louis XIII. passed through Athens about the year 1629; we possess his travels, with which Chandler was not acquainted. In 1672, father Babin, a Jesuit, published his relation of the *Present State of the City of Athens.* This relation was edited by Spon, before that honest and ingenious traveller had commenced his tours with Wheeler. The abbé Fourmont and Leroi, were the first that threw a steady light upon Laconia; though it is true, that Vernon had visited Sparta, before them: but nothing of his was published except a single letter, in which he merely mentions, that he had seen Lacedæmon, without entering into any details. As for me, I know not whether my researches will be transmitted to posterity; but, at least, I have joined my name to that of Sparta, which can alone rescue it from oblivion; I have fixed the site of that celebrated city; I have, if I may so express myself, rediscovered all these immortal ruins. A humble fisherman, in consequence of shipwreck, or rather accident, often determines the position of rocks, which had escaped the observation of the most skilful pilot.

There were at Sparta, a great number of altars and statues, dedicated to Sleep, to Death, to Beauty (Venus Morpho) divinities of all mankind; and to Fear armed, probably that, with which the Lacedæmonians inspired their enemies. Not a vestige of these is now left, but I perceived upon a kind of socle, these four letters ΛΑΣΜ. Could they have formed part of the word ΓΕΛΑΣΜΑ? Could this have been the pedestal of the statue of Laughter, which Lycurgus erected among the grave descendants of Hercules? The altar of Laughter existing alone in the midst of entombed Sparta, would furnish a fair subject of triumph for the philosophy of Democritus.

Night drew on apace, when I reluctantly quitted these renowned ruins, the shade of Lycurgus, the recollection of Thermopylæ, and all the fictions of fable and history. The sun sank behind the Taygetus, so that I had beheld him commence, and finish his course, on the ruins of Lacedæmon. It was three thousand five hundred and forty-three years, since he first rose and

quently are not the fruit of the researches of modern travellers. Spon likewise mentions the manuscript in the Barberini Library at Rome, which is dated two hundred years anterior to his travels, and in which he found some drawings of Athens.

set over this infant city. I departed with a mind absorbed by the objects which I had just seen, and indulging in endless reflections. Such days enable a man to endure many misfortunes with patience, and above all, render him indifferent to many spectacles.

We pursued the course of the Eurotas for an hour and a half, through the open country, and then fell into the road to Tripolizza. Joseph and the guide, had encamped on the other side of the river, near the bridge, and had made a fire of reeds, in spite of Apollo, who was consoled by the sighing of these reeds for the loss of Daphne. Joseph was abundantly provided with necessaries; he had salt, oil, water-melons, bread, and meat. He dressed a leg of mutton like the companion of Achilles, and served it up on the corner of a large stone, with wine from the vineyard of Ulysses, and the water of the Eurotas. I made an excellent supper, having just that requisite which Dionysius wanted to relish the black broth of Lacedæmon.

After supper, Joseph brought me my saddle, which usually served me for a pillow; I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down under a laurel, on the bank of the Eurotas. The night was so pure and so serene, and the Milky Way shed such a light, reflected by the current of the river, that you might see to read by it. I fell asleep, with my eyes fixed on the heavens, having the beautiful constellation of Leda's swan exactly over my head. I still recollect the pleasure which I formerly received from thus reposing in the woods of America, and especially from awaking in the middle of the night. I listened to the whistling of the wind through the wilderness; the braying of the does and stags; the roar of a distant cataract; while the embers of my half-extinguished fire, glowed beneath the foliage of the trees. I loved even to hear the voice of the Iroquois, when he shouted in the recesses of his forests, and when, in the brilliant star-light, amid the silence of nature, he seemed to be proclaiming his unbounded liberty. All this may afford delight at twenty; because, then life suffices, in a manner, for itself, and there is in early youth, a certain restlessness and inquietude, which incessantly encourage the creation of chimæras, *ipsi sibi somnia fingunt*: but in maturer age, the mind contracts a relish for more solid pursuits, and loves, in particular, to dwell on the illustrious examples record-

ed in history. Gladly would I again make my couch on the banks of the Eurotas, or the Jordan, if the heroic shades of the three hundred Spartans, or the twelve sons of Jacob, were to visit my slumbers; but I would not go again to explore a virgin soil, which the plough-share has never lacerated. Give me now ancient deserts, where I can conjure up at pleasure the walls of Babylon, or the legions of Pharsalia—*grandia ossa*; plains whose furrows convey instruction, and where, mortal as I am, I trace the blood, the tears, the sweat of human kind.

Joseph awoke me, according to my directions, at three in the morning of the 19th. We saddled our horses and set off. I turned my head towards Sparta, and cast a farewell look on the Eurotas: I was unable to check that sensation of melancholy, which will intrude itself when we are surveying a grand ruin, and leaving places, which we shall never more behold.

The road leading from Laconia into the country of Argos; was in ancient times, as at the present day, one of the wildest and most rugged in Greece. For some time we pursued the way to Tripolizza; then turning to the east, we descended into the defiles of the mountains. We proceeded at a rapid rate in the ravines, and under trees which obliged us to lie down upon our horses necks. From one of the branches of these trees, I received so violent a blow on the head, that I was thrown senseless to the distance of ten paces. As my horse gallopped on, my fellow travellers, who happened to be before me, did not immediately perceive my accident; their cries, when they turned back to me, roused me from my swoon.

At four in the morning we reached the summit of a mountain, where we allowed our horses a little rest. The cold became so intense, that we were obliged to kindle a fire of heath. I cannot assign a name to this place, of little note in antiquity; but, it must be situated near the sources of the Lænus, in the chain of Mount Eva, and not far from Prasiæ, on the gulf of Argos.

At noon, we arrived at a considerable village, named St. Paul, very near the sea. The only topic of conversation among its inhabitants, was a tragical event, of the particulars of which they were anxious to inform us.

A girl of this village having lost her father and mother, and being the mistress of a small fortune, was sent by her relations

to Constantinople. At the age of eighteen she returned to her native village. She could speak the Turkish, French, and Italian languages; and when any foreigners passed through St. Paul, she received them with a politeness which excited suspicions of her virtue. The principal peasants had a meeting, in which, after discussing among themselves the conduct of the orphan, they resolved to get rid of a female whom they deemed a disgrace to the village. They first raised the sum, fixed by the Turkish law, for the murder of a christian woman; they then broke by night into the house of the devoted victim whom they murdered; and a man, who was in waiting for news of the execution, hastened to the pacha with the price of blood. What caused such an extraordinary sensation among all these Greeks of St. Paul, was not the atrocity of the deed, but the greediness of the pacha of the Morea. He too, regarded the action as a very simple matter, and admitted that he had been paid the sum required for an ordinary murder; but observed, that the beauty, the youth, the accomplishments of the orphan, gave him a just claim to a father indemnity. He, therefore, despatched two janissaries the very same day to demand an additional contribution.

The village of St. Paul is an agreeable place. It is supplied with water by fountains, shaded with wild pines, *pinus silvestris*. We here found one of those Italian doctors who are dispersed all over the Morea: I had him to bleed me. I tasted some excellent milk in a very clean house, very much resembling a Swiss cottage. A young native of the Morea, seated himself opposite to me: he looked like Meleager both in person and dress. The Greek peasants are not attired like the Levantine Greeks, who are to be seen in France. They wear a tunic which reaches to their knees, and is fastened by a girdle; their wide trowsers are covered by the skirts of this tunic; and they cross upon their bare legs, the strings which tie their sandals. With the exception of the covering for the head, they are absolutely the ancient Greeks without cloak.

My new companion, seated as I have said, opposite to me, watched all my motions with extreme curiosity. He kept his eyes fixed on me without uttering a word; and even bent forward to look into the earthen vessel, out of which I was eating my milk. I rose and he rose too; I sat down again, and he did the

same. I presented him with a cigar; he was delighted, and made signs for me to smoke with him. On my departure he ran after me for half an hour, without ever speaking, and without my being able to discover what he wanted. I gave him money, but he threw it away: the janissary would have driven him back, on which he prepared to fight the janissary. I was affected I knew not why; perhaps from observing, that I, a civilized barbarian, was an object of curiosity to a barbarized Greek.*

Having procured fresh horses, we left St. Paul at two in the afternoon, and pursued the road towards the ancient Cynuria. About four, our guide called out that we were going to be attacked; we indeed perceived, on the mountain, a few armed men, who, after looking at us for some time, suffered us to pass unmolested. We entered among the Parthenian hills and descended to the bank of a river, whose channel conducted us to the sea. We descried the citadel of Argos, Nauplí opposite to us, and the mountains of Corinth towards Mycenæ. From the spot which we had now reached, it was still three hours journey to Argos: we had to turn the extremity of the gulf, and cross the marsh of Lerne, which extended from the place where we stood to the city. We passed the garden of an aga, where I remarked Lombardy poplars intermixed with cypress, orange, lemon, and many other trees which I had not yet seen in Greece. The guide soon afterwards missed the way, and led us along narrow causeways, which formed the separation, between small ponds and inundated rice-fields. In this embarrassing situation night overtook us: at every step we were obliged to leap wide ditches, with our horses intimidated with the darkness, the croaking of a host of frogs, and the violet coloured flames that danced along the marsh. Our guide's horse fell; and as we marched in a row, we tumbled one over another into a ditch. We all cried out together, so that none of us knew, what the others said. The water was deep enough for the horses to swim, and be drowned with their riders; my puncture began to bleed afresh, and my head was very painful. At length we miraculously scrambled out of this slough, but found it impossible to proceed to Argos. We perceived between the

* The Greeks of these mountains pretend to be the genuine descendants of the Lacedæmonians. They assert, that the Mainottes are but an assemblage of foreign banditti, and they are perfectly right.

reeds a glimmering light: we made up towards it, perishing with cold, covered with mud, leading our horses by the bridle, and running the risk of plunging at every step into some fresh quagmire.

The light guided us to a farm-house, situated in the midst of the marsh, in the vicinity of the village of Lerne. It was just harvest-time, and we found the reapers lying on the ground. They started up at our approach and fled like deer. We convinced them that they had nothing to fear, and passed the rest of the night with them on a heap of sheep's dung, which was less filthy and less damp than any other situation we could find. I should have a right to quarrel with Hercules, who has not completely destroyed the Lernæan hydra; for, in this unwholesome place, I caught a fever which never entirely left me till after my arrival in Egypt.

On the 20th, at day break, I was at Argos. The village which has succeeded that celebrated city is neater and more lively than most of the villages of the Morea. Its situation is very beautiful, at the extremity of the gulf of Naupli or Argos, a league and a half from the sea: on one side it has the mountains of Cynuria and Arcadia, and on the other the heights of Troezene and Epidaurus.

But whether my imagination was oppressed by the recollection of the misfortunes and the excesses of the Pelopides; or I was struck by the real truth, the country appeared to me uncultivated and desolate, the mountains naked and dreary—a kind of nature, fertile in great crimes and in great virtues. I went to survey what are called the remains of Agamemnon's Palace, the ruins of a theatre, and of a Roman aqueduct; I went up to the citadel solicitous to see every stone that could possibly have been touched by the hand of the king of kings. What can boast of enjoying any glory besides those families, sung by Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Racine? but when you see on the spot where they flourished how very little remains of those families, you are marvellously astonished.

It is a considerable time since the ruins of Argos ceased to correspond with the greatness of its name. In 1756, Chandler found them absolutely in the same state as they were seen by me; the abbé Fourmont in 1746, and Pellegrin in 1719, were

not more fortunate. The Venetians in particular, have contributed to the demolition of the monuments of this city, by using their materials in the construction of the castle of Palamis. In the time of Pausanias, there was at Argos, a statue of Jupiter, remarkable for having three eyes, and still more remarkable on another account: it was brought from Troy by Sthenelus, and was said to be the very statue, at the foot of which, Priam was put to death in his palace by the son of Achilles:

> Ingens ara fuit, juxtaque veterrima laurus,
> Incumbens aræ, atque umbrâ complexa Penates.

But Argos, which doubtless exulted in the possession of the Panates that betrayed the house of Priam, Argos itself soon exhibited a striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune. So early as the reign of Julian the apostate, its glories were eclipsed to such a degree, that on account of its poverty, it could not contribute to the re-establishment of the Isthmian games. Julian pleaded its cause against the Corinthians: his speech, on that occasion is still extant in his works (*Ep.* XXV.) It is one of the most extraordinary documents in the history of things and of mankind. Finally, Argos the country of the king of kings, having become in the middle ages the inheritance of a Venetian widow, was sold by her to the republic of Venice for five hundred ducats, and an annuity of two hundred. Coronelli records the bargain. *Omnia vanitas!*

I was received at Argos by Avramiotti, the Italian physician, whom M. Poucqueville saw at Naupli, and on whose granddaughter he performed an operation for hydrocephalus. M. Avramiotti showed me a map of the Peloponnese, in which he had begun to write with M. Fauvel, the ancient names by the side of the modern ones: it will be a valuable performance, which could not be executed but by persons resident for a number of years on the spot. M. Avramiotti had amassed a fortune and began to sigh after his native land. There are two things, which grow stronger in the heart of man, in proportion as he advances in years; the love of country and religion. Let them be ever so much forgotten in youth, they sooner or later present themselves to us arrayed in all their charms, and excite in the recesses of our hearts, an attachment justly due to their beauty.

We conversed, therefore, about France and Italy, for the same reason that the Argive soldier who accompanied Æneas, recollected Argos when expiring in Italy. Agamemnon was scarcely mentioned by us, though I was to see his tomb the following day. We talked upon the terrace of the house which overlooks the Gulf of Argos: perhaps that very terrace from which a poor woman hurled the tile that terminated the glory and the adventures of Pyrrhus. M. Avramiotti pointed out to me a promontory on the other side of the gulf, and said; "It was there that Clytæmnestra stationed the slave who was to give the signal for the return of the Grecian fleet. But," added he, "you have just come from Venice; I think the best thing I could do, would be to return thither."

I left this exile in Greece the following morning at day-break, and, with fresh horses and a fresh guide, took the road to Corinth. I really think that M. Avramiotti was not sorry to get rid of me: though he received me with great politeness, it was easy to perceive that my visit was not perfectly agreeable.

After riding half an hour we crossed the Inachus, the father of Io, so celebrated for Juno's jealousy. In ancient times, the traveller on leaving Argos, came to the gate Lucina, and the altar of the Sun, before he reached the river. Half a league on the other side of it stood the temple of the Mysian Ceres, and beyond that, the tomb of Thyeste and the heroic monument of Perseus. We stopped nearly on the eminence where these latter monuments existed at the period when Pausanias travelled. We were going to leave the plain of Argos, on which we have an excellent memoir by M. Barbié du Bocage; and to enter among the mountains of Corinth when we saw Naupli behind us. The place which we had reached is called Carvathi; and here you must turn out of the road, to the right, to look for the ruins of Mycenæ. Chandler missed them on his return from Argos, but they are well known, from the researches made there by lord Elgin, in his tour of Greece. M. Fauvel has described them in his Memoirs, and M. de Choiseul Gouffier possesses drawings of them; they had been previously spoken of by the abbé Fourmont, and seen by Dumonceaux. We had to cross a heath: a narrow path conducted us to these remains, which are nearly in the same state as in the time of Pausanias; for it is more than two thousand two

hundred and eighty years since Mycenæ was destroyed. The Argives razed it to the ground, jealous of the glory which it had acquired by sending forty warriors to die with the Spartans at Thermopylæ.

We first examined the tomb to which has been assigned the appellation of the tomb of Agamemnon. It is a subterraneous edifice of a circular form, which receives light by a dome, and has nothing remarkable except the simplicity of its architecture. You enter by a trench, which leads to the door of the tomb; this door was adorned with pilasters of a very common species of bluish marble, procured from the neighbouring mountains. It was lord Elgin, who caused this monument to be opened, and the earth with which the interior was filled, to be cleared away. A small elliptical door conducts from the principal apartment to another of less dimensions. After an attentive inspection, I am of opinion that the latter is merely an excavation made by the workmen beyond the tomb, for I could not perceive that it had any walls. The use of the little door would still remain to be accounted for; it was perhaps simply another entrance to the sepulchre. Has this building been always buried under the earth like the rotunda of the Catacombs at Alexandria? Was it, on the contrary, erected upon the surface of the ground, like the tomb of Cecilia Metella, at Rome? Had it any exterior decorations, and of what order were they? These are questions which yet remain yet to be resolved. Nothing has been found in the tomb, and we are not even certain that it is the sepulchre of Agamemnon, mentioned by Pausanias.*

On leaving this monument, I crossed a sterile valley, and on the side of the opposite hill, I beheld the ruins of Mycenæ. I particularly admired one of the gates of the city, composed of gigantic masses of stone, laid upon the solid rock of the hill, with which they seemed to form but one whole. Two colossal lions, on each side of this gate, are its only ornament. They are represented in relievo, standing, and face to face, like the lions which supported the arms of our ancient chevaliers; but they have lost their heads. I never saw, even in Egypt itself, a more imposing specimen of architecture, and the desert in which it

* The Lacedæmonians also boasted that they possessed the ashes of Agamemnon.

stands, adds to its solemnity. It belongs to that species of buildings which Strabo and Pausanias ascribed to the Cyclops, and traces of which have been discovered in Italy. M. Petit Radel maintains, that this kind of architecture preceded the invention of the orders; it indisputably belongs to the heroic ages. For the rest, it was a shepherd boy, stark naked, that showed me in this solitude, the tomb of Agamemnon, and the ruins of Mycenæ.

At the foot of the door that I have spoken of, is a fountain which shall be, if you please, the same that Perseus found under a mushroom, and which gave name to Mycenæ; for *myces* is the Greek term for a mushroom, or the hilt of a sword; this story is told by Pausanias. On returning towards the road to Corinth, I heard the ground under my horse's feet sound hollow: I alighted, and discovered the vault of another tomb.

Pausanias reckons up five tombs at Mycenæ: the tomb of Atreus, that of Agamemnon, that of Eurymedon, that of Teledamus and Pelops, and that of Electra. He adds, that Clytæmnestra and Ægisthus were interred without the walls: might it not then be their tomb that I discovered? I have described the spot to M. Fauvel, who will examine it in his first excursion to Argos. How singular the destiny that brings me from Paris to fix the site of the ruins of Sparta, and to discover the ashes of Clytæmnestra!

Leaving Nemea on our left, we pursued our route. We reached Corinth in good time, having crossed a kind of plain, intersected by streams of water, and broken by detached hills resembling the Acro-Corinthus, with which they blend. The latter we perceived long before we arrived at it, like an irregular mass of reddish granite, with a winding line of wall upon its summit. All the travellers in Greece have described Corinth. Spon and Wheeler explored the citadel, where they discovered the lost fountain of Pirene; but Chandler did not ascend to Acro-Corinth, and M. Fauvel informed us, that the Turks will not now permit any person to see it. In fact, I could not obtain leave to walk round about it, notwithstanding the application of my janissary to that effect. For the rest, Pausanias in his Corinth, and Plutarch in his life of Aratus, have given a complete description of the monuments and localities of Acro-Corinth.

We alighted at a tolerably neat kan, situated in the centre of the village, and not far from the bazar. The janissary was despatched for provisions; joseph cooked the dinner, and while they were thus engaged, I took a stroll in the environs of the place.

Corinth stands at the foot of mountains in a plain which extends to the sea of Crissa, now the gulf of Lepanto, the only Modern name in Greece that vies in beauty with the ancient appellations. In clear weather, you discern, beyond this sea, the top of Helicon and Parnassus; but from the town itself the Saronic sea is not visible. To obtain a view of it, you must ascend to Acro-Corinth, when you not only overlook that sea, but the eye embraces even the citadel of Athens and Cape Colonna.—"It is," says Spon, "one of the most delicious views in the world." I can easily believe him, for even from the foot of Acro-Corinth, the prospect is enchanting. The houses of the village, which are large, and kept in good repair, are scattered in groups over the plain, embosomed in mulberry, orange, and cypress trees. The vines, which constitute the riches of this district, give a fresh and fertile appearance to the country; they do not climb in festoons upon trees, as in Italy, nor are they kept low, as in the vicinity of Paris. Each root forms a detached verdant bush, round which the grapes hang, in autumn, like crystals. The summits of Parnassus and Helicon, the gulf of Lepanto, which resembles a magnificent canal, Mount Oneius covered with myrtles, form the horizon of the picture to the north and east; while the Acro-Corinthus, and the mountains of Argolis and Sicyon rise to the south and west. As to the monuments of Corinth, there is not one of them in existence. M. Foucherot has discovered among their ruins but two Corinthian capitals, the sole memorial of the order invented in that city.

Corinth, razed to the ground by Mummius, rebuilt by Julius Cæsar, and by Adrian, a second time destroyed by Alaric, again rebuilt by the Venetians, was sacked for the third and last time by Mahomet II. Strabo saw it soon after its re-establishment, during the reign of Augustus. Pausanias admired it in Adrian's time; and to judge from the monuments which he has described, it must have been, at that period, a magnificent city. It would be interesting to know in what condition it was in 1173, when it

was visited by Benjamin of Tudela; but this Spanish Jew gravely relates, that he arrived at Patras, "the city of Antipater, one of the four Grecian kings, who divided among themselves the empire of Alexander." He thence proceeded to Lepanto and to Corinth: In the latter, he found three hundred Jews, under the superintendance of the venerable rabbis, Leo, Jacob, and Hezekiah; and this was all that Benjamin concerned himself about.

Modern travellers have made us better acquainted with what remains of Corinth after so many calamities. Spon and Wheeler here discovered the ruins of a temple of the highest antiquity; these ruins consisted of eleven fluted columns, without bases, and of the Doric order. Spon asserts, that these columns were not in height above four diameters more than the diameter of the foot of the column; by which, I suppose he means that their height was equal to five diameters. Chandler says, that they were only half as high as they ought to have been, according to the correct proportions of their order. Spon is evidently mistaken, since he takes the diameter of the foot of the column instead of the diameter of the middle for the standard of the order. This monument, a drawing of which is given by Leroi, was worthy of being noticed here, because it proves either that the early Doric had not the proportions since assigned to it by Pliny and Vitruvius, or that the Tuscan order to which this temple bears a close resemblance, did not originate in Italy. Spon thought that he recognised in this monument, the temple of Diana of Ephesus, mentioned by Pausanias, and Chandler took it to be the Sisypheus of Strabo. I know not whether these columns still exist; I did not see them, but I have some confused recollection of hearing that they were thrown down, and that the last fragments of them were carried away by the English.*

A maritime people, a king who was a philosopher, and who became a tyrant, a Roman barbarian who fancied that the statues of Praxiteles might be replaced like soldiers' helmets; all these recollections render Corinth not very interesting: but to make some amends' you have Jason, Medea, the fountain of Pirene, Pegasus, the Isthmian games instituted by Theseus and sung by Pindar; that is to say, fable and poetry, as usual. I shall say

* These columns were, or still are near the harbour of Schœnus, and I missed them by not going down to the sea.

nothing of Dionysius and of Timoleon, one of whom was so cowardly as not to die, the other so unfortunate as to live. If I were to ascend a throne, I would not relinquish it but with my life: and never shall I be virtuous enough to kill my brother. I care not therefore about these two men; but I love that boy, who during the siege of Corinth, melted Mummius himself into tears, by reciting these verses of Homer:

Τρὶς μάκαρες Δαναοὶ καὶ τετράκις οἳ τοτ ὄλοντο
Τροίη ἐν εὐρείῃ, χαρὶν Ατρεΐδησι φεροντες.
Ὡς δή εγωγ' ὄφελον θανέειν καὶ πότμον ἐπισπειν
Ηματι τῷ ὅτε μοι πλεῖστοι χαλκήρεα δοῦρα
Τρῶες ἐπέρρῖψαν περι Πηλείωνι θανόντι.
Τῶ κ' ἔλαχον κτερέων, καὶ μευ κλέος ἦγον Ἀχαιοί
Νῦν δέ με λευγαλέῳ θανάτῳ εἵμαρτα ἁ λῶναι.

"O, thrice, and four times blest, the Greeks who perished before the vast walls of Ilion, supporting the cause of the Atrides! Would to the gods, that I had met my fate on the day when the Trojan javelins showered upon me while defending the body of Achilles! Then should I have received the accustomed honours of the funeral pile, and the Greeks would have preserved my name! Now fate decrees that my life should end in an obscure and inglorious death!"

Here is truth, nature and pathos! here we find a great reverse of fortune, the power of genius, and the feelings of man!

Vases are still made at Corinth, but not such as Cicero so earnestly entreated his friend Atticus to send him. It seems, for the rest, as if the Corinthians had lost the partiality which they had for strangers. While I was examining a marble in a vineyard, I was saluted with a shower of stones; the descendants of Lais are probably desirous of keeping up the credit of the ancient proverb.

When the Cæsars rebuilt the walls of Corinth, and the temples of the gods rose from their ruins more magnificent than ever, there was an obscure architect who was rearing in silence, an edifice, which remains standing amid the ruins of Greece. This architect was a foreigner, who gives this account of himself:—"Thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck. In journeying often, in perils of

waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathens, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfullness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." This man, unknown to the great, despised by the multitude, rejected as "the offscouring of the world," at first associated with himself only two companions, Crispus and Caius, with the family of Stephanas. These were the humble architects of an indestructible temple, and the first believers at Corinth. The traveller surveys the site of this celebrated city; he discovers not a vestige of the altars of paganism, but he perceives some Christian chapels rising from among the cottages of the Greeks. The apostle might still from his celestial abode, give the salutation of peace to his children, and address them in the words, "Paul to the church of God, which is at Corinth."

It was near eight in the morning of the 21st, when we set out from Corinth, after a good night's rest. Two roads lead from Corinth to Megara: the one takes you over Mount Gerania, now Palæo Vouni, (the Old Mountain), the other along the Saronic sea and the Scironian rocks. The latter is the most interesting; it was the only one known to ancient travellers, for they make no mention of the first; but the Turks will not now allow you to follow it. They have established a military post at the foot of Mount Oneius, nearly in the middle of the isthmus, so as to command both seas; this is the boundary of the province of the Morea, and you are not permitted to pass the main guard without producing an express order from the pacha.

Having therefore no choice, but being obliged to take the former road, I was under the necessity of giving up the ruins of the temple of the Isthmian Neptune, which Chandler could not find, which were seen by Pococke, Spon, and Wheeler, and which still exist, as I was informed by M. Fauvel. For the same reason I did not explore the traces of the attempts made at different times to cut across the isthmus. The canal begun at Port Schœnus is, according to M. Foucherot, from thirty to forty feet deep, and sixty wide. Such an undertaking might, at the present day, be executed with ease, by means of gunpowder, the distance from sea to sea being no more than five miles, measur-

ing the narrowest part of the neck of land by which they are separated.

A wall, six miles in length, frequently demolished and built up again, obstructed the access to the isthmus, in a place denominated Hexamillia. It was at this spot that we began to ascend Mount Oneius. I frequently stopped my horse amidst pines, laurels, and myrtles, to look behind me. Sorrowfully did I contemplate the two seas, especially that which extended to the west, and seemed to tempt me with the recollection of France. That sea, how placid! the distance how small! In a few days I might be again in the arms of my friends!—I surveyed the Peloponnese, Corinth, the isthmus, the place where those once famous games were celebrated. What a desert! what silence! Unfortunate country! unhappy Greeks! Shall France one day be stripped in like manner of her glory? Shall she, in the course of ages, be thus laid waste and trampled under foot?

This image of my country, which all at once mingled itself with the scenes presented to my view, affected me much; and I could not think, without pain, of the space that I had yet to traverse before I should revisit my Penates.

We entered the defiles of Mount Oneius, alternately losing and recovering the view of the Saronic sea and Corinth. From the most elevated part of the mountain, which has assumed the name of Macriplaysi, we descended to the *dervene*, that is to say, the main guard. I cannot tell if this spot be the site of the ancient Crommyon; but this I know, that the people whom I found there were not more humane than Pytiocamptes.* I showed the order given me by the pacha: the commandant invited me to smoke a pipe and drink coffee in his barrack. He was a fat man; the picture of apathy and unconcern, who could not stir upon his mat without sighing, as if the slightest motion put him in pain. He examined my arms, and showed me his arms, especially a long carbine, which, he said, would carry very far. The guards perceived a peasant, who was scrambling up the mountain, out of the road; they called to him to come down, but he could not hear them. The commandant then rose with difficulty, took deliberate aim at the peasant, between the fir-trees, and fired. After this exploit, the Turk returned, and seated himself on his

* *The bender of pines*, a robber killed by Theseus.

mat, with as much calmness and composure as ever. The peasant descended to the guard, to all appearance wounded, for he wept and showed his blood; on which fifty strokes of the bastinado were administered to cure him.

I rose abruptly, and with feelings the more acute, as it was probably the wish to display his dexterity before me than induced this ruffian to fire at the peasant. Joseph would not translate what I said, and perhaps prudence was necessary on this occasion; but I was too indignant to listen to the suggestions of prudence. I called for my horse, and away I went without waiting for the janissary, who shouted after me to no purpose. He and Joseph overtook me, when I had advanced a considerable way along the ridge of Mount Gerania. My indignation gradually subsided, from the effect produced by the scenery around me. It seemed as if on approaching Athens, I had once more entered a civilized country; as if Nature herself had assumed a less dreary aspect. The Morea is almost entirely bare of trees, though it is certainly more fertile than Attica. I enjoyed the ride through a wood of firs, between the trunks of which I caught a view of the sea. The slopes, extending from the water's edge to the foot of the mountain, were covered with olive and carob-trees; and formed one of those landscapes which are very rare in Greece.

The first thing that struck me at Megara, was a number of Albanian women, who were, indeed, inferior in beauty to Nausicaa and her companions: they were merrily washing linen at a spring, near which were seen some shapeless remains of an aqueduct. If this was the fountain of the Sithnides, and the aqueduct of Theagenes, Pausanias has extolled them too highly. The aqueducts which I have seen in Greece, bear no resemblance to the Roman aqueducts: they are scarcely raised at all above the surface of the ground, and they exhibit not that series of large arches which produce so fine an effect in the perspective.

We alighted at the house of an Albanian, where we found pretty good lodgings. It was not yet six in the evening, and according to my usual custom, I took a stroll among the ruins. Megara, which yet retains its name, and the harbour of Nisæa, now denominated Dodeca Ecclesiais, the Twelve Churches,

though not celebrated in history, formerly contained some fine monuments. Greece, under the Roman emperors, must have nearly resembled Italy during the last century; it was a classic region, every city of which teemed with master-pieces. At Megara, were to be seen the twelve superior deities, by Praxiteles, a Jupiter Olympius, begun by Theocosmos and Phidias, and the tombs of Alcmene, Iphigenia, and Tereus. On the last of these, the figure of the hoopoe was seen for the first time, whence it was concluded that Tereus was metamorphosed into that bird, as his victims were transformed into the swallow and the nightingale. As I was making a poetical tour, I could do no other than firmly believe with Pausanias, that the adventures of the daughter of Pandion began and ended at Megara. I perceived, moreover, from Megara, the two summits of Parnassus, and this was sufficient to remind me of the lines of Virgil and La Fontaine;

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela, &c.

Night or Darkness, and Jupiter Conius* had temples at Megara, and it may be asserted, that those two deities still continue to reside there. You see here and there some fragments of walls; whether they are part of those which Apollo erected, in conjunction with Alcathous, I cannot tell. The god, while engaged in this work, laid his lyre upon a stone, which has ever since emitted an harmonious sound, when it is touched with a pebble. The abbé Fourmont collected thirty inscriptions at Megara; Pococke, Spon, Wheeler, and Chandler, found some others, which afford nothing of interest. I did not look for Euclid's school: I should have been much better pleased to discover the house of that pious female who interred Phocion's bones beneath her hearth. After a long excursion, I returned to my host, where I found that I had been sent for to visit a patient.

The Greeks, as well as the Turks, have a notion that all the Franks possess a knowledge of medicine and particular secrets. The simplicity with which they apply to a stranger for relief in their diseases, has something affecting, and reminds you of an-

* *The Dusty* from Κονια, dust. This is not absolutely certain; but I have on my side the French translator, who, indeed follows the Latin version, as the learned Larcher justly observes.

cient manners; it shows a generous confidence placed by man in man. The savages of America have the same practice. I conceive that, in this case, religion and humanity enjoin the traveller to comply with what is requested of him; a look of confidence and cheering words may sometimes restore life to the expiring, and fill a whole family with joy.

A Greek had come to fetch me to visit his daughter. I found the poor creature extended on a mat upon the floor, and buried under the rags with which she had been covered. She raised her arm with great reluctance and modesty, from beneath these wretched tatters, and dropped it lifeless upon the bed-clothes. She appeared to me to have a putrid fever; I directed the small pieces of money, with which the Albanian females of the lower classes adorn their hair, to be disengaged from her head; the weight of her tresses, and of the metal, concentrated the heat about the brain. I had with me some camphor, as a preventive against the plague; I divided it with the patient, to whom grapes had been given to eat:—a regimen of which I approved. Lastly, we prayed to Christos, and the Panagia (the Virgin Mary) and I promised a speedy cure. This, however, I was far from expecting; I have witnessed the death of so many, that I possess too much experience in that way.

At my departure, I found all the village assembled at the door. The women thronged round me, crying: *Crasi! crasi!* wine! wine!—They were anxious to show their gratitude, by forcing me to drink: this threw a rather ludicrous air over my character of physician. But what signifies that, if I have added at Megara another person to the number of my well-wishers in the various parts of the world through which I have wandered. It is the privilege of the traveller to leave many memorials behind him, and even sometimes to live longer in the hearts of strangers than in the bosoms of his friends.

I returned with painful feelings to the kan. The image of the expiring young woman haunted me all night; I recollected that Virgil, when visiting Greece, like me, was stopped at Megara by the disorder which terminated his life. I was myself tormented with fever; a number of my countrymen, far more unfortunate than myself,* had passed through Megara a few years before: and

* The garrison of Zante.

I became anxious to leave a place, to which something fatal seemed to me to be attached.

We did not, however, get away from our quarters till eleven in the forenoon of the next day, the 22d of August. Our Albanian host was desirous of regaling me before my departure, with one of those fowls without rump or tail, which Chandler considered as peculiar to Megara, and which were originally brought from Virginia, or perhaps from a small district of Germany. My landlord set a high value on these fowls, concerning which, he knew a thousand anecdotes. I informed him, by my interpreter, that I had travelled in the native country of these birds, a country situated at a very great distance beyond the sea, and that there were in this country, Greeks living in the recesses of the forests, among savages. It is a fact, that some Greeks, weary of their yoke, have settled in Florida, where the fruits of liberty have effaced the remembrance of their native land. "Those who had tasted of this sweet fruit were unable to relinquish it; but they resolved to remain among the Lotophagi, and forget their country."*

The Albanian understood not a word of what I said; and only replied by inviting me to eat his fowl and some *frutti di mare*. I should have preferred the fish, called *glaucus*, formerly caught on the coast near Megara. Anaxandrides, quoted by Athenæus, declares that Nereus was the first who contrived to eat the head of this excellent fish: Antiphanes insists that it should be boiled; and Amphis serves it up whole on a black shield to the seven chiefs, who affrighted heaven with horrid oaths."

The delay occasioned by the good-nature of my host, and still more by my weariness, prevented our reaching Athens the same day. Leaving Megara, I have said, at eleven in the forenoon, we first proceeded across the plain, and then ascended Mount Kerato Pyrgo, the Kerata of antiquity. Two detached rocks crown its summit; and on one of them are seen the ruins of a tower which gives name to the mountain. It is on the side of Kerato Pyrgo, towards Eleusis, that we must place the *palæstra* of Cercyon and the tomb of Alope. Not a vestige of them is left: we soon came to the Flowery Well at the bottom of a cultivated valley. I was almost as much fatigued as Ceres, when she

* Odyss.

sat down on the brink of this well, after seeking Proserpine in vain all over the world. We stopped a few moments in the valley and then pursued our route. As we advanced towards Eleusis, I did not perceive any of the variegated anemones, which Wheeler observed in the fields; but then, indeed, the season for them was over.

About five in the evening, we reached a plain encompassed with mountains on the north, west, and east. A long narrow arm of the sea washes this plain to the south and forms the cord to the arc of the mountains. The other side of this arm of the sea, is bordered by the shore of an elevated island, the eastern extremity of which approaches so near to one of the promontories of the continent, as to leave but a narrow channel between them. I resolved to halt at a village situated on a hill, which stands near the sea, and forms the western extremity of the circular range of mountains, mentioned above.

In the plain were to be seen the ruins of an aqueduct, and many fragments of buildings, scattered among the stubble, left from the recent harvest. We alighted at the foot of the hill and walked up to the nearest cottage, where we found a lodging.

While I was at the door, giving directions about something or other to Joseph, a Greek came up and saluted me in Italian. He immediately gave me his history: he was a native of Athens, and followed the employment of making pitch from the pines of the Geranian hills; he was a friend of M. Fauvel, and certainly I should see that gentleman. I was delighted at meeting with this man, hoping that I should obtain from him some information respecting the ruins and the places in the neighbourhood of that where I was. I well knew, indeed what these places were, but it struck me that an Athenian, and an acquaintance of M. Fauvel's could not fail to be an excellent cicerone. I therefore requested him to give me some account of the places before me, and to inform me what things were worth seeing. Laying his hand upon his breast, in the manner of the Turks, he made a low bow. "I have," replied he, "often heard M. Fauvel explain all that; but for my part, I am but an ignorant man, and don't even know whether it is all true or not. In the first place you see to the west, above the promontory, the top of a mountain perfectly yellow: that is the Telo Vouni (the Little Hymettus). The island

on the other side of that arm of the sea is Colouri; M. Fauvel calls it Salamis, and says that in the channel opposite to you, a famous battle was fought between the fleets of the Greeks and Persians. The Greeks were stationed in this channel; the Persians on the other side towards the Lion's Port (the Piræus.) The king of those Persians whose name I have forgotten, was seated on a throne placed at the point of that cape. As to the village where we are, M. Fauvel gives it the name of Eleusis; but we call it Lepsina. He says, that there was once a temple (the temple of Ceres) below this house: and if you will take the trouble to walk a few steps, you may see the spot where stood the mutilated idol of that temple (the statue of Ceres Eleusina;) but it has been taken away by the English."

The Greek returned to his work, and left me with my eyes fixed on a desert shore and a sea, where not a vessel was to be seen, but a fishing-boat moored to the rings of a ruined mole.

All the modern travellers have visited Eleusis; all the inscriptions there have been copied. The abbé Fourmont alone took about a score of them. We have a very learned dissertation on the temple of Eleusis, by M. de Sainte Croix, and a plan of it by M. Foucherot. Warburton, Sainte Croix, and the abbé Barthelemy have said all that is worth saying on the subject of the mysteries of Ceres. The mutilated statue carried away by two English travellers, is taken by Chandler for the statue of Proserpine, and by Spon for that of Ceres. According to Pococke, this colossal bust measures five feet and a half across the shoulders, and the basket which crowns it is more than two feet in height. Spon asserts, that this statue was in all probability the work of Praxiteles; but I know not what foundation he had for this opinion. Pausanias, out of respect for the mysteries, has not described the statue of Ceres, and Strabo is likewise silent on the subject. Pliny, to be sure informs us that Praxiteles executed a Ceres in marble, and two Proserpines in bronze: the first having been conveyed to Rome, cannot be the same that was seen a few years since at Eleusis; and the two Proserpines of bronze are out of the question. To judge from the print which we have of this statue, it might have represented merely a Canephora. If I recollect rightly, M. Fauvel observed to me that this statue, notwithstanding its reputation, was of very inferior workmanship.

I have, therefore, nothing to relate concerning Eleusis, after so many travellers, except that I strolled among its ruins, went down to its port, and paused to survey the streight of Salamis. The festivities and the glory of Eleusis are past; profound silence pervaded both the land and the sea; no aclamations, no songs, no pompous ceremonies on shore; no warlike shouts, no shock of galleys, no tumult of battle on the waves. My imagination was too confined, now to figure to itself the religious procession of Eleusis; now to cover the shore with the countless host of Persians watching the battle of Salamis. Eleusis is, in my opinion, the most venerable place in Greece, because the unity of God was there inculcated, and because it witnessed the grandest struggle ever made by men in defence of liberty.

Who would believe that Salamis is, at the present day, almost wholly effaced from the memory of the Greeks? The reader has seen how my Athenian expressed himself. "The island of Salamis," says M. Fauvel in his Memoirs, "has not retained its name; it is forgotten, together with that of Themistocles." Spon relates, that he lodged at Salamis with the papas Joannis, "a man," he adds, "less ignorant than any of his parishioners, since he knew that the island was formerly called Salamis; and this information he received from his father." This indifference of the Greeks, relative to their country is equally deplorable and disgraceful; they are not only ignorant of its history, but almost all of them are such utter strangers to the language which constitutes their glory, that we have seen an Englishman, impelled by a holy zeal, propose to settle at Athens, for the purpose of teaching the ancient Greek.

I could not think of returning till night drove me from the shore. The waves, raised by the evening breeze, broke against the beach and expired at my feet; I walked for some time along the shore of that sea which bathed the tomb of Themistocles: and in all probability I was at this moment the only person in Greece that called to mind this great man.

Joseph had purchased a sheep for our supper: he knew that we should reach the house of a French consul the next day. He cared not for Sparta, which he had seen, or Athens which he was going to see; but in his joy at being so near the end of his fatigues, he provided a treat for the whole family of our host.

Wife, children, husband, were all in motion; the janissary alone sat still amidst the general bustle, smoking his pipe, and enjoying his exemption from all this trouble, by which, however, he hoped to be a gainer. Since the suppression of the mysteries by Alaric, never had there been such a feast at Eleusis. We sat down to table, that is to say, we squatted upon the floor, around the repast: our hostess had baked some bread, which, though not very good, was soft and smoking from the oven. Fain would I have renewed the cry Χαῖρε, Δήμητερ, *Hail Ceres!* This bread, made from corn of the late harvest, proved the fallacy of a prediction recorded by Chandler. At the period of that traveller's visit, it was a current saying at Eleusis, that if ever the mutilated statue of the goddess were removed, the plain would cease to be fertile. Ceres is gone to England, and the fields of Eleusis are not the less favoured by that real Deity, who invites all mankind to the knowledge of his mysteries, who is not afraid of being dethroned, who paints the flowers with a thousand lovely hues, who tends the fruits from their first formation to maturity, and bestows, in due measure, sunshine and rain, and refreshing dews.

This good cheer, and the peace in which we partook of it, I enjoyed the more, as we were indebted for them, in some measure, to the protection of France. Thirty or forty years ago, the coasts of Greece in general, and the ports of Corinth, Megara, and Eleusis in particular, were infested by pirates. The good order established in our stations in the Levant, gradually suppressed this system of plunder; our frigates kept a vigilant look out; and under the French flag, the subjects of the Porte tasted the sweets of security. The recent revolutions in Europe occasioned for a short time other combinations of powers; but the corsairs have not again made their appearance. We drank therefore to the glory of those arms which protected our entertainment at Eleusis, with the same feelings as the Athenians must have expressed towards Alcibiades when he had conducted the procession of Iacchus in safety to the temple of Ceres.

At length arrived the great day of our entrance into Athens. On the 23d, at three in the morning, we were all on horseback, and proceeded in silence along the Sacred Way; and never did the most devout of the initiated experience transports equal to

mine. We had put on our best clothes for the solemn occasion; the janissary had turned his turban, and, as an extraordinary thing, the horses had been rubbed down and cleaned. We crossed the bed of a stream called Saranta-Potamo, or the Forty Rivers, probably the Eleusinian Cephisus; and saw some ruins of Christian churches, which stand on the site of the tomb of that Zarex whom Apollo himself instructed in the art of song. Other ruins indicated the monuments of Eumolpe and Hippothoon. We found the Rhiti, or currents of salt water, where, during the feasts of Eleusis, the populace insulted passengers in memory of the abuse with which an old woman had once loaded Ceres. Proceeding thence to the extreme point of the canal of Salamis, we entered the defile formed by Mount Parnes and Mount Ægaleon; this part of the Sacred Way was denominated the Mystic. We perceived the monastery of Daphne, erected on the ruins of the temple of Apollo, and the church of which is one of the most ancient in Attica. A little farther we observed some remains of a temple of Venus. The defile then began to widen; we made a circuit round Mount Pœcile placed in the middle of the road as if to hide the scenery beyond it, and the plain of Athens suddenly burst upon our view.

The travellers who visit the city of Cecrops, usually arrive by the Piræus, or by the way of Negropont. They then lose part of the sight, for nothing but the citadel can be perceived as you approach from the sea; and the Anchesmus intercepts the prospect as you come from Eubœa. My lucky star had conducted me the proper way for viewing Athens in all its glory.

The first thing that struck me was the citadel illumined by the rising sun. It was exactly opposite to me on the other side of the plain, and seemed to be supported by Mount Hymettus, which formed the back-ground of the picture. It exhibited, in a confused assemblage, the capitals of the Propylæa, the columns of the Parthenon, and of the temple of Erectheus, the embrasures of a wall planted with cannon, the Gothic ruins of the Christians, and the edifices of the Mussulmans.

Two small hills, the Anchesmus and the Museum, rose to the north and south of the Acropolis. Between these two hills, and at the foot of the Acropolis, appeared Athens itself. Its flat roofs interspersed with minarets, cypresses, ruins, detached columns,

and the domes of its mosques crowned with the large nests of storks, produced a pleasing effect in the sun's rays. But if Athens might yet be recognised by its ruins, it was obvious at the same time, from the general appearance of its architecture, and the character of its edifices, that the city of Minerva was no longer inhabited by her people.

A barrier of mountains, which terminates at the sea, forms the plain or basin of Athens. From the point whence I beheld this plain, at Mount Pœcile, it seemed to be divided into three strips or regions running in a parallel direction from north to south. The first and the nearest to me was uncultivated, and covered with heath; the second consisted of land in tillage, from which the crops had recently been carried; and the third exhibited a long wood of olives, extending somewhat in the form of a bow, from the sources of the Ilissus, by the foot of the Anchesmus towards the port of Phalereus. The Cephisus runs through this forest, which, from its venerable age, seems to be descended from that olive-tree which Minerva caused to spring from the earth. On the other side of Athens, between Mount Hymettus and the city, is the dry channel of the Ilissus. The plain is not perfectly level: a number of small hills, detached from Mount Hymettus, diversify its surface, and form the different eminences which Athens gradually crowned with its monuments.

It is not in the first moment of a strong emotion that you derive most enjoyment from your feelings. I proceeded towards Athens with a kind of pleasure which deprived me of the power of reflection; not that I experienced any thing like what I had felt at the sight of Lacedæmon. Sparta and Athens have, even in their ruins, retained their different characteristics; those of the former, are gloomy, grave, and solitary; those of the latter, pleasing, light, and social. At the sight of the land of Lycurgus, every idea becomes serious, manly, and profound; the soul, fraught with new energies, seems to be elevated and expanded: before the city of Solon, you are enchanted, as it were, by the magic of genius; you are filled with the idea of the perfection of man, considered as an intelligent and immortal being. The lofty sentiments of human nature assumed, at Athens, a degree of elegance which they had not at Sparta. Among the

Athenians, patriotism and the love of independence, were not a blind instinct, but an enlightened sentiment, springing from that love of the beautiful in general, with which heaven had so liberally endowed them. In a word, as I passed from the ruins of Lacedæmon to the ruins of Athens, I felt that I should have liked to die with Leonidas, and to live with Pericles.

We advanced towards that little town whose territory extended fifteen or twenty leagues, whose population was not equal to that of a suburb of Paris, and which, nevertheless, rivals the Roman empire in renown. With my eyes steadfastly fixed on its ruins, I applied to it the verses of Lucretius:

Primæ frugiferos fœtus mortalibus ægris
Dediderunt quondam præclaro nomine Athenæ;
Et recreaverunt vitam, legesque rogârunt;
Et primæ dediderunt solatia dulcia vitæ.

I know nothing more glorious to the Greeks than these words of Cicero:—"Recollect, Quintius, that you govern Greeks, who civilized all nations by teaching them mildness and humanity, and to whom Rome is indebted for all the knowledge she possesses."* When we consider what Rome was at the time of Pompey and Cæsar, what Cicero himself was, we shall find in these words a magnificent panegyric.*

We proceeded rapidly through the two first of the regions into which the plain of Athens appeared to be divided, the waste and the cultivated region. On this part of the road nothing is to be seen of the monument of the Rhodian, and the tomb of the courtezan; but you perceive the ruins of some churches. We entered the olive wood; and before we reached the Cephisus we met with two tombs and an altar to Jupiter the Indulgent. We soon distinguished the bed of the Cephisus, between the trunks of the olive-trees which bordered it like aged willows. I alighted to salute the river and to drink of its water; I found just as much as I wanted in a hollow, close to the bank; the rest had been turned off higher up, to irrigate the plantations of olives. I have always taken a pleasure in drinking at the celebrated rivers which I have passed in my life: thus I have drunk

* Pliny the younger writes in nearly the same terms to Maximus, proconsul of Achaia.

of the water of the Mississippi, the Thames, the Rhine, the Po, the Tiber, the Eurotas, the Cephisus, the Hermus, the Granicus, the Jordan, the Nila, the Tagus, and the Ebro. What numbers on the banks of those rivers might say with the Israelites: *Sedimus et flevimus!*

I perceived, at some distance on my left, the ruins of the bridge over the Cephisus, built by Xenocles of Lindus. I mounted my horse without looking for the sacred fig-tree, the altar of Zephyrus, or the pillar of Anthemocritus; for the modern road deviates in this part from the ancient Sacred Way. On leaving the olive-wood, we came to a garden surrounded with walls, which occupies nearly the site of the outer Ceramicus. We proceeded for about half an hour, through wheat stubbles, before we reached Athens. A modern wall, recently repaired, and resembling a garden wall, encompasses the city. We passed through the gate, and entered little rural streets, cool, and very clean: each house has its garden, planted with orange and fig-trees. The inhabitants appeared to me to be lively and inquisitive, and had not the dejected look of the people of the Morea. We were shown the house of the consul.

I could not have had a better recommendation than to M. Fauvel, for seeing Athens. He has resided for many years in the city of Minerva, and is much better acquainted with its minutest details than a Parisian is with Paris. Some excellent Memoirs by him, have been published; and to him we are indebted for most interesting discoveries relative to the site of Olympia, the plain of Marathon, the tomb of Themistocles at the Piræus, the temple of Venus in the gardens, &c. Invested with the appointment of consul at Athens, which merely serves him as a protection, he has been, and still is engaged as draughtsman upon the *Voyage pittoresque de la Grèce*. M. de Choiseul Gouffier, the author of that work, had favoured me with a letter for the artist, and I was furnished, by the minister,* with another for the consul.

It will certainly not be expected that I should here give a complete description of Athens: as to its history, from the Romans to the present time, that may be seen in the Introduction to this volume. In regard to the monuments of ancient Athens,

* M. de Taleyrand.

the translation of Pausanias, defective as it is, will completely satisfy the generality of readers; and the Travels of Anacharsis leaves scarcely any thing more to wish for. The ruins of this famous city have been so amply described in the letters in Crusius's collection, by father Babin, La Guilletière himself, notwithstanding his falsehoods, Pococke, Spon, Wheeler, Chandler, and particularly by M. Fauvel, that on this subject, I could only repeat what they have written. Is it plans, maps, views of Athens, and its monuments, that you want? These you will meet with every where: it is sufficient to mention the works of the marquis de Nointel, Leroi, Stuart, and Pars. M. de Choiseul, in finishing the work which has been interrupted by so many calamities, will furnish the public with a complete delineation of Athens. The manners and government of the Athenians have been treated of with equal ability by the authors whom I have just mentioned; and, as customs are not variable in the East, as in France, all that Chandler and Guys* have said concerning the modern Greeks, is still perfectly correct.

Without making any display of erudition at the expense of my predecessors, I shall, therefore, give an account of my excursions and my feelings at Athens, day by day, and hour by hour, according to the plan which I have hitherto pursued.

I alighted in M. Fauvel's court-yard, and was so fortunate as to find him at home. I immediately delivered my letters from M. de Choiseul and M. de Taleyrand. M. Fauvel was acquainted with my name; I could not say to him, *Son pittor anch'io*—but at least I was an amateur fraught with zeal, if not with talents. I was so anxious to study the antique and to make improvement. I had come so far to sketch some poor designs, that the master perceived in me a docile scholar.

A thousand questions first passed between us, concerning Paris and Athens, on which we mutually endeavoured to satisfy each other; but Paris was soon forgotten, and Athens engrossed all our attention. M. Fauvel, warmed in his love of the arts by a disciple, was as eager to show me the remains of Athens, as I was to see them; but yet he advised me to wait till the heat of the day was over.

* The latter, however, should be perused with caution, and the reader should beware of adopting his system.

In the house of my host, there was nothing that betrayed the consul: but the artist and antiquary were every where apparent. How delighted was I to have for my lodging at Athens, an apartment full of plaster casts taken from the Parthenon! The walls were hung round with views of the Temple of Theseus, plans of the Propylæa, maps of Attica, and the plain of Marathon. There were marbles on one table, and medals on another, with small heads and vases in *terra cotta*. A venerable dust was at my great regret swept away; a bed was made up for me in the midst of all these curiosities; and, like a conscript who joins the army on the eve of an engagement, I encamped, on the field of battle.

M. Fauvel's house has, like most of the houses at Athens, a court in front, and a small garden in the rear. I ran to all the windows to discover something or other in the streets; but all in vain. Between the roofs of some neighbouring houses might, however, be perceived, a small corner of the citadel; I remained fixed at the window which looked that way, like a school-boy, whose hour of recreation has not yet arrived. M. Fauvel's janissary had monopolized my janissary and Joseph, so that I had no occasion to concern myself about them.

At two I was summoned to dinner, consisting of ragouts of mutton and fowls, partly in the French, and partly in the Turkish fashion. The wine, which was red, and as strong as our Rhone wines, was of good quality; but to me it tasted so bitter, that I could not possibly drink it. In almost all parts of Greece, it is more or less customary to infuse the cones of the pine in the wine-vats; and this communicates to the liquor a bitter and aromatic taste, to which it is some time before you become habituated.* If this custom be, as I presume, of ancient origin, it will explain the reason why the cone of the pine was consecrated to Bacchus. Some honey from Mount Hymettus, was brought to table; but it had a strong taste, which I disliked, and, in my opinion, the honey of Chamouni is far preferable. I have since eaten a still more agreeable honey, at Kircagah, near Pergamus, in Anatolia; it is white as the cotton from which the bees collect it, and has the firmness an consistency of paste of marsh-mallows. My host laughed at the faces that I made, as he had expected, at

* Other travellers ascribe this taste to the pitch that is mixed with the wine; this may be partly correct; but the cone of the pine is likewise infused in it.

the wine and honey of Attica; but, as some compensation for the disappointment, he desired me to take notice of the dress of the female who waited on us. It was the very drapery of the ancient Greeks, especially in the horizontal and undulating folds that were formed below the bosom, and joined the perpendicular folds which marked the skirt of the tunic. The coarse stuff of which this woman's dress was composed, heightened the resemblance: for, to judge from sculpture, the stuffs of the ancients were much thicker than ours. It would be impossible to form the large sweeps observable in antique draperies, with the muslins and silks of modern female attire: the gauze of Cos, and the other stuffs which the satirists denominated woven wind, were never imitated by the chissel.

While we were at dinner, we received the compliments of what in the Levant is called the nation. This nation is composed of the merchants, natives, or dependents of France, residing at the different ports. At Athens there are but two or three houses of this kind, engaged in the oil trade. M. Roque honoured me with a visit: he had a family, and invited me to go and see him, with M. Fauvel. He then began to talk of the news of Athens. "A foreigner, who had been for some time resident there, had conceived or excited a passion, which was the topic of the whole town.——There was strange talk near the house of Socrates, and scandal in circulation by the gardens of Phocion. ——As the archbishop of Athens had not yet returned from Constantinople, it was not known whether justice would be obtained against the pacha of Negropont, who threatened to lay Athens under contribution. To prevent a surprise, the wall had been repaired. However, there was every thing to be hoped from the chief of the black eunuchs, the proprietor of Athens, who certainly had more influence with his highness than the pacha."——O Solon! O Themistocles! The chief of the black eunuchs, proprietor of Athens! and all the other towns of Greece, envying the Athenians this signal good fortune!—"For the rest, M. Fauvel had done very right to dismiss the Italian monk who resided in the Lantern of Demosthenes, (one of the handsomest buildings in Athens) and to supply his place with a French capuchin, a man of polite manners, affable, intelligent, and behaved with great civility to strangers, who according to custom, sought

hospitality at the French convent."——Such were the topics of conversation at Athens; whence it appears that the world goes there much the same as in other places, and that a traveller, whose imagination is warmed and exalted, must be somewhat confounded to find in the street of the Tripods, the gossip of his native village.

Two English travellers had left Athens just before my arrival: A Russian painter, who lived extremely retired, still remained there. Athens is much frequented by the lovers of antiquity, because it is on the way to Constantinople, for which city a passage may easily be procured by sea.

About four in the afternoon, the heat beginning to abate, M. Fauvel ordered his janissary and mine to attend us, and we went out preceded by our guards. My heart palpitated with joy, and I was ashamed of being so young. My guide pointed out the relics af an antique temple, almost at his own door; then turning to the right, we proceeded along small but very populous streets. We passed through the bazar, abundantly supplied with butcher's meat, game, vegetables, and fruit. Every body saluted M. Fauvel, and inquired who I was; but not one was able to pronounce my name. We find the same inquisitive disposition as in ancient Athens: "All the Athenians," says St. Luke, "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."* As to the Turks, they exclaimed: *Fransouse! Effendi!* and continued to smoke their pipes, their favourite amusement. The Greeks, on seeing us pass, raised their arms above their heads, and cried: *Kalos ilthete Archondes! Bate kala eis palœo Athinan!* "Welcome, gentlemen! A good journey to the ruins of Athens!" and they looked as proud as if they had said to us: you are going to Phidias or to Ictinus. I had not eyes enough to embrace the objects that struck my view, and fancied that I discovered antiquities at every step. M. Fauvel now and then pointed out to me pieces of sculpture which served the purpose of posts, walls, and pavements: he told me the dimensions of these fragments in feet, inches, and lines; to what kind of structures they belonged; what presumptions concerning them were authorized by Pausanias; what opinions were entertained on the subject by the abbé Barthelemi, Spon, Wheeler, and Chandler; and in what respects

* Acts xvii. 21.

these opinions appeared to be well or ill founded. We paused at every step; the janissaries, and a number of children who went before us, stopped wherever they saw a moulding, a cornice, or a capital, and consulted the looks of M. Fauvel, to know whether they did right. When the consul shook his head, they shook their heads too, and placed themselves a few steps farther on, before some other fragment. In this manner we were conducted beyond the centre of the modern town, and arrived at the west side, which M. Fauvel wished me to visit first, that we might proceed regularly in our researches.

On passing the middle of modern Athens, and proceeding directly west, the houses begin to be more detached, and then appear large vacant spaces, some enclosed within the walls of the city, and others lying without the walls. In these forsaken spaces we find the Temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, and the Areopagus. I shall not describe the first, of which there are already so many descriptions, and which bears a great resemblance to the Parthenon; but comprehend it in the general reflections which I shall presently make on the subject of the architecture of the Greeks. This temple is in better preservation than any other edifice in Athens: after having long been a church dedicated to St. George, it is now used for a storehouse.

The Areopagus was situated on an eminence to the west of the citadel. You can scarcely conceive how it was possible to erect a structure of any magnitude on the rock, where its ruins are to be seen. A little valley, called in ancient Athens, *Cœle*, the hollow, separates the hill of the Areopagus from the hill of the Pnyx and that of the citadel. In the Cœle were shown the tombs of the two Cymons, of Thucydides, and Herodotus. The Pnyx, where the Athenians first held their popular assemblies, is a kind of esplanade, formed on a steep rock, at the back of the Lycabettus. A wall composed of enormous stones supports this esplanade on the north side; on the south stands a rostrum, hewn out of the solid rock, with an ascent of four steps, likewise cut out of the rock. I take notice of these circumstances, because ancient travellers were not accurately acquainted with the form of the Pnyx. Lord Elgin, a few years since, caused this hill to be cleared of the rubbish; and to him we are indebted for the discovery of the steps. As you are not yet quite at the top of

the rock, you cannot perceive the sea without ascending above the rostrum. The people were thus deprived of the view of the Piræus, that factious orators might not lead them so easily into rash enterprizes, as if they had before their eyes the spectacle of their power and of their fleets.* The Athenians were ranged on the esplanade, between the circular wall which I have mentioned, on the north, and the rostrum on the south.

In this rostrum then it was that Pericles, Alcibiades, and Demosthenes, delivered their orations; that Socrates and Phocion harangued the people in the most mellifluous and the most expressive language in the world. It was here that so many unjust acts were committed; that so many iniquitous and cruel decrees were pronounced. This was, perhaps, the spot where Aristides was exiled, where Melitus triumphed, where the entire population of a city was sentenced to die, where a whole nation was doomed to slavery. But it was here too that illustrious citizens raised their generous voices against the tyrants of their country; that justice triumphed; that truth was heard. "There exists a people," said the deputies of Corinth to the Spartans, "quick to conceive, prompt to execute. Their hardihood exceeds their power. In the dangers into which they often rush without reflection, they are never forsaken by hope: naturally restless, they seek to aggrandize themselves abroad: when conquerors, they advance and follow up their victory; when conquered, they are not disheartened. With the Athenians, life does not appear to be the property of individuals; such is the cheerfulness with which they sacrifice it for their country! They think themselves deprived of a lawful right whenever they fail to obtain the object of their wishes. When frustrated in one plan, they supply its place with a new hope. Their projects are scarcely formed before they are executed. Incessantly engaged with the future, they bestow no care on the present; but strangers themselves to repose, they cannot endure it in others."†

But what has become of this people? Where shall I look for it—I who translated this passage amid the ruins of Athens,

* History varies in regard to this fact. According to one statement, it was the tyrants who obliged the orators to turn their backs to the Pyræus.

† Thucyd. lib. I.

while my eyes beheld the minarets of Mussulmans, and my ears rung with the accents of Christians? It was to Jerusalem that I went to seek the answer to this question; and I was acquainted before-hand with the words of the oracle;—"*Dominus mortificat et vivificat; deducit ad inferos et reducit.*"

Having sufficient time left before it would be dark, we proceeded from the Pnyx to the hill of the Museum. This hill, as every body knows, is crowned by the monument of Philopappus a monument in a bad taste: but in this instance, it is the person and not the tomb that deserves the attention of the traveller. This obscure Philopappus, whose sepulchre is seen at such a distance, lived during Trajan's reign. Pausanias, who deigns not to record his name, calls him a Syrian; but it appears from the inscription on his statue that he was a native of Besa, a village of Attica. This man, then, whose name was Antiochus Philopappus, was the rightful heir to the crown of Syria. Pompey had transported the descendants of king Antiochus to Athens, where they had become private citizens. I know not if the Athenians, on whom Antiochus profusely lavished his favours, sympathized in the misfortunes of his dethroned family; but it appears that this Philopappus was at least consul-elect. Fortune, by making him a citizen of Athens and consul of Rome, at a period when these titles were equivalent to nothing, seemed inclined to play new freaks with this disinherited monarch, to compensate him for one shadow with another, and to show in one and the same individual, that she laughs alike at the majesty of people and at the majesty of kings.

The monument of Philopappus served us as a kind of observatory to contemplate other vanities. M. Fauvel showed me the various places where the walls of the ancient city had stood; he pointed out the ruins of the theatre of Bacchus, at the foot of the citadel, the dry Channel of the Ilisus, the sea without ships, and the deserted ports of Phalereus, Munychia, and Piræus.

We then returned into Athens: it was dark, and the consul sent to apprize the governor of the citadel that we should pay it a visit the next morning before sun-rise. I wished my host a good night, and retired to my appartment. Oppressed with fatigue, I had been for some time fast asleep, when I was suddenly waked by the tambourine, and the Turkish bag-pipe, whose

discordant tones proceeded from the top of the Propylæa. At the same time a Turkish priest began to sing the hour in Arabic to the Christians of the city of Minerva. I cannot describe what I felt; this iman had no occasion to mark so precisely the flight of time; his voice alone, on this spot, announced but too clearly the lapse of ages.

This fickleness of human things is the more striking as it forms a contrast with the stability of the rest of nature. As if to mock the revolutions of human societies, the very animals are liable to no convulsions in their empires, to no alterations in their manners. When we were on the hill of the Museum, I observed a number of storks forming in battalion, and speeding their flight towards Africa. Thus for two thousand years they have performed the same journey; they have remained independent and happy in the city of Solon, as well as in the town of the chief of the black eunuchs. From their lofty nests, which no revolutions can reach, they have beheld a total change in the race of mortals beneath them: while impious generations have sprung upon the tombs of religious generations, the young stork has never ceased to feed his aged parent.* If I pause to indulge in these reflections, it is because the stork is a favourite with travellers; like them it knoweth the seasons in the heavens.† These birds were often my companions in my excursions in the wilds of America, where I frequently saw them perched on the wigwam of the savage. On meeting with them again in another species of desert, on the ruins of the Parthenon, I could not forbear devoting a few words to my old friends.

The next morning at half past four, we went up to the citadel: the top of the hill is surrounded with walls partly of ancient and partly of modern construction; other walls formerly encompassed its base. In the space comprised within these walls are, in the first place, the relics of the Propylæa, and the ruins of the temple of Victory.‡ Behind the Propylæa, on the left, towards the city, you next find the Pandroseum, and the double temple of Neptune Erectheus and Minerva Polias; lastly, on the most elevated point of the Acropolis stands the temple of Minerva. The rest of the space is covered with the rubbish of ancient and

* So we were told by Solinus. † Jeremiah.

‡ The temple of Victory formed the right wing of the Propylæa.

modern buildings, and with the tents, arms, and barracks of the Turks.

The summit of the rock of the citadel is about eight hundred feet long, and four hundred broad; its figure is nearly an oval, with the narrowest end next to Mount Hymettus, you would say that it was a pedestal formed expressly for the purpose of supporting the magnificent structures by which it was crowned. I shall not enter into a particular description of each of these structures, but refer the reader to the works which I have so frequently mentioned: and without repeating here what every one may find elsewhere, I shall content myself with making a few general reflections.

The first thing that strikes you in the edifices of Athens is the beautiful colour of those monuments. In our climate, in an atmosphere overcharged with smoke and rain, stone of the purest white soon turns black, or of a greenish hue. The serene sky and the brilliant sun of Greece merely communicate to the marble of Paros and Pentelicus, a golden teint resembling that of ripe corn or the autumnal foliage.

The correctness, the simplicity, and the harmony of the proportions next demand your admiration. You here see neither order upon order, column upon column, nor dome upon dome. The temple of Minerva, for example, is a simple oblong parallelogram, adorned with a vestibule, a *pronaos* or portico, and raised upon three steps, which run all round. This pronaos occupied near one third of the total length of the edifice. The interior of the temple was divided into two distinct naves, which were separated by a wall, and which received all their light from the door. In one was seen the statue of Minerva, the work of Phidias: and in the other was kept the treasure of the Athenians. The columns of the vestibule and portico rested immediately upon the steps of the temple; they were without bases, fluted, and of the Doric order: they were forty-two feet in height, and seventeen and a half in diameter at the bottom; the intercolumination was seven feet four inches; and the whole structure was two hundred and eighteen feet in length, and ninety-eight and a half in breadth. The frieze of the vestibule was decorated with triglyphs of the Doric order: metopes, or small tablets of marble, intervened between the triglyphs. On these metopes,

Phidias or his pupils had sculptured the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. The top of the wall of the temple, or the frieze of the Cella, was decorated with another basso relievo, probably representing the festival of the Panathenæa. Pieces of excellent sculpture, but of the time of Adrian, the period of the renovation of the art, adorned the two pediments of the temple.* Votive offerings, and likewise the shields taken from the enemy in the Persian war, were suspended on the outside of the edifice. The circular marks left by the latter are still to be seen in the architrave of the pediment facing Mount Hymettus. This circumstance leads M. Fauvel to presume that the entrance was on that side, contrary to the general opinion which places it at the opposite end.† Between these shields were placed inscriptions, probably in letters of brass, if we may judge from the marks of the nails by which they were affixed. M. Fauvel conceived that these nails might perhaps have served to fasten up garlands, but he coincided in my opinion, when I pointed out to him the regular disposition of the holes. Similar marks have sufficed for restoring and reading the inscription of the square edifice at Nismes; and I am convinced that if the Turks would give permission, the inscriptions of the Parthenon might in like manner be decyphered.

Such was the temple, justly considered as the master-piece of architecture, both ancient and modern. The harmony and the strength of all its parts are still conspicuous in its ruins; for we should form a very erroneous idea of it, were we to represent it to ourselves as merely a handsome but small structure, loaded with chasing and festoons, in our manner. There is always something puny in our architecture when we aim at elegance,

* I cannot persuade myself that Phidias left the two pediments of the temple completely naked, whilst he bestowed so much pains on the decoration of the friezes. If the emperor Adrian, and his wife Sabina, were represented in one of the pediments, they might have been introduced there instead of two other figures, or perhaps the heads of the persons had merely been changed, which was often done. In this case, it would have been no unworthy flattery on the part of the Athenians; Adrian deserved that honour, as the benefactor of Athens, and the restorer of the arts.

† The idea is ingenious, but the proof is none of the strongest. Exclusively of a thousand reasons which might have induced the Athenians to suspend the shields on the side next to Hymettus, they might have wished not to spoil the admirable facade of the temple, by overloading it with foreign ornaments.

or heavy when we aspire to majesty. See how every thing is contrived at the Parthenon! The order is the Doric, and the comparative shortness of the column, in that order, immediately conveys the idea of duration and solidity; but this column which, moreover, is without base, would have been too heavy; Ictinus has recourse to his art, he makes the column fluted, and raises it upon steps, by which means he combines almost the lightness of the Corinthian with the gravity of the Doric. The only decorations are two pediments and two sculptured friezes. The frieze of the vestibule is composed of small marble tablets, regularly divided by a triglyph: in fact each of these tablets is a master-piece. The frieze of the Cella runs like a fillet along the top of a solid and level wall. This is all, absolutely all. How widely different is this wise economy of ornaments, this happy mixture of simplicity, strength, and elegance, from our profusion of ornaments, square, oblong, circular, and lozenge-shaped: from our slender columns, mounted upon enormous bases, or our mean porches, which we call porticoes, crushed beneath the superincumbent weight.

It cannot be dissembled, that architecture, considered as an art, is in its principle eminently religious: it was invented for the worship of the Deity. The Greeks, who had a multitude of gods, were led to different kinds of edifices, according to the ideas which they entertained of the different powers of those gods. Vitruvius has even devoted two chapters to this beautiful subject, and teaches how temples and altars to Minerva, Hercules, Ceres, &c. ought to be constructed. We, who adore but one single Author of Nature, we too, have, properly speaking, but one single natural style of architecture, the Gothic architecture. It must be obvious, at first sight, that this style is peculiarly our own, that it originated and sprung up, in a manner with our altars. In the Grecian style we are but imitators, more or less ingenious;* imitators of a work, whose principle we pervert, by introducing into the habitations of men those ornaments which were applicable to the temples of the gods alone.

Next to their general harmony, their accordance with places

* Under the French kings of the house of Valois a charming mixture of the Grecian and Gothic architecture was introduced, but this taste was of momentary duration.

and sites, their adaptation to the purposes for which they were designed, what must be admired in the edifices of Greece, is the high finish of all the parts. In them, the object which is not intended to be seen, is wrought with as much care as the exterior compositions. The junctures of the blocks which form the columns of the temple of Minerva are so perfect as to require the greatest attention to discover them, and to leave a mark no thicker than the finest thread. In order to attain this extraordinary perfection, the marble was first reduced to its proper shape with the chissel, after which, the two pieces were rubbed one upon the other, and sand and water thrown upon the centre of friction. The courses, by means of this process, were placed with incredible precision, and this precision in the shafts of the columns, was determined by a square pivot of olive wood. I have seen one of these pivots in the possession of M. Fauvel.

The roses, the plinths, the mouldings, the astragals, all the details of the edifice exhibit the same perfection. The lines of the capital, and the fluting of the columns of the Parthenon, are so sharp, that you would be tempted to suppose that the entire column had passed through a lathe. No turner's work in ivory can be more delicate than the Ionic ornaments of the temple of Erectheus: and the cariatides of the Pandroseum are perfect models. If, after viewing the edifices of Rome, those of France appeared coarse to me, the structures of Rome now seem barbarous in their turn, since I have seen the monuments of Greece: not even excepting the Pantheon, with its disproportionate pediment. The comparison may be easily made at Athens, where the Grecian architecture is often placed quite close to the architecture of Rome.

I had fallen into a common error respecting the monuments of the Greeks: I had an idea that they were perfect as a whole, but deficient in grandeur: I have shown that the genius of the architects has given in proportional grandeur to these monuments, what they may want in size; and Athens moreover is full of prodigious works. The Athenians, a people neither rich nor numerous, raised gigantic piles: the stones of the Pnyx are absolute masses of rock; the Propylæa were an immense undertaking, and marble slabs with which they were covered, surpassed in dimensions any thing that was ever seen of the kind; the

height of the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, perhaps exceeds sixty feet, and the whole temple was half a mile in circumference; the walls of Athens, including those of the three harbours, extended over a space of near nine leagues;* the walls which connected the city with the Piræus, were so broad, that two chariots might run abreast upon them, and were flanked with square towers at intervals of fifty paces. The Romans themselves never erected fortifications of greater magnitude.

By what fatality do these master pieces of antiquity, which the moderns come so far and with such fatigue to admire, partly owe their destruction to the moderns?† The Parthenon existed entire in 1687: the Christians first converted it into a church; and the Turks, from jealousy of the Christians, changed it, in their turn, into a mosque. Amidst the illumination of science that pervaded the seventeenth century, the Venetians came and cannonaded the monuments of the age of Pericles: they fired red hot balls on the Propylæa and the temple of Minerva; a ball fell upon the latter, penetrated the roof, set fire to some barrels of gunpowder, and blew up part of an edifice which did less honour to the false gods of Greece than to human genius.‡ The town being taken, Morosina, with a view to embelish Venice with the spoils of Athens, attempted to remove the statues from the pediment of the Parthenon, and broke them to pieces. Another modern came, out of love to the arts, to accomplish the work of destruction which the Venetians had begun.§

*Two hundred stadia, according to Dio Chrysostom.

† Every body knows how the Coliseum at Rome was destroyed, and also the latin pun on the subject of Barberini and Barbarians. Some historians suspect the knights of Rhodes of having demolished the celebrated tomb of Mausolus: it was to be sure, for the defense of Rhodes, and to fortify the island against the Turks; but if this be an excuse for the knights, the destruction of that wonder of the world is not the less unfortunate for us.

‡ The invention of fire arms is a fatal circumstance for the arts. Had the barbarians been acquainted with gunpowder, not a Grecian or Roman edifice would have been left standing; they would have blown up the very Pyramids, had it been only to seek for hidden treasures. One year of war among us destroys more buildings than an age of fighting did among the ancients. Thus it would seem, that among the moderns, every thing opposes the perfection of the art; their climate, their manners, their customs, their dress, and even their very discoveries.

§ They mounted their battery, composed of six pieces of cannon and four mortars, on the Pnyx. It is scarcely conceivable how it happened that at so short a

In this work I have had occasion to make frequent mention of the name of lord Elgin. To him we are indebted, as I have observed, for a perfect knowledge of the Pnyx, and the tomb of Agamemnon; he still keeps an Italian in Greece, who is engaged in prosecuting his researches, and who, when I was at Athens, had just discovered some antiques which I did not see.* But lord Elgin has counterbalanced the merit of his laudable efforts, by ravaging the Parthenon. He was desirous of removing the basso relievos of the frieze: the Turkish workmen employed in the execution of this design, first broke the architrave, and threw down the capitals; and then, instead of taking out the metopes by the groves, the barbarians thought it the shortest way to break the cornice. The temple Erecthesus has been robbed of the corner column, so that it is now found necessary to support with a pile of stones, the whole entablature, which is nodding to its fall.

The English, who have been at Athens since the visit of lord Elgin, have themselves deplored these fatal effects of an inconsiderate love of the arts. We are told that lord Elgin has asserted, in excuse of himself, that he had merely followed our example. The French, it is true, have stripped Italy of its statues and pictures; but they have mutilated no temples for the sake of the basso relievos: they have only imitated the Romans, who plundered Greece of her master pieces of painting and sculpture. The monuments of Athens, torn from places to which they were adapted, will not only lose part of their relative beauty, but their intrinsic beauty will be materially diminished. It is nothing but the light that sets off the delicacy of certain lines and certain colours: consequently, as this light is not to be found beneath an English sky, these lines and these colours will disappear or become invisible. For the rest, I will acknowledge that

distance, they could avoid destroying all the edifices of the citadel. See Fanelli's *Atene Attica*, and the Introduction to this work.

* They were discovered in a sepulchre; I believe that of a child. Among other curiosities found on this occasion, was an unknown game, the principal piece of which, if I remember rightly, was a ball of polished steel. I rather think there is some allusion to this game in Athenæus. The war between France and England prevented M. Fauvel from applying in my behalf to lord Elgin's agent, so that I had not an opportunity of seeing the antique toys which consoled an Athenian boy in his tomb.

the interest of France, the glory of our country, and a thousand other reasons might call for the removal of the monuments conquered by our arms; but the fine arts themselves, as belonging to the side of the vanquished and the number of the captives, have perhaps a just right to deplore their transplantation.

We passed the whole morning in the examination of the citadel. The Turks had formerly stuck the minaret of a mosque to the portico of the Parthenon. We ascended by the half-destroyed staircase of this minaret; we seated ourselves on a broken part of the frieze of the temple, and looked around us. We had mount Hymettus on the east; the Pantelicus on the north; the Parnes on the north-west; the mounts Icarus, Cordyalus, or Ægalæa on the west, and beyond the former was perceived the summit of the Cithæron; and to the south-west and south appeared the sea, the Piræus, the coasts of Salamis, Ægina, Epidaurus, and the citadel of Corinth.

Below us, in the hollow, whose circumference I have just described, were seen the hills and most of the monuments of Athens; to the south-west the hill of the Museum with the tomb of Philopappus; to the west the rocks of the Areopagus, the Pnyx, and the Lycabettus; to the north the little mount Achesmus, and to the east the hills which overlook the Stadium. At the very foot of the citadel lay the ruins of the theatre of Bacchus and of Herodes Atticus. To the left of these ruins stood the huge detached columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius; and still farther off, looking towards the north-west, we perceived the site of the Lyceum, the course of the Ilissus, the Stadium and a temple of Diana or Ceres. In the west and north-west quarter, towards the large wood of olive trees, M. Fauvel pointed out the site of the outer Ceramicus, the Academy, and its road bordered with tombs. Lastly, in the valley formed by the Anchesmus and the citadel was seen the modern town.

You must now figure to yourself all this space, partly waste and covered with a yellow heath; partly interspersed with olive groves, fields of barley, and vineyards. Your imagination must represent shafts of columns and heaps of ancient and modern ruins, scattered among these cultivated lands; and whitened walls and the enclosures of gardens intersecting them. You must scatter over this space, Albanian women fetching water, or washing

the garments of the Turks at the wells; peasants going and coming, driving asses, or carrying provisions on their backs to the city. You must conceive all these mountains which have such fine names, all these celebrated ruins, all these islands, all these seas not less famous, illumined by a brilliant light. From the summit of the Acropolis, I beheld the sun rise between the two peaks of mount Hymettus; the crows which build their nests around the citadel, but never soar to its summit, hovered below us; their black and polished wings were tinged with roseate hues by the first radiant beams of Aurora; columns of light, blue smoke ascended in the shade, along the sides of the Hymettus and marked the gardens where the bees are kept; Athens, the Acropolis and the ruins of the Parthenon were coloured with the most beautiful tints of peach-blossom; the sculptures of Phidias struck horizontally by a ray of gold, started into life and seemed to move upon the marble from the mobility of the shadows of the relief: in the distance, the sea, and the Piræus, were perfectly white with the light; and the citadel of Corinth reflecting the brilliancy of the rising day, glowed on the southern horizon like a rock of purple and fire.

From the spot where we were placed, we might, in the prosperous times of Athens, have seen her fleets standing out of the Piræus to engage the enemy, or to repair to the feasts of Delos; we might have heard the griefs of Œdipe, Philoctetus, and Hecuba burst from the theatre of Bacchus; we might have listened to the applauses of the citizens and the orations of Demosthenes. But alas! no sound met our ears, save a few shouts from an enslaved populace, issuing at intervals from those walls which so long re-echoed the voice of a free people. To console myself, I said what we are obliged to be continually repeating: Every thing passes away, every thing must have an end in this world. Whither are fled those divine geniuses, who reared the temple on whose ruins I was seated? This sun which, perhaps, beamed on the last moment of the poor girl of Megara, had witnessed the death of the brilliant Aspasia. This picture of Attica, this spectacle which I contemplated, had been surveyed by eyes that have been closed above two thousand years. I too shall soon be no more, and other mortals, transitory as myself, will make the same reflections on the same ruins. Our lives and our

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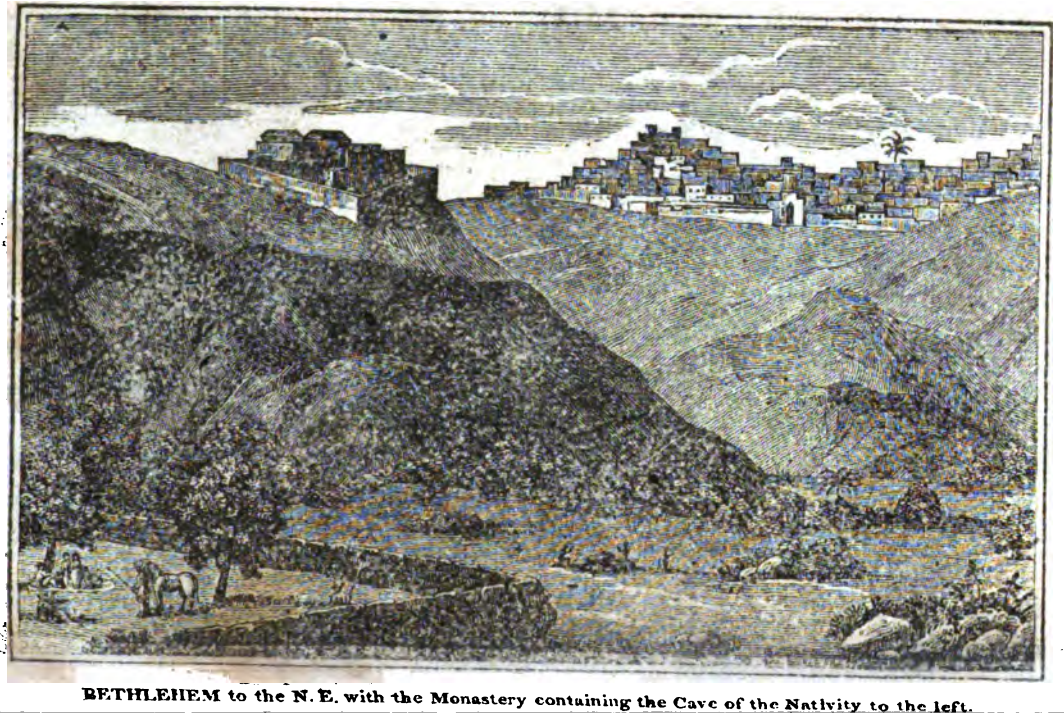

BETHLEHEM to the N. E. with the Monastery containing the Cave of the Nativity to the left.

hearts are in the hands of God; let him then do with both what he pleases.

On descending from the citadel I picked up a piece of marble belonging to the Parthenon: I had also preserved a fragment of the tomb of Agamemnon; and I have since made a practice of taking something away with me from the monuments I have visited. They are not such splendid memorials of my peregrinations as those collected by M. de Choiseul and lord Elgin; but I am satisfied with them. I preserve them with as much care as the little marks of friendship which I have received from my hosts, among others, a bone box given me by father Munoz at Jaffa. When I survey these trifles, they immediately remind me of my pilgrimages and adventures.

Ulysses returned home with large chests full of the rich presents made him by the Phæacians; I returned to my home with a dozen stones picked up at Sparta, Athens, Argos, and Corinth; three or four small heads in *terra cotta* given me by M Fauvel, some chaplets, a bottle of the water of the Jordan, another from the Dead Sea, a few reeds from the Nile, a piece of marble from Carthage, and a plaster moulding from the Alhambra. I have spent fifty thousand francs on my tour, and left behind me my linen and my arms as presents. Had it lasted a little longer I should have returned on foot with a white staff in my hand. Unfortunately I should not have found, on reaching my native land, a kind brother to say to me, like the old man in the *Arabian Nights*: "Here, brother; are a thousand sequins for you, buy camels and give up travelling."

On returning from the citadel we went to dinner, and in the evening walked to the Stadium, on the other side of the Ilissus. This Stadium has perfectly retained its form; but the marble seats with which it was adorned by Herodes Atticus are no longer to be seen. As to the Ilissus, its channel is dry. On this occasion Chandler, overstepping the bounds of his usual moderation, exclaims against the poets, who give the Ilissus a limpid current and border its stream with tufted willows. It is obvious, through his spleen, that he has a great desire to attack a drawing of Leroi's, which represents a view of the Ilissus. I am like Dr. Chandler: I detest descriptions that are deficient in truth, and when a river is without water, I like to be told so. It will be

seen that I have not embellished the banks of the Jordan, nor transformed that stream into a great river. Here, however, I had abundant opportunity for exaggeration. All travellers, and Scripture itself would have justified the most pompous descriptions. But Chandler has carried his censure rather too far. The following curious fact I state on the authority of M. Fauvel: if you dig ever so little in the bed of the Ilissus, you are sure to find water at a very small depth below the surface; and this is so well known to the Albanian women that they make a hole in the bottom of the ravine, when they are going to wash linen, and immediately meet with water. It is, therefore, highly probable, that the channel of the Ilissus has been gradually choked with stones and gravel washed down from the hills, and that the water at present runs between two beds of sand. This is quite sufficient to justify those poor poets who experience the fate of Cassandra: in vain they sing the truth, they are not believed; if they were content to say it, they would perhaps, be more fortunate. In this case they are, moreover, supported by history, which assigns water to the Ilissus; and why should this Ilissus have a bridge, if it never had water, even in winter? America has rather spoiled me in regard to rivers; but I could not forbear to vindicate the honour of that Ilissus which gave a surname to the Muses,* and on whose banks Boreas carried off Orithya.

On our return from the Ilissus, M. Fauvel led me over waste grounds, where the site of the Lyceum must be sought. We next came to the large detached columns, standing in that quarter of the city which was denominated New Athens, or the Athens of the emperor Adrian. Spon asserts, that these pillars are the remains of the portico of the One Hundred and Twenty Columns; and Chandler presumes that they belonged to the temple of Jupiter Olympus. They are metioned by Lechevalier and other travellers. Good representations of them are given in the different views of Athens, and especially in the work of Stuart, who has restored the entire edifice after its ruins. On a portion of the architrave, which still connects two of these columns, is seen a mean building, formerly the habitation of a hermit. It is impossible to conceive how this hut could have

* Ilisiades: they had an altar on the banks of the Ilissus.

been built on the capitals of these prodigious columns, which are perhaps upwards of sixty feet in height. Thus this vast temple, at which the Athenians worked for seven hundred years; which all the kings of Asia coveted the honour of finishing; which Adrian, the master of the world, had alone the glory to complete; this temple has been laid low by the attacks of time, and the cell of an anchorite still continues standing upon its ruins! A miserable hovel of plaster is supported in the air by two columns of marble, as if Fortune had determined to exhibit to mankind, on this magnificent pedestal, a monument both of her triumphs and her caprices.

These columns, though much more lofty than those of the Parthenon, are far inferior to them in beauty; the degeneracy of the art is observable in them; but as they stand insulated and scattered over a naked space, they produce a surprising effect. I stopped at their bases to listen to the wind whistling about their summits: they resemble those solitary palm-trees which are here and there to be seen among the ruins of Alexandria. When the Turks are threatened with calamities of any kind, they bring a lamb to this place, and force it to bleat while they hold up its head towards the sky. Unable to find the voice of innocence among men, they have recourse to the young of the harmless sheep to avert the wrath of heaven.

We returned to Athens through the gate, over which is seen the well-known inscription:

THIS IS THE CITY OF ADRIAN,
AND NOT THE CITY OF THESEUS.

We returned the visit which had been paid me by M. Roque, and spent the evening at his house, where I met several ladies. Such readers as wish for information respecting the dress, manners, and customs of the Turkish, Greek, and Albanian women at Athens, may consult the twenty-sixth chapter of Chandler's Travels in Greece. I would have transcribed that whole passage, had it not been too long. I shall merely observe, that the women of Athens appeared to me smaller and less handsome than those of the Morea. Their practice of painting the orbit of the eyes blue, and staining the tips of the fingers red, is disagreeable to a stranger; but as I have seen women with pearls

suspended to the nose, as the Iroquois think this custom exceedingly genteel, and I was myself inclined to be partial to it, I must not find fault with tastes. For the rest, the women of Athens were never celebrated for beauty. They were reproached with a fondness for wine. As a proof that their charms were not the most powerful, all the celebrated men of Athens were attached to foreign females: Pericles, Sophocles, Socrates, Aristotle, and even the divine Plato.

On the 25th, we mounted our horses very early, and leaving the city, took the road to the Phalereus. As we approached the sea, the coast gradually became more elevated, and terminated in heights, the sinuosities of which form, to the east and west, the harbours of Phalereus, Munychia, and Piræus. On the beach of the Phalereus, we discerned traces of the walls that encompassed the port, and other ruins which were mere heaps of rubbish; these were, perhaps, the temples of Juno and Ceres. Near this spot, lay the little field and tomb of Aristides. We went down to the harbour, a circular basin, with a bottom of fine sand, capable of containing about fifty boats. This was exactly the number that Menestheus conducted to Troy:

Τῷ δ' ἅμα πεντήκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

"He was followed by fifty black vessels."

Theseus also set sail from Phalereus at his departure for Crete.

Pourquoi, trop jeune encor, ne putes vous alors
Entrer dans le vaisseau qui le mit sur nos bords?
Par vous auroit péri le monstre de la Crète, &c.

It is not always large ships and capacious harbours that confer immortality. The name of a small creek, and of a little bark, sung by Homer and Racine can never perish.

From the harbour of Phalereus we proceeded to that of Munychia, which is of an oval figure and rather larger than the former. Lastly, turning the extremity of a craggy hill, and advancing from cape to cape, we reached the Piræus. M. Fauvel stopped in the curvature formed by a neck of land, to show me a sepulchre excavated in the rock; it is now without roof, and is upon a level with the sea. By the regular flowing and ebbing

of the tide, it is alternately covered and left exposed, by turns full and empty. At the distance of a few paces on the shore are seen the remains of a monument.

M. Fauvel insists, that in this place the bones of Themistocles were deposited. This interesting discovery is, however, contested. It is objected, that the fragments scattered around are too fine to have been the tomb of Themistocles: and that according to Diodorus the Geographer, quoted by Plutarch, this tomb was in reality an altar.

This objection is by no means solid. Why introduce into the original question, another that is totally foreign to the subject? May not the ruins of white marble, concerning which such difficulties are raised, have belonged to a very different sepulchre from that of Themistocles? why might not the descendants of Themistocles, after the popular animosities had subsided, have decorated the tomb of their illustrious progenitor whom they had first interred in a simple manner, and even by stealth, as we are informed by Thucydides? Did they not consecrate a picture representing the history of that great man; and was not this picture exhibited to public view in the Parthenon, at the time of Pausanias? A statue was, moreover, erected in honour of Themistocles, in the Prytaneum.

The spot where M. Fauvel has discovered this tomb, is precisely the Cape Alcimus: and of this I shall adduce a stronger proof than that of the calmness of the water in this place. There is an error in Plutarch; the name should be Alimus, instead of Alcimus, according to the remark of Meursius, mentioned by Dacier. Alimus was a *demos*, or hamlet of Attica, in the district of Leontis, and situated to the east of the Piræus. Now the ruins of this hamlet are still visible in the vicinity of the tomb of which we are speaking.* Pausanias is extremely confused in what he says, concerning the position of this tomb; but Diodorus Periegetes is perfectly clear: and the verses of Plato, the comic poet, quoted by this Diodorus, describes the very spot and the sepulchre found by M. Fauvel.

"Situated in an open place, thy tomb is greeted by the mari-

* I have no wish to conceal any difficulty, and am aware that some writers have placed Alimus to the eastward of Phalereus. Thucydides was a native of Alimus.

per as he enters, or sails out of the harbour; and in any future naval engagement, thou wilt witness the shock of the vessels."*

If Chandler was astonished at the solitude of the Piræus, I can affirm that I was not less struck by it than he. We had explored a desert coast, we had surveyed three harbours; and in these three harbours had not perceived one single vessel. Nothing was to be seen but ruins, rocks, and the sea; and no sound met the ear, save the cries of the kingfisher, and the dashing of the surges against the tomb of Themistocles, producing an incessant murmur in the abode of eternal silence. Washed away by the billows, the ashes of the conqueror of Xerxes reposed beneath them, commingled with the bones of the vanquished Persians. In vain my eye sought the temple of Venus, the long gallery and the statue emblematic of the people of Athens: the image of that inexorable people was forever fallen near the well, to which the exiled citizens repaired, to no purpose, to reclaim their country. Instead of those superb arsenals, those porticoes whence the gallies were launched, those Agoræ, reverberating the shouts of the seamen; instead of those edifices, resembling the city of Rhodes in their general appearance and beauty; I saw nothing but a dilapidated convent and a magazine. Here, in a wretched hut of wood, a Turkish custom-house officer sits all the year round, the lonely sentinel of the coast, and a model of stupid patience: whole months elapse without his witnessing the arrival of a single vessel. Such is the present deplorable condition of these once famous harbours. What can have destroyed so many monuments of the gods and of men? That mysterious power which overthrows all things, which is itself subject to the Ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ, to that unkown God whose altar was seen by St. Paul at the Phalereus.

The port of the Piræus forms a bow, the two ends of which approach so near to each other as to leave only a narrow passage: it is now called the Lion's Port, from a lion of marble, which was formerly to be seen there, and in 1686 was removed to Venice by Morosini. The interior of the harbour was divided into three basins, Cantharus, Aphrodisus, and Zea. You still see a wet dock almost half filled up, which may possibly have been the Aphrodisus. Strabo affirms, that the great port

* Plutarch's Life of Themistocles.

of Athens was capable of holding four hundred ships, and Pliny swells the number to a thousand. Fifty of our brigs would completely fill it; and indeed I know not, if two of our frigates would ride there at their ease, especially now that they moor with such a length of cable. But the water is deep and the bottom excellent; so that in the hands of a civilised nation, the Piræus might become an important harbour. The only warehouse now to be seen there is of French origin, having been erected by M. Gaspari, formerly the consul of France at Athens. Thus it is not long since the Athenians were represented at the Piræus, by the nation which bears the nearest resemblance to them.

Having rested for a moment at the customhouse and at the monastery of St. Spiridion, we returned to Athens by the road from the Piræus. We perceived the remains of the long wall the whole way. We passed the tomb of Antiope the Amazon, which has been explored by M. Fauvel, who has given an account of this research in his memoirs. We rode among low vines as in Burgundy, the grapes upon which were just beginning to turn red. We stopped at the public reservoirs and under olive trees; and I had the mortification to find that the tomb of Menander, the cenotaph of Euripides, and the little temple dedicated to Socrates, no longer exist; at least they have not yet been discovered. We pursued our way, and on approaching the Museum, M. Fauvel pointed out to me a path winding up the side of that hill. This path he told me had been made by the Russian painter, who every day repaired to the same spot to take views of Athens. If genius be no other than patience, as Buffon has asserted, this painter must possess a large share of that quality.

It is near four miles from Athens to the Phalereus; three or four from the Phalereus to the Piræus, following the windings of the coast, and five from Piræus to Athens, so that, on our return to the city we had been about twelve miles. As the horses were hired for the whole day, we made haste to dine, and at four in the afternoon set out on another excursion.

We went out of the town on the side next to Mount Hymettus. My host took me to the village of Angelo Kipous, where, as he conjectures, he has discovered the temple of Venus in the

Gardens, for reasons which he has stated in his memoirs. The opinion of Chandler, who places this temple at Panagia Spiliotissa, is likewise very probable and has an inscription in its favour; but M. Fauvel adduces, in behalf of his idea, two aged myrtles and some fine ruins of the Ionic order: enough in all conscience to answer a great many objections. Such is the way with us antiquarians; we are never at a loss for proofs.

Having inspected the curiosities of Angelo Kipous, we turned directly west; and passing between Athens and Mount Anchesmus, we entered the great olive wood. There were no ruins on this side, so that we merely enjoyed a pleasant ride, accompanied by the recollections of Athens. We came to the Cephisus, which I had already saluted lower down on my way from Eleusis. At this height it had water, but that water, I am sorry to say was rather muddy; it serves to irrigate the orchards, and gives a freshness to its banks but too rarely met with in Greece. We then turned back, still continuing our ride through the forest of olive trees. We left on the right a small eminence covered with rocks. This was Colone, at the foot of which formerly stood the village containing the retreat of Sophocles, and the place where that great tragic poet drew the last tears from the eyes of the father of Antigone. We followed, for some distance, the Brazen Way, where are to be seen vestiges of the temple of the Furies; and then, on approaching Athens, we rambled for a considerable time in the environs of the Academy. Nothing now marks this retirement of the philosophic sages. Its first plantains fell by the axe of Sylla, and those with which Adrian probably caused it to be embellished, have not escaped the ravages of succeeding barbarians. The altars of Cupid, Prometheus, and the Muses are no more; every spark divine is extinguished in the groves where Plato so oft received inspirations. Two facts will demonstrate what beauty and what grandeur were discovered by the ancients in the lessons of that philosopher. The night before Socrates received Plato among his disciples, he dreamt that a swan came and alighted on his bosom. Death having prevented Plato from completing his Crittias, Plutarch deplores this misfortune, and compares the works of the teacher of the Academy, with the

temples of Athens, among which that of Jupiter Olympus alone was left unfinished.

It had been dark an hour before we thought of returning to Athens: the sky was studded with stars, and the air incomparably soft, pure, and transparent; our horses went at a slow pace, and we had both become silent. The way which we were pursuing, was probably the ancient road to the Academy, bordered by the tombs of such citizens as had fallen for their country, and those of the greatest men of Greece. Here reposed the ashes of Thrasybulus, Pericles, Chabrias, Timotheus, Harmodius, and Aristogiton. It was a noble idea to collect in one spot, the remains of those renowned persons who lived in different ages, and who like the members of an illustrious family long dispersed, repaired hither to lie down to rest in the lap of their common mother. What variety of genius, of greatness, and of courage! What diversity of manners and genius was here embraced in one view! And these virtues attempered by death, like those generous wines which we mix together, says Plato, with a sober divinity, no longer dazzled the eyes of the living. Admiration, untinctured with envy, was the only sentiment felt by the passenger, on reading upon the funeral column these simple words:

PERICLES OF THE TRIBE OF ACAMANTIS
AND OF THE VILLAGE OF CHOLARGUA.

Cicero represents Atticus wandering among these tombs, and seized with a holy awe, at the sight of these august remains. At the present day he could no longer draw the same picture. The tombs are destroyed; the illustrious dead, whom the Athenians had placed without the city, as for an advanced post, rose not to defend it, but suffered the Tartars to trample it under their feet. Time, violence, and the plough, as Chandler observes, have levelled every thing. In this place the plough is superfluous; and that single remark will convey a more accurate idea of the desolation of Greece, than all the reflections in which I could indulge.

I had not yet seen the theatres and edifices in the interior of the town; to the survey of these I devoted the 26th. The thea-

tre of Bacchus, as I have before observed, and as every reader knows, stood at the foot of the citadel, on the side next to Mount Hymettus. The Odeum begun by Pericles, finished by Lycurgus, the son of Lycophron, burned by Aristion and Sylla, and rebuilt by Ariobarzanes, was situated near the theatre of Bacchus, and probably connected with it by a portico. It is probable, that near the same spot, there was a third theatre erected by Herodes Atticus. The seats of these theatres rested against the slope of the hill which served them for a foundation? A contrariety of opinions prevails respecting these structures: what Stuart regards as the theatre of Bacchus, is taken by Chandler for the Odeum.

The ruins of these theatres are insignificant. I was not struck with them, because I had seen monuments of this kind in Italy, far superior in size, and in much better preservation; but I made this very painful reflection, that under the Roman emperors, at a time when Athens was still the school of the universe, gladiators exhibited their sanguinary games in the theatre of Bacchus. The master-pieces of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were banished from the stage: assassination and murder superseded those spectacles which excite so high an idea of human genius, and are the noble amusement of polished nations. The Athenians ran to behold these cruelties with the same eagerness as they had formerly resorted to the Dionysiaca. How could a people who had exalted themselves to such a height, how, I ask, could they now descend so low? What had become of that altar consecrated to Pity, which once stood in the midst of the public place at Athens, and to which her votaries suspended fillets and locks of their hair? If, as Pausanias asserts, the Athenians were the only Greeks who worshipped Pity, and looked upon her as the consolation of life, how much must they have changed? Most certainly it was not on account of the combats of gladiators that Athens received the name of the *sacred abode* of the gods. Perhaps nations, like individuals, are cruel in decrepitude as in infancy; perhaps their genius may be exhausted; and when it has run its career, when it has brought forth, relished, and enjoyed all that it can, cloyed with its own master-pieces, and incapable of producing new ones, it grows besotted, and returns to purely physical sensations. Christianity will prevent modern nations

from falling into such a deplorable decrepitude: but were all religion extinguished among us, I should not be astonished to hear the groans of the gladiator expiring on that stage which now echoes the sorrows of Phædra and Andromache.

Having examined the theatres, we returned into the town, where we looked at the portico, which perhaps formed the entrance to the Agora. We stopped at the tower of the winds, which is not mentioned by Pausanias, but is described by Vitruvius and Varro. Spon gives all the details of this edifice, with an explanation of the winds: the entire monument has also been described by Stuart, in his Antiquities of Athens. A drawing of it was taken by Francesco Giambetti, in 1465, the epoch of the revival of the arts. In the time of Father Babin, in 1672, this Tower of the winds was mistaken for the tomb of Socrates.

I pass over in silence some ruins of the Corinthian order, which are conjectured to be the remains of the Pœcile, of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, of the Prytaneum, and perhaps belong to none of those edifices. So much is certain, that they are not of the age of Pericles. You perceive in them the Roman grandeur, but likewise the Roman inferiority; whatever the emperors had a hand in at Athens, may be discovered at the first glance, and exhibits a striking inequality to the master-pieces of that age. We lastly went to the French convent, to return the only religious who occupies it, the visit which he had paid me. I have already observed, that the convent of our missionaries includes in its premises, the choragic monument of Lysicrates. It was with this last monument that I completed my tribute of admiration to the ruins of Athens.

This elegant production of the genius of the Greeks, was known to the early travellers by the name of *Fanari tou Demosthenis*. "To the house not long since purchased by the Capuchin Fathers," says Babin the Jesuit, in 1672, "belongs a very remarkable piece of antiquity, which has remained entire ever since the time of Demosthenes: it is commonly called the lantern of Demosthenes."*

* It appears, that in 1669, there existed another monument at Athens, called the Lantern of Diogenes. On the subject of this monument, Guillet appeals to the testimony of the Fathers Barnabas and Simon, and of Messrs. de Monceaux and l'Aine.

It has been since discovered, and first of all by Spon that it is a choragic monument, erected by Lysicrates, in the street of the Tripods. M. Legrand, some time since, exhibited in the court of the Louvre, a model of it, in *terra cotta*:* this model was a very correct resemblance, only the architect, doubtless with a view to give his work a greater degree of elegance, had suppressed the circular wall which fills the intercolumniations of the original.

It is certainly not the least surprising of fortune's freaks that she should have assigned to a capuchin a habitation in the choragic monument of Lysicrates; but what at first sight may appear ludicrous, becomes serious and affecting, when we consider the happy effects of our missions, when we reflect that a French capuchin afforded hospitality to Chandler, while other French religious were entertaining other travellers in China and in Canada, in the deserts of Africa and the wilds of Tartary.

"The Franks, at Athens, have no chappel," says Spon, "except that of the Capuchins, which is at the *Fanari tou Demosthenis*. When we were at Paris, the only person there was Father Serephin, a very worthy man, from whom a Turk belonging to the garrison, one day, took his cord girdle, either out of malice, or the effects of intoxication, having met him in the road to the Lion's Port, whence he was returning alone from a visit to some Frenchmen on board of a tartan, then lying in that harbour.

"The Jesuits were established at Athens before the Capuchins, and were never driven from the city. They retired to Negropont, merely because they there found more occupation, and a greater number of Franks than at Athens. Their convent was almost at the extremity of the town, near the archbishop's palace. As to the Capuchins, they have been settled at Athens ever since 1658, and Father Simon purchased the Fanari and the adjoining house, in 1669, there having been other religious of his order, before him in the town."

It is then to these missions, so long decried, that we are indebted for our early notions respecting ancient Greece. No traveller had yet quitted his home to visit the Parthenon, when some religious, self-exiled to these renowned ruins, awaited, like hospitable deities, the antiquary and the artist. The scholar in-

* A monument has since been erected after this monument at St. Cloud.

quired what had become of the city of Cecrops, and there was a Father Barnabas at Paris, in the noviciate of St. James, and a Father Simon at Compiégne, who could have given him information on the subject; but they made no parade of their knowledge. Retiring to the foot of the crucifix, they buried in the obscurity of the convent, what they had learned, and above all, what they had suffered for twenty years, amidst the ruins of Athens.

"The French Capuchins," says la Guilletière, "who have been called to the mission of the Morea, by the congregation *de Propagandâ Fide*, have their principal residence at Napoli, because the gallies of the beys winter at that place, where they in general lie from the month of November till St. George's day, on which they again put to sea. They are manned with Christian slaves, who stand in need of instruction and encouragement; and this is imparted to them with equal zeal and benefit by Father Barnabas, of Paris, who is at present the superior of the mission of Athens and the Morea."

But if these religious, after their return from Sparta and Athens were so modest in their cloisters, perhaps it was because they wanted a relish for the admirable remains of the Grecian art; perhaps too they had not previously acquired the requisite information. Let us hear what is said by Father Babin, the Jesuit; to whom we are indebted for the earliest account we have of Athens.

"You may find," says he, "in various books, a description of Rome, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and the other principal cities in the world, such as they are at present; but I know not what book describes Athens as I have seen it; and you would not find the city at all if you were to look for it as represented in Pausanias and other ancient authors: but you shall here see it in the state in which it appears at this day, which is such, that, though in ruins, it nevertheless excites a certain respect, both in those pious persons who behold its churches, and in those scholars who acknowledge it to be the mother of the sciences, and in those military men and generous minds, who consider it as the field of Mars, the theatre where the greatest conquerors of antiquity signalized their valour, and gloriously displayed their energies, their courage, and their industry. Finally, these ruins

Is not this simple description of the Parthenon, such as it was at the time of Pericles, to the full as valuable as the more scientific accounts that have been given of the ruins of this beautiful temple?

Finally, were these missionaries strangers to that compassion for the Greeks, those philanthropic sentiments, which we are so proud of introducing into our modern travels? Let us turn again to Father Babin.

"If Solon, surveying from a mountain, this large city, and the great number of magnificent palaces of marble which it contained, formerly observed to one of his friends, that it was but a large, though rich hospital, filled with as many poor wretches as the city comprehended inhabitants, I should have much greater reason to talk in this manner, and to say that this town, rebuilt with the ruins of its ancient palaces, is but one large and indigent hospital, containing as many poor wretches as there are Christians to be seen in it."

I beg pardon for having expatiated on this subject. No traveller before me, Spon excepted, has done justice to the missions at Athens, which are so interesting to a Frenchman. I had myself overlooked them in the *Genie du Christianisme*. Chandler says very little concerning the religious, whose hospitality he shared; and I am doubtful whether he has once condescended to mention his name. God be thanked, I am above such petty scruples. When a person has laid me under obligation, I say so: and, in the next place, I blush not for the arts, neither do I think the monument of Lysicrates dishonoured because it forms part of the convent of a capuchin. The Christian who preserves a monument, for the purpose of devoting it to works of charity, appears to me quite as respectable as the pagan who erected it in commemoration of a victory gained in a concert of music.

Such was the conclusion of my survey of the ruins of Athens. I had examined them in order, and aided by the intelligence and experience acquired by M. Fauvel, during a residence of ten years on the spot. He had saved me all the time that is lost in groping, in doubting, and in seeking, when we arrive alone in a new world. I had obtained clear ideas of the monuments, the sky, the sun, the prospects, the land, the sea, the rivers, the woods, and the mountains of Attica; I could now correct my

sketches, and give my pictures of these celebrated places their appropriate colouring. I had nothing to do but to pursue my route. My principal object now was to reach Jerusalem, and what an interval I had still before me! I considered that the season was advancing, and that if I made a longer stay, I might miss the ship which annually sails from Constantinople to Jaffa, with pilgrims for Jerusalem. I had every reason to apprehend that my Austrian vessel was not waiting for me all this time at the extremity of Attica, and that, not finding me there, she had proceeded to Smyrna. My host acquiesced in my reasons, and pointed out the track which I ought to follow. He advised me to go to Keratia, a village of Attica, situated at the foot of Mount Laurium, at some distance from the sea, opposite to the island of Zea. "When you have reached this village," said he," the people will kindle a fire upon a hill; one of the boats of Zea, accustomed to the signal, will immediately cross over to the coast of Attica. You will then embark for the port of Zea, where you will perhaps meet with your ship from Trieste; if not, you will find no difficulty in procuring there a felucca, to Chio or Smyrna."

A man who, from a motive like mine, undertakes such a voyage as I had done, is not to be deterred by risks and accidents. Necessity commanded my departure, and this was the only way by which I could leave Attica, for there was not a vessel of any kind at the Piræus.* I therefore resolved to put the proposed plan into immediate execution. M. Fauvel wished to keep me a few days longer, but the apprehension of losing the season for the voyage to Jerusalem overpowered every other consideration. The north winds had but six weeks longer to blow; and if I should arrive too late at Constantinople, I ran the risk of being detained there by the westerly winds.

I dismissed M. Vial's janissary, having first paid him, and given him a letter of thanks to his master. In a journey attended with any hazards, it is painful to part with a fellow-traveller with whom you have for some time associated. When I saw the janissary, after wishing me a good journey, mount his horse alone, take the road to Eleusis, and ride off in the very opposite direction to that which I was about to pursue, I felt an involuntary

* The troubles in Romelia rendered a journey to Constantinople by land absolutely impracticable.

emotion. I followed him with my eyes, reflecting that he was going to revisit alone the deserts which we had seen together. It struck me also that this Turk and I should never meet again, that we should never more hear of each other. I represented to myself the lot of this man, so different from my lot, his joys and his griefs so different from my joys and my griefs, and all to arrive at the same point at last:—he in the spacious and beautiful cemeteries of Greece; and myself, by the road, or in the suburbs of some city.

This separation took place in the evening of the same day that I visited the French convent; for the janissary had received intimation to hold himself in readiness to return to Coron. I set off in the night for Keratia with Joseph and an Athenian who was going to pay a visit to his relations in Zea. This young Greek was our guide. M. Fauvel accompanied me to the gate of the city, where we mutually bade adieu, and expressed our wishes that we might soon meet again in our common country.

I was very glad that I left Athens at night. I should have felt too strong a regret to turn my back on its ruins by day-light. As it was, like Hagar, I beheld not what I was losing forever. I laid the bridle on the neck of my horse, and following Joseph and the guide, relinquished the reins also to my imagination, which was employed the whole way with a curious reverie. I fancied that Attica was given to me in full sovereignty. I published throughout Europe, that all who were weary of revolutions and desirous of enjoying peace might repair to the ruins of Athens, where I promised them security and repose. I constructed roads, built inns, and provided all sorts of accommodations for travellers; I purchased a harbour on the gulf of Lepanto, to abridge and facilitate the passage from Otranto to Athens. It is natural to suppose that the edifices were not neglected: all the master-pieces of the citadel were rebuilt on the same sites, and as nearly as possible after their former plans. The city, encompassed with good walls, was secured from the depredations of the Turks. I founded an university, to which the youth of all Europe resorted to learn the ancient and the vulgar Greek. I invited the Hydriots, to settle at the Pyræus, and I created a navy. The naked mountains were clothed with pines to give back their waters to my rivers: I encouraged agriculture: numbers of Swiss and Germans

mingled with my Albanians: every day brought to light new discoveries, and Athens arose from her tomb. On reaching Keratia I awoke from my dream, and found myself the same *Giles Jolt* as before.

We had turned the Hymettus, and passed to the southward of the Pentelicus; then striking off for the sea, we proceeded among the hills belonging to the chain of Mount Laurium, in which the Athenians of old had mines of silver. This part of Attica was never much celebrated. Between the Phalereus and Cape Sunium were situated several towns and villages, as Anaphlystus, Azenia, Lampra, Anagyrus, Alimus, Thoræ, Æxone, &c. Wheeler and Chandler made unproductive excursions in this deserted tract; and M. Lechevalier crossed the same desert on his way to Athens from Cape Sunium where he landed. The interior of this district was still less known and thinner of inhabitants than the coasts; and I am at a loss what origin to assign to the village of Keratia.* It is situated in a very fertile valley, among hills which overlook it on every side, and whose sides are covered with sage, rosemary, and myrtles. The bottom of the valley is cultivated, and the possessions of the different proprietors are divided by quickset hedges, as they formerly were in Attica, and as they commonly are in Bretagne and in England. Birds abound in this part of the country, especially the hoopoe, the wood-pigeon, the red partridge, and the hooded crow. The village consists of about a dozen houses, very neat, and standing detached. On the hills browse great numbers of goats and sheep; and in the valley are seen hogs, asses, horses, and a few cows.

We alighted on the 27th, at the house of an Albanian, an acquaintance of M. Fauvel's. I hastened, immediately, on my arrival, to an eminence eastward of the village, to try whether I could discover the Austrian ship: nothing was to be seen but the sea and the island of Zea. In the evening at sun-set a fire was kindled with myrtle and heath on the top of a mountain; and a goat-herd stationed on the coast was to apprise us of the approach of the boats from Zea as soon as he should perceive them com-

* Meursius in his treatise *De populis Atticæ*, speaks of the village or *demos* Κυρτιάδαι, of the tribe of Hippotheontis. Spon finds a Κυρτιάδαι, in the tribe of Acamentis; but he furnishes no inscription, and supports the assertion only by a passage in Hesychius.

ing. The use of fire-signals is of very high antiquity, and has furnished Homer with one of the finest similes in the Iliad:

Ὡς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν ἐξ ἄστεος οὐδας ἵκηται.

"Thus you see a smoke ascending from the top of the towers of a city besieged by enemies."

Repairing the following morning to the signal hill, I took my gun with me and amused myself with shooting. It was just the hottest part of the day, and I received a *coup de soleil* on one of my hands and part of my head. The thermometer had stood continually at 28° during my stay at Athens*. The most ancient map of Greece, that of Sophian, fixed the latitude of Athens at 37° 10′ to 12′: Vernon made it 38° 5′; and M. Chabert has finally determined it to be 37° 58′ 1″ for the temple of Minerva. In so southern a latitude, in the month of August, the sun must naturally be very powerful. At night, having wrapped myself in my cloak, I was going to lie down on my mat, when I felt my head grow extremely confused. Our establishment was none of the most commodious for a sick person. We lay upon the floor in the only room, or rather in the shed of our host, with our heads next the wall. I was placed between Joseph and the young Athenian; over our pillows were suspended the household utensils; so that my host's daughter, himself, and his men, had to step over us, whenever they came to fetch any thing they wanted, or to hang it up again.

If ever in my life I gave way for a moment to despair, I think it was on this occasion, when seized with a violent fever, I found that my senses were failing me, and that I was growing dilirious; my impatience aggravated the disease. How unfortunate to be all at once stopped short by this accident! to be detained by the fever in an obscure place; in the hut of an Albanian! O that I had but remained at Athens! that I had expired on the bed of honour, with my eyes fixed on the Parthenon! But even if this fever should not prove fatal, yet if it lasted but a few days, it might totally derange my plans. The pilgrims for Jerusalem would be gone; the season would be past. What was I to do in the East? To go to Jerusalem by land? or to wait another year? France,

* M. Fauvel informed me that the heat very often rises to 32° and 34°

my friends, my projects, my work which I should leave unfinished, alternately occupied my mind. All night Joseph kept giving me large pitchers of water to drink, but nothing could quench my thirst. The floor on which I lay, was literally bathed with sweat; and it was this copious perspiration that saved my life. I was for a short time perfectly delirious, and began singing the song of Henry IV. "*O Dio!*" exclaimed Joseph in the deepest affliction, "*che questo? Il signor canta! Poveretto!*"

The fever abated about nine in the morning of the 29th, after overwhelming me for seventeen hours. If I had had a second attack of equal violence, I think I could not have got over it. The goat-herd returned with the unpleasant intelligence that no boats from Zea had yet made their appearance. I made an exertion and wrote to M. Fauvel requesting him to send a vessel to take me up at the nearest point of the coast to the village where I was, and carry me to Zea. While I was writing, my host told me a long story and begged my interest in his behalf with M. Fauvel. I endeavoured to satisfy him; but my head was so weak that I could scarcely guide the pen. The young Greek set out for Athens with my letter, undertaking to bring a vessel himself, if any were to be found.

I passed the whole day on my mat. The people of the house were gone abroad; Joseph too was out, and not a creature was left with me but the daughter of my host. She was a handsome girl of seventeen or eighteen, and went about barefoot and with her hair covered with medals and small pieces of money. She took no notice of me; but continued her work just as though I had not been there. The door was open, the sun shone in at the door, and this was the only place for the admission of light into the apartment. I dosed from time to time, and on awakening I still saw the Albanian girl engaged in something or other, singing in a low tone, and arranging her hair or some part of her dress. I asked her sometimes for water: *nero!* She brought me a mug full, and crossing her arms waited with patience till I had finished drinking; and when I had done, she would say: *kalo?*—is that right? and return to her work. Amid the silence of noon nothing was to be heard but the buzzing of the flies in the hut, and the crowing of some cocks out of doors. My head felt vacant, as is usual after a long attack of fever; my eyes weakened

by the violence of the disorder, beheld a multitude of sparks and globules of light dancing about me; I had none but confused, though soothing ideas.

Thus passed the day: in the evening I was much better and got up. I slept well the following night, and on the morning of the 30th, the Greek returned with a letter from M. Fauvel, some Jesuit's bark, Malaga wine, and favourable intelligence. By the greatest accident in the world a boat had been procured; this boat had set out from the Phalereus with a fair wind, and was to wait for me in a small creek, two leagues from Keratia. For this place I had conceived such an aversion, that I immediately prepared for my departure. A shivering came over me: I foresaw the return of my fever, and took without hesitation a triple dose of bark. I have always been convinced that the French physicians administer this medicine with too much precaution and timidity. The horses were brought and we set out with a guide. In less than half an hour, all the symptoms of a relapse were dispelled; and I recovered all my hopes. We proceeded westward through a narrow valley that runs between sterile mountains. After riding an hour we descended into a beautiful plain which had an extremely fertile appearance; then changing our direction, we turned directly south across the plain, and reached the high lands which formed, unknown to me, the promontories of the coast; for after we had passed a defile, we all at once perceived the sea and our vessel moored at the foot of a rock. At the sight of this bark, I thought myself delivered from the evil genius, which would have buried me in the mines of Athenians, perhaps to punish me for my contempt of Plutus.

We sent back our horses with the guide, and went on board our vessel which was managed by three men. They hoisted our sail, and favoured by a south wind we steered towards Cape Sunium. I know not, if the bay we set out from be that which, according to M. Fauvel, is called Anaviso; but I did not see the ruins of Enneapyrgie, the Nine Towers, where Wheeler halted on the way from Cape Sunium. The Azinia of the ancients must have stood nearly in this place. About six in the evening we passed within the Isle of Asses, formerly the island of Patroclus; and at sun-set entered the Port of Sunium, a creek shel-

tered by the rock which supports the ruins of the temple. We leaped on shore, and I clambered to the summit of the cape.

The Greeks excelled not less in the choice of the sites of their edifices, than in the architecture of the edifices themselves. Most of the promontories of the Peloponnese, of Attica, Ionia, and the islands of the Archipelago were crowned with temples, trophies, or tombs. These monuments surrounded with woods and rocks, viewed in all the accidents of light, sometimes enveloped in sable thunder clouds, at others reflecting the soft beams of the moon, the golden rays of the setting sun, or the radiant tints of Aurora, must have imparted incomparable beauty to the coasts of Greece. Thus decorated, the land presented itself to the mariner under the features of the ancient Cybele, who crowned with towers, and seated on the shore, commanded her son Neptune to pour forth his waves at her feet.

Christianity to which we are indebted for the only species of architecture conformable to our manners, also taught us the proper situations for our genuine monuments. Our chapels, our abbies, our monasteries were scattered among woods and upon the summits of hills: not that the choice of sites was always a premeditated design of the architect; but, because an art, when in unison with the customs of a nation, adopts instinctively the best method that can be pursued. Observe, on the other hand, how badly our edifices, imitated from the antique, are in general placed. Did we ever think, for instance, of adorning the only eminence that overlooks Paris? Religion alone thought of this for us. The modern Grecian structures resemble the corrupt language which is now spoken at Sparta and Athens; in vain you may insist that it is the language of Homer and of Plato; a medley of gross words and foreign idioms every moment betrays the barbarians.

Such were my reflections on beholding the temple of Sunium. This temple was of the Doric order, and of the time when architecture flourished. I surveyed, in the distance, the sea of the Archipelago with all its islands; the setting sun shed its radiance over the coasts of Zea and the fourteen beautiful columns of white marble, at whose feet I was seated. The sage and the juniper diffused an aromatic fragrance around the ruins, and the murmur of the waves beneath scarcely reached my ear.

As the wind had lulled, we were obliged to wait for a fresh breeze before we could depart. Our sailors threw themselves along the bottom of the boat and fell asleep. Joseph and the young Greek continued with me. After taking a little refreshment and conversing for some time, they went to sleep also.—Throwing my cloak over my head to protect myself from the dew, and reclining against a column, I alone remained awake, contemplating the sea and the skies.

The most beautiful sun-set was succeeded by the most lovely night. The firmament reflected in the water, seemed to rest on the bottom of the sea. The evening star, the faithful companion of my way, was ready to sink below the horizon; it was perceptible only from the long rays which it threw, from time to time, upon the waves beneath, like the flashes of an expiring taper. A momentary breeze now and then ruffled the image of the heavens in the bosom of the deep; agitated the constellations; and died away with a gentle murmur among the columns of the temple.

This spectacle was, however, cheerless, when I reflected that I was contemplating it amidst ruins. Around me, on the one hand, were tombs, silence, destruction and death, on the other, a few Greek sailors sleeping, without cares and without dreams, upon the relics of Greece. I was going to quit forever this sacred soil: my mind filled with its past greatness, and its present debasement renewed the picture by which my eye had so recently been pained.

I am not one of those intrepid admirers of antiquity, whom a verse of Homer consoles for every thing, neither could I ever comprehend the sentiment expressed by Lucretius:—

> Suave mari magno, turbantibus aequora ventis,
> E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

So far from receiving pleasure from contemplating on shore the shipwreck of others, I feel pain myself when I behold my fellow-creatures in distress: the Muses have then no power over me, unless it be that which excites pity for misfortunes. God forbid that I should fall at the present day, into those declamations which have brought such calamities upon our country; but if I had ever thought, with men for whose character and talents I have

otherwise the highest respect, that an absolute government is the best of all governments, a few months' residence in Turkey would have completely cured me of that opinion.

The travellers who are content to visit civilized Europe are extremely fortunate: they penetrate not into those once celebrated regions where the heart is wounded at every step; where living ruins every moment divert the attention from the ruins of stone and marble. In vain would you give full scope in Greece to the illusions of the imagination: the mournful truth incessantly pursues you. Cabins of dried mud more fit for the abode of brute animals than of man; women and children in rags, running away at the approach of the stranger and the janissary; the affrighted goats themselves scouring over the hills, and the dogs alone remaining to receive you with their barking—such is the scene that dispels the charm which fancy would fain throw over the objects before you.

The Peloponnese is a desert. Since the Russian expedition, the Turkish yoke has borne with increased weight on the inhabitants of the Morea. Part of its population has been slaughtered by the Albanians. Nothing meets the eye but villages destroyed with fire and sword. In the towns, as at Misitra, whole suburbs are deserted; and I have often travelled fifteen leagues in the country without coming to a single habitation. Grinding oppression, outrages of every kind complete the destruction of agriculture and human life. To drive a Greek peasant from his cabin, to carry off his wife and children, to put him to death on the slightest pretext, is mere sport with the lowest aga of the most insignificant village. Reduced to the lowest depth of misery, the Morean abandons his native land, and repairs to Asia in quest of a lot less severe. Vain hope! He cannot escape his destiny: he there finds other cadis and other pachas, even in the sands of Jordan, and in the deserts of Palmyra.

Attica, with somewhat less wretchedness, is not less completely enslaved. Athens is under the immediate protection of the chief of the black eunuchs of the seraglio. A disdar or governor is the representative of the monstrous protector among the people of Solon. This disdar resides in the citadel, filled with the master-pieces of Phidias and Ictinus, without inquiring what nation left these remains behind it, without deigning to step

beyond the threshold of the mean habitation which he has built for himself under the ruins of the monuments of Pericles: except very rarely when this automaton shuffles to the door of his den, squats crossed-legged on a dirty carpet, and while the smoke from his pipe ascends between the columns of the temple of Minerva, eyes with vacant stare the shores of Salamis and the sea of Epidaurus.

You would suppose that Greece herself intended, by the mourning which she wears, to announce the wretchedness of her children. The country in genenal is uncultivated, bare, monotonous, wild, and the ground of a yellow hue, the colour of withered herbage. There are no rivers that deserve the appellation; but small streams and torrents which are dry in summer. No farm-houses, or scarcely any, are to be seen in the country; you observe no husbandmen, you meet no carts, no teams of oxen.—Nothing can be more melancholy than never to be able to discover the marks of modern wheels, where you still perceive in the rock the traces of ancient ones. A few peasants in tunics, with red caps on their heads, like the galley-slaves at Marseilles, dolefully wish you as they pass *Kali spera*, good morning. Before them they drive asses or small horses with rough coats, which are sufficient to carry their scanty rustic equipage, or the produce of their vineyard. Bound this desolate region with a sea almost as solitary; place on the declivity of a rock a dilapidated watch-tower, a forsaken convent; let a minaret rise from the midst of the desert to announce the empire of slavery; let a herd of goats, or a number of sheep, browse upon a cape among columns in ruins; let the turban of a Turk put the herdsman to flight, and render the road still more lonely; and you will have an accurate idea of the picture which Greece now presents.

Inquiries have been made into the cause of the decline of the Roman empire: a fair field is open for the writer who would investigate the causes that hastened the fall of Greece. The decline of Athens and Sparta was not owing to the same reasons that occasioned the ruin of Rome: they were not crushed by their own weight and by the magnitude of their empire; neither can it be asserted that they perished by their wealth. The gold of the allies and the abundance which commerce diffused at Athens, were, at the highest, but trifling; never were there seen

among their citizens examples of those colossal fortunes which announce a change of manners;* and the state was always so poor, that the kings of Asia contributed to support it, or to defray the expense of its edifices. With respect to Sparta, though the wealth of the Persians might corrupt a few individuals, yet the republic itself was never raised above indigence.

As the primary cause then of the fall of the Greeks, I should assign the war which the two republics waged with each other after they had conquered the Persians. Athens ceased to exist as a state, from the moment that it was taken by the Lacedæmonians. An absolute conquest puts an end to the existence of a nation, by whatever name it may be afterwards known in history. The vices of the Athenian government paved the way to the victory of Lacedæmon. A purely democratic state is the worst of all governments, when it has to contend with a powerful enemy, and one single will is necessary for the safety of the country. Nothing could be more deplorable than the infatuation of the people of Athens, while the Spartans were at their gates. Alternately banishing and recalling the citizens, who alone were able to save the state, and complying with the suggestions of factious orators, they shared the fate which they had deserved by their follies; and if Athens was not razed to the ground, it owed its preservation solely to the respect of the conquerors for its ancient virtues.

Lacedæmon, now triumphant, found in her turn, the principal cause of her ruin in her own institutions. Modesty, which an extraordinary law had expressly trampled under foot in order to preserve that modesty, was finally overthrown by this very law. The women of Sparta, who exposed themselves half naked to the view of the other sex, became the most corrupt in Greece; and nothing was left to the Lacedæmonians of all their unnatural laws, but debauchery and cruelty. Cicero, who was an eye witness of the pastimes of the Spartan boys, represents them as tearing each other to pieces with teeth and nails. And what end was answered by these brutal institutions? Did they preserve the independence of Sparta? It was not worth while to educate

* Great fortunes, such as that of Herodes Atticus were not accumulated at Athens, till the time of the Roman empire.

men like ferocious beasts, for the purpose of obeying the tyrant Nabis, and becoming slaves to the Romans.

The best principles may be carried to excess and become dangerous. Lycurgus, by extirpating ambition in Lacedæmon, designed to save the republic, but actually occasioned its ruin. Had the Spartans, after the humiliation of Athens, reduced Greece into Lacedæmonian provinces, they would perhaps have made themselves the masters of the universe: a conjecture the more probable, since, without any pretension to these high destinies, they shook, in Asia, weak as they were, the empire of the great king. Their successive victories would have prevented the erection, in the neighbourhood of Greece, of any powerful monarchy, for the conquests of the republics. Lacedæmon, by incorporating with herself the nations vanquished by her arms, would have crushed Philip in his cradle; the great men who were her enemies, would have been her subjects; and Alexander, instead of being born under a monarchy, would have sprung like Cæsar from the bosom of a republic.

Instead of being actuated by this aspiring spirit, and this preservative ambition, the Lacedæmonians, content with having set up thirty tyrants at Athens, immediately returned to their valley, out of that love of obscurity inculcated by their laws. In this respect, a nation is not like an individual; that moderation in fortune, and that fondness for repose, which may be very becoming in a citizen, will never do for a state. Never ought it, indeed, to engage in an impious war; never should it purchase glory at the price of injustice; but not to know how to profit by its position, how to honour, how to aggrandize, and to strengthen itself, is rather a deficiency of genius than a virtuous sentiment in a nation.

What was the consequence of this conduct in the Spartans? Macedonia soon became mistress of all Greece: Philip dictated laws to the council of Amphyctions. On the other hand, the feeble empire of Laconia, founded only on military renown, and not supported by real strength, fell to the ground. Epaminondas appeared: the Lacedæmonians, defeated at Leuctra, were obliged to enter into a long justification of themselves before the conqueror; and heard this cruel observation: "We have put an end to your Laconic eloquence!" *Nos brevi eloquentiæ vestræ finem*

imposuimus. The Spartans must then have been sensible how advantageous it would have been for them to have combined all the cities of Greece into one state; to have numbered Epaminondas among their generals and their citizens. The secret of their weakness being once known, all was irretrievably lost; and Philopœmen completed what Epaminondas had begun.

Here we have a memorable example of the superiority which letters give to one nation over another, when that nation has, besides, displayed military virtues. It may be asserted that the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea effaced the name of Sparta from the earth; whereas Athens, though taken by the Lacedæmonians and plundered by Sylla, still retained her empire. She had the gratification to see those Romans, by whom she had been conquered, thronging to her bosom, and making it their pride to be accounted her sons: one assumed the surname of Atticus; another declared himself the disciple of Plato and Demosthenes. The Latin muses, Lucretius, Horace, and Virgil, incessantly celebrated the praises of the Queen of Greece. "I forgive the living for the sake of the dead," exclaimed the greatest of the Cæsars, when pardoning the guilty Athenians. Adrian annexed to his imperial title that of Archon of Athens, and increased the number of the master-pieces of the land of Pericles. Constantine the Great was so flattered by the erection of a statue in honour of him at Athens, that he loaded the city with favours. Julian shed tears on quitting the Academy, and when triumphant, he ascribed his victory to the Minerva of Phidias. A. Chrysostom, a Basil, a Cyril, came like a Cicero and an Atticus, to study eloquence at its source, and till the middle ages, Athens was denominated the School of Science and of Genius. When Europe was roused from barbarism, her first thought was directed to Athens. "What is become of Athens?" was the universal cry: and when it was known that her ruins still existed, the learned and the ingenious flocked thither as if they had discovered the lost ashes of a parent.

How different from this renown is that derived from arms alone! While the name of Athens is in every mouth, Sparta is totally forgotten. We see her under Tiberius, plead and lose a petty cause against the Messenians; we read, twice over, the passage in Tacitus, to make sure that it is to the celebrated La-

cedæmon he alludes. Some centuries afterwards we find a Lacedæmonian guard about the person of Caracalla; a dismal honour which seems to show that the offspring of Lycurgus still retained their ferocity. At length Sparta was transformed, under the Greek empire into a ridiculous principality, whose rulers assumed the title of Despots, an epithet since become synonymous with that of tyrant; and a banditti, who assert themselves to be the genuine descendants of the Lacedæmonians, constitute at present all the glory of Sparta.

I have not seen enough of the modern Greeks to venture to form an opinion respecting their character. Full well I know how easy it is to slander the unfortunate; nothing is more natural than for those who are secure from all danger, to say: "Why do they not break the yoke under which they groan?" Any man may express in his own chimney corner these lofty sentiments, and this proud spirit of independence. Besides, decisive opinions abound in an age when nothing is doubted but the existence of God. But as the general opinions which we form of nations are very often contradicted by experience, I shall beware of forming any. I merely think that there is still abundance of genius in Greece; I even think that our masters in every line still reside there: just as I conceive that human nature still preserves its superiority at Rome; by which, I would not be understood to say that superior men are now to be found in that city.

But, at the same time, I fear that the Greeks are not too well disposed to break their chains. If even they were released from the tyranny which oppresses them, they would not lose in a moment the marks of their fetters. They have not only been crushed beneath the weight of despotism, but for these two thousand years they have been a superannuated and degraded nation. They have not been renovated like the rest of Europe, by barbarous nations; and the very nation which has conquered them has contributed to their corruption. That nation has not introduced among them the rude and savage manners of the natives of the north, but the voluptuous customs of southern climes. To say nothing of the religious crime which the Greeks would have committed in abjuring their altars, they would have gained nothing by the adoption of the Koran. In the book of Mahomet, there is no principle of civilization, no precept that

can impart elevation to the character: that book inculcates neither a hatred of tyranny, nor a love of independence. In embracing the religion of their rulers, the Greeks would have renounced the arts, sciences, and letters, to become the soldiers of fortune, and blindly obey the caprice of an absolute sovereign. They would have spent their lives in ravaging the world, or in slumbering on a carpet amongst women and perfumes.

The same impartiality which obliges me to speak of the Greeks with the respect which is due to misfortune, would have prevented me from treating the Turks with the severity which I do, had I seen among them any thing besides the abuses which are too common among conquering nations. Unfortunately republican soldiers are not more just masters than the satellites of a despot; and a proconsul was not less rapacious than a pacha.* But the Turks are not ordinary oppressors, though they have found apologists. A proconsul might be a monster of lust, of avarice and of cruelty, but all the proconsuls did not delight, systematically and from a spirit of religion, in overthrowing the monuments of civilisation and the arts, in cutting down trees, in destroying harvests, nay, even whole generations; and this is done by the Turks every day of their lives. Is it conceivable that there should exist tyrants so absurd as to oppose every improvement in things of the first necessity? A bridge falls down, it is not built up again. A man repairs his house, he becomes the victim of extortion. I have seen Greek captains run the risk of shipwreck with their tattered sails, rather than mend them;

* The Romans, like the Turks, frequently reduced those whom they had conquered to slavery. But if I may be allowed to say what I think, in my opinion, this system of slavery was one of the causes of the superiority of the great men of Athens and Rome over those of modern times. It is certain that you cannot exercise all the faculties of the mind except when you are relieved from the material cares of life; and you are not wholly relieved from these cares, but in countries where the arts, trades, and domestic occupations are relinquished to slaves. The service of the man whom you hire, who leaves you when he pleases, whose negligence or whose vices you are obliged to put up with, cannot be compared with the service of him whose life and death are in your hands. It is likewise certain that the habit of absolute command imparts an elevation to the mind, and a dignity to the manners which can never be acquired in the equality of our cities. But let us not regret this superiority of the ancients, since it was not to be purchased but at the expense of the liberty of mankind, and let us bless Christianity, which has burst the bonds and broken the fetters of servitude.

so apprehensive are they lest their industry should excite suspicions of affluence. Finally, had I found in the Turks free and virtuous citizens at home, though ungenerous to conquered nations, I had been silent, and secretly sighed over the imperfection of human nature: but to behold in one and the same person the tyrant of the Greeks and the slave of the Grand Signor; the executioner of a defenceless people, and the servile wretch whom a pacha has the power to plunder of his property, to tie up in a leather sack and throw into the sea—this indeed was too much, and I know not the brute but what I would prefer to such a man.

The reader will perceive that I did not indulge on Cape Sunium in the most romantic ideas—ideas which, nevertheless, the beauty of the scene might be expected to excite. Being on the point of quitting Greece, I naturally reviewed the history of that country; I strove to discover in the ancient prosperity of Sparta and Athens, the cause of their present degradation, and in their present lot the germs of their future destiny. The dashing of the sea against the rock gradually growing more violent apprized me that the wind had risen, and that it was time to continue my voyage. I awoke Joseph and his companion. We went down to the vessel, where our sailors had already made the necessary preparations for our departure. We stood out to sea, and the breeze, which blew from the land, rapidly wafted us towards Zea. As we withdrew from the shore, the colums of Sunium appeared more beautiful above the waves: we could perfectly distinguish them on the azure sky, from their extreme whiteness and the serenity of the night. We were at a considerable distance from the cape when we could still hear the breaking of the surges against the foot of the rock, the murmuring of the wind among the juniper-trees, and the chirping of the grasshoppers, the only modern inhabitants of the ruins of the temple. These were the last sounds that met my ear on the shores of Greece.

SECOND PART.

THE ARCHIPELAGO, ANATOLIA, AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

The islands which I was now about to traverse, formed, in ancient times, a kind of bridge thrown over the sea, to connect Asiatic Greece with the original Greece. Free or dependent, following the fortunes of Sparta or of Athens, of the Persians or of Alexander and his successors, they fell at length under the Roman yoke. Alternately wrested from the Greek empire by the Venetians, the Genoese, the Catalans, and the Neapolitans, they had their own princes and dukes, who assumed the general title of dukes of the Archipelago. Finally the sultans of Asia appeared on the coasts of the Mediteranean, and to proclaim to that sea its future destiny, they ordered salt water, sand, and an oar, to be brought to them. The islands were nevertheless subdued the last: but at length they shared the general fate; and the Latin banner, driven farther and farther by the crescent, was unable to make a stand till it reached the shores of Corfu.

In consequence of these struggles of the Greeks, the Turks and the Latins, the islands of the Archipelago were perfecly well known in the middle ages: they were in the way of all those fleets which carried our armies or pilgrims to Jerusalem, Constantinople, Egypt, and Barbary; they became the stations of all those Genoese and Venetian ships which revived the commerce with India by the port of Alexandria. Thus we find the names of Chio, Lesbos, and Rhodes, in every page of Byzantine history; and while Athens and Lacedæmon were forgotten, the world was acquainted with the fortune of the smallest rock of the Archipelago.

Numberless are, moreover, the travels in those islands, commencing so early as the seventh century: there is not a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but what begins with a description of some of the rocks of Greece. As far back as 1555, Belon published

in French his *Observations on various Curiosities discovered in Greece*; Tournefort's *Travels* is in every body's hands; the *Correct Description of the Islands of the Archipelago*, by Dapper, a Fleming, is an excellent work; and there is no reader but what has seen the Views of M. de Choiseul.

We had a fine passage. At eight in the morning of August the 30th, we entered the port of Zea. It is capacious, but has a dreary and desert appearance from the height of the surrounding coast. Under the rocks that skirt the beach, you perceive nothing but some chapels in ruins, and the magazines belonging to the customs. The village of Zea stands upon a hill, a league to the east of the harbour, and occupies the site of the ancient Carthea. On my arrival I saw only two or three Greek felucca, and gave up all hopes of meeting with my Austrian vessel. Leaving Joseph at the port, I proceeded to the village with the young Athenian. The road to it is rugged and wild: this first prospect of an island of the Archipelago was none of the most agreeable, but I was accustomed to disappointments.

Zea, built in the manner of an amphitheatre on the unequal declivity of a hill, is but a dirty and unpleasant village, though very populous. The asses, the hogs, the fowls, almost obstruct your passage through the streets, and there are such prodigious numbers of cocks, and these cocks crow so often and so loud, that you are absolutely stunned. I went to the house of M. Pengali, the French vice-consul at Zea, told him who I was, whence I came, and whither I wanted to go; and requested him to hire me a vessel to carry me to Chio or to Smyrna.

M. Pengali received me with the utmost cordiality. His son went down to the harbour, where he found a galley-boat that was returning to Tino, and was to sail the following day. I resolved to avail myself of this opportunity, which would at any rate set me forward a little on my way.

The vice-consul insisted on my being his guest, at least for the remainder of the day. He had four daughters, and the eldest was just going to be married: preparations were already making for the nuptials; so that I passed from the ruins of the temple of Sunium to a festival. What a singular destiny is that of the traveller! In the morning, he leaves one host in tears, at night he finds another in joy; he becomes the depositary of a thousand

secrets; Ibrahim had related to me at Sparta all the symptoms of the disease of the little Turk; and at Zea I was made acquainted with the history of the son-in-law of M. Pengali. Can any thing be more pleasing than this unaffected hospitality? Are you not too fortunate to be thus received in places where you would not otherwise meet with the smallest accommodation? The confidence which you excite, the frankness which is manifested towards you, the pleasure which your company apparently and really affords, are certainly high gratifications. Another circumstance also made a deep impression upon me, and that was the simplicity with which I was charged with various commissions for France, Constantinople, and Egypt. Services were asked of me with as little reserve as they were rendered; my hosts were persuaded that I would not forget them, and that they had become my friends. I sacrificed to M. Pengali the ruins of Ioulis, which I had at first intended to visit, and determined, like Ulysses, to participate in the festivities of Aristonous.

Zea, the ancient Ceos, was celebrated in antiquity, for a custom which existed also among the Celts, and which has been found to prevail among the savages of America: the aged people at Ceos put an end to their own lives. Aristæus, whose bees are sung by Virgil, or some other Aristæus, king of Arcadia, retired to Ceos. It was he who obtained of Jupiter the Etesian winds to moderate the intense heat of the dog-days. Crasistratus, the physician, and Aristo, the philosopher, were natives of the town of Ioulis, like Simonides and Bacchylides, by the latter of whom we have some very indifferent verses, in the *Poetæ Græci minores*. Simonides was a superior genius: but his understanding was more elevated than his heart: he celebrated Hipparchus, who had loaded him with favours, and he celebrated likewise the assassins of that prince. It was probably to give this example of virtue, that the just gods of paganism preserved Simonides in the fall of a house. We must accommodate ourselves to the times, says Le Sage: accordingly, the ungrateful shake off the burden of gratitude, the ambitious desert the vanquished; and cowards range themselves on the side of the conqueror. Marvellous wisdom of man, whose maxims ever superfluous for courage and virtue, serve only as a pretext for vice, and an excuse for baseness of heart!

The commerce of Zea at present consists of the acorns of the velani, a species of oak, which are used in dying. The silk gauze worn by the ancients, was invented at Ceos.* The poets, to convey an idea of its fineness and transparency, called it *woven wind*. Zea still furnishes silk. "The women of Zea," says Tournefort, "generally assemble in companies to spin silk, and they seat themselves on the edge of the terraces at the top of the houses, that they may drop the spindle down to the street, and draw it up again as they wind the thread. In this attitude we found the Greek bishop: he inquired who we were, and told us that our occupations were extremely frivolous, if we came only to look for plants and old pieces of marble. We replied, that we should be much more edified to see him with the works of St. Chrysostom or St. Basil in his hand, than twirling the spindle."

I had continued to take three doses of bark a day: the fever had not returned, but I remained very weak, and one of my hands as well as one side of my face still looked black from the effect of the *coup de soleil*. I was therefore a guest with a very light heart, but of a very sorry appearance. That I might not look like an unfortunate relation, I made myself merry at the wedding. My host set me an example of fortitude: he was at this moment suffering excruciating pains from the stone, and, during the singing of his daughters, so acute was the agony, as sometimes to extort cries from him. All this formed a mixture of the most discordant things: this sudden transition from the silence of ruins to the bustle of a wedding, was extraordinary. Such a tumult at the gate of everlasting repose! such mirth amidst the great mourning of Greece! One idea made me smile: I represented my friends thinking of me in France; I saw them following me in imagination, exaggerating my fatigues, alarmed at my dangers: but what would have been their surprise, had they all at once perceived me with my half burned face, attending a village wedding, in one of the Cyclades, praising the performance of the misses Pengali, who sung in Greek:

Ah! vous dirai-je, maman, &c.

* I follow the common opinion; but it is possible that Pliny and Solinus may be mistaken. According to Tibullus, Horace, and others, the silk gauze was made at Cos, and not at Ceos.

while their father was crying out with agony, while the cocks were crowing as if they would have split their throats, and all remembrance of Ioulis, Aristæus, and Simonides, was completely effaced. In like manner, on my landing at Tunis, after a passage of fifty-eight days, which might be called a continued shipwreck, I happened to reach the house of M. Devoise, just in the middle of the carnival: instead of going to meditate among the ruins of Carthage, I was obliged to run to the ball, to dress in the Turkish habit, and to join in all the frolics of a party of American officers, full of the gayety and spirits of youth.

The change of scene on my departure from Zea, was not less abrupt than it had been on my arrival in that island. At eleven o'clock at night I left the joyous family, and went down to the harbour, where, though the weather was tempestuous, I embarked in a caick, with a crew consisting of three men and two boys. Joseph, who was very bold on land, was not so courageous at sea. He made many useless remonstrances; he was obliged to accompany me on board, and to follow my fortunes. We stood out of the harbour: our vessel heeling with the weight of the sail, went gunwale-to; the sea ran very high, and the currents of the Eubœa increased the swell; the sky was overcast, and flashes of lightning and the phosphoric glimmer of the waves lighted us on our way. I mean not to make a parade of my efforts, insignificant as they have been; nevertheless, I hope that when I am seen tearing myself away from my country and my friends, enduring fever and fatigue, traversing the seas of Greece in little barks, exposed to the fire of Bedouins, and all this out of respect to the public, and that I may present it with a work less imperfect than the *Genie du Christianisme*; I hope, I say, that some credit will be given me for my efforts.

In spite of the fable of the Eagle and the Crow, nothing brings you better luck than to imitate a great man. I had acted Cæsar; *Quid times? Cæsarem vehis*—and I reached the place of my destination. We arrived at six in the morning of the 31st, at Tino, where I found a Hydriot felucca just ready to sail for Smyrna, and which intended to touch only for a few hours at Chio. The caick put me on board the felucca, so that I did not even go on shore.

Tino, formerly Tenos, is separated only by a narrow channel from Andros; it is a lofty island, reposing on a rock of marble. It was long in the possession of the Venetians; and in antient times was celebrated for nothing but its serpents; the viper derived its name from this island.* M. de Choiseul has given a charming description of the women of Tino; his views of Port San Nicolo appeared to me remarkably correct.

The sea having become calm, and the sky serene, I breakfasted upon deck, as it was not yet time to weigh anchor. I beheld, at different distances, all the Cyclades; Scyros, where Achilles spent his infancy; Delos, celebrated for the birth of Diana and Apollo, for its palm-tree and its festivals; Naxos, which reminded me of Ariadne, Theseus, Bacchus, and some exquisite pages in the *Studies of Nature*. But all these islands, once so enchanting, or perhaps so highly embellished by the imaginations of the poets, now wear no other appearance than that of desolation and sterility. Dreary villages rise in the form of a sugar-loaf upon the rocks; they are commanded by castles still more dreary, and sometimes surrounded with a double or a triple wall, within which the inhabitants live in perpetual fear of the Turks and of pirates. As these fortified villages are nevertheless falling to ruin, they convey to the mind of the traveller, an idea of every species of wretchedness at once. Rousseau somewhere says, that he wished himself exiled to one of the islands of the Archipelago. The eloquent sophist would soon have repented his choice. Separated from his admirers, banished among clownish and perfidious Greeks, he would have found neither flowers, nor brooks, nor shade in the vallies scorched by the sun; he would have beheld around him no other objects than clumps of olive-trees, and reddish rocks covered with wild sage and balm: and I shrewdly suspect that he would not have wished to continue his walks for any length of time, to the whistling of the wind and the roaring of the sea along an uninhabited coast.

At noon we got under weigh. The north wind carried us at a great rate toward Scio, but we were obliged to keep tacking between the island and the coast of Asia, in order to enter the channel. We beheld land and islands all round us; some circu-

* A species of viper called Tenia, was a native of Tenos; the island was originally named Ophiusa and Hydrussa, on account of its serpents.

lar and lofty, like Samos; others oblong and low, like the capes of the gulf of Ephesus; and all tinged with different hues according to their distance. Our felucca, a very light and elegant vessel had one large and only sail, shaped like the wing of a sea-bird.—It was the property of one family, composed of a father, mother, brother, and six sons. The father was the captain, the brother acted as pilot, and the sons were the common sailors: the mother prepared their repasts. Never did I see such cheerfulness, such cleanliness, and such dexterity, as among this crew of brothers. The felucca was swept, scoured, and decorated like a favourite apartment; it had a large chaplet at the stern, with an image of the Panagia, and an olive branch above it. It is very common in the East, to see a family thus embark its whole fortune in a vessel, change its climate without quitting its home, and withdraw itself from servitude, by leading the life of the Scythians on the bosom of the deep.

In the night we came to an anchor in the port of Chio, "the favoured country of Homer," says Fenelon in the adventures of Aristonous, a master piece of harmony and of antique taste. I was in a sound sleep, from which Joseph did not wake me till seven in the morning. I lay upon the deck, and when I opened my eyes, I fancied that I was transported into some fairy region. I found myself in the midst of a port full of shipping, having before me a charming town overlooked by hills, whose ridges were covered with olive, palm, mastick, and turpentine trees. The quays were thronged with Greeks, Franks, and Turks, and the ear was saluted with the ringing of bells.*

I went on shore, and inquired if there was not a consul of our nation in this island. I was directed to a surgeon, who acted in the capacity as French agent: he lived close to the harbour. I paid him a visit, and was very politely received. His son attended me for some hours as my cicerone about the town, which greatly resembles a Venetian town. Baudrand, Ferari, Tournefort, Dapper, Chandler, de Choiseul, and a hundred other geographers and travellers, have described the isle of Chio, and to their works I refer the reader.

* The Greek peasants of the island of Chio alone enjoy the privilege of ringing bells in Turkey. This privilege and several others they owe to the cultivation of the mastick-tree.

I returned at ten o'clock to the felucca, and breakfasted with the family. They danced and sung about me on the deck, drinking Chio wine, which was not of the time of Anacreon. An instrument, not the most harmonious, accompanied the steps and the voices of my hosts; it has retained nothing of the ancient lyre, but its name, and has degenerated like its masters. A description of this instrument is given by lady Craven.

We left the port on the first of October, at noon. A breeze sprung up from the north, and soon increased to a gale. We first endeavoured to make the western passage between Chio and the Spalmadores, formerly the Œnussæ, which lie at the extremity of the channel as you sail for Metelin or Smyrna. But finding that we could not double Cape Delphina, we tacked to the east and bore away for the port of Tchesme; then returning towards Chio; and bearing away again for Mount Mimas, we at length made Cape Cara Bouroun, at the entrance of the gulf of Smyrna. It was now ten at night; the wind failed, and we passed the night becalmed off the coast of Asia.

On the 2d, at day-break, we rowed off from the shore, to avail ourselves of the sea-breeze, as soon as it should begin to blow, which it did earlier than usual. We soon passed the islands of Dourlach and were off the castle, which commands the bottom of the gulf, or the port of Smyrna. I then perceived the city in the distance through a forest of masts; it seemed to rise from the sea, being situated on low and level ground, and commanded on the south-east by mountains of a barren appearance. Joseph was unable to restrain his joy; to him, Smyrna was a second country. The pleasure manifested by this poor fellow almost grieved me; in the first place by reminding me of my native land; and in the second, by demonstrating that the axiom *ubi bene, ibi patria* is but too true in regard to the generality of mankind.

Joseph, stationed by my side on the deck, told me the name of every thing I saw as we advanced. At length we lowered our sail; and came to an anchor in six fathoms water, without the first tier of ships. I looked out for my vessel from Trieste, and discovered her by her flag. She was moored near the European quay. I got into a boat that came alongside of us, with Joseph, and was carried on board the Austrian ship. The captain and his

mate were on shore; but the seamen knew me again and received me with great demonstrations of joy. They informed me that the ship had reached Smyrna on the 18th of August; that the captain had stood off and on two days, to wait for me between Zea and Cape Sunium, and that the wind had then obliged him to continue his voyage. They added that my servant had, by the direction of the French consul, bespoken a lodging for me at an inn.

I was pleased to find that my old ship-mates had been as fortunate as myself in their voyage. They insisted upon putting me on shore; I got into the boat and we soon reached the quay. A crowd of porters eagerly offered their hands to assist me in landing. Smyrna, where I saw a great number of hats,* exhibited the appearance of a maratime city of Italy, with one quarter inhabited by orientals. Joseph conducted me to the house of M. Chauderloz, who was at that time the French consul at this important station. I shall have frequent occasions to repeat the commendations which I have already bestowed on the hospitality of our consuls. I beg pardon of the reader, for though these repetitions may be tiresome, still I cannot help being grateful. M. Chauderloz, the brother of M. De la Clos, received me with politeness; but he did not give me a lodging at his house, because he was ill, and because Smyrna, moreover, affords all the accommodations of a large European city.

We immediately arranged the plan of the remainder of my tour. I resolved to proceed by land to Constantinople, to procure firmans, and then embark with the Greek pilgrims for Syria; but I determined not to follow the direct road, intending to visit the plain of Troy and to cross Mount Ida. The nephew of M. Chauderloz, who had just returned from an excursion to Ephesus, informed me that the defiles of the Gargara were infested by robbers, and occupied by agas still more dangerous than they.—As I adhered to my plan, they sent for a guide, who was reported to have conducted an Englishman to the Dardanelles by the route which I proposed to pursue. This guide actually agreed to accompany me, and to furnish me with the requisite number of

* The turban and the hat form the principle distinction between the Franks and the Turks, whose number is reckoned, in the language of the Levant, by hats and turbans.

horses for a very considerable sum. M. Chauderloz promised to procure me an interpreter and an experienced janissary. I then saw that I should be obliged to leave part of my luggage at the consul's, and be content to take with me no more than what was absolutely necessary. The day fixed for my departure was the 4th of September, the next but one to that of my arrival at Smyrna.

Having promissed M. Chauderloz, to return to dinner with him, I went to my inn, where I found Julian comfortably fixed in a very neat apartment furnished in the European style. This house, which is kept by a widow, commands a very fine view of the port; I have forgetten its name. After the descriptions of Tournefort, Chandler, Peyssonel, and so many other writers, I have nothing to say concerning Smyrna, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the following passage from M. de Choiseul's Travels:

"The Greeks who left the quarter of Ephesus called Smyrna, had built only a few cottages at the bottom of the gulf, which has since received the name of their former abode. Alexander assembled them, and gave them directions to build a city near the river Meles. Antigonus commenced this work by his command, and it was finished by Lysimachus.

"So excellent a situation as that of Smyrna was worthy of the founder of Alexandria, and could not fail to ensure the prosperity of that establishment. Being admitted by the cities of Ionia to shares the advantages of their confederation, this place soon became the centre of the commerce of Asia Minor. Its wealth attracted all the arts; it was adorned with magnificent edifices and thronged with strangers, who resorted hither to enrich this city with the productions of their countries, to admire its wonders, to sing with its poets, and to derive instruction from its philosophers. A smoother dialect imparted new charms to that eloquence which appeared to be an attribute of the Greeks. The beauty of the climate seemed to influence that of the inhabitants who furnished artists with models, by means of which they were enabled to make the rest of the world acquainted with nature and art combined in their perfection.

"It was one of the cities which claimed the honour of having given birth to Homer. On the banks of the Meles was shown the spot where Critheis, his mother, brought him into the world, and

the cavern to which he retired to compose his immortal verses. A monument erected to his memory and inscribed with his name, stood in the middle of the city, and was adorned with spacious porticos, under which the citizens assembled. Finally, their coins bore his image, as if they had acknowledged for their sovereign the genius who conferred honour on them.

"Smyrna preserved the precious relics of this prosperity, till the struggle in which the empire was involved with barbarians. It was taken by the Turks, retaken by the Greeks, always plundered and always destroyed. At the commencement of the thirteenth century, nothing of it existed but its ruins, and the citadel, repaired by the emperor John Comnenus, who died in 1224. This fortress could not withstand the efforts of the Turkish princes, who frequently made it their residence in spite of the knights of Rhodes, who, seizing a favourable opportunity, erected there a fort, in which they for some time maintained themselves; but Tamerlane in a fornight reduced this place, which Bajazet had blockaded for seven years.

"Smyrna did not begin to rise from its ruins till the Turks were completely masters of the empire; its situation then restored to it the advantages which it had lost by war, and it once more became the mart of the adjacent countries. The inhabitants taking courage, forsook the summit of the mountain, and erected new houses on the beach. These modern buildings have been constructed with the marble of all the ancient monuments, of which scarcely any fragments are left; so that the site of the stadium and the theatre only can now be recognized. In vain should we puzzle ourselves to determine to what edifices belonged the vestiges of foundations and the fragments of walls to be perceived between the fortress and the site of the present town."

As ancient Smyrna was destroyed by the barbarians, so the modern city has suffered severely from earthquakes, conflagrations and pestilence. The latter scourge furnished occasion for a self-devotion which deserves to be recorded among the sacrifices of so many other missionaries. The authenticity of the fact will not be suspected, as an English clergyman is the relater. Brother Louis of Pavia, of the order of Franciscans, the superior

and founder of the hospital of St. Anthony at Smyrna, being attacked by the plague, made a vow, if God preserved his life, to devote it to the attendance on persons afflicted with that disease. Snatched almost miraculously from the jaws of death, Brother Louis fulfilled his vow. Numberless were the infected whom he attended; and it is calculated that near two-thirds of these unfortunate creatures were restored to health.*

I had therefore, nothing to see at Smyrna, unless it were the Meles, which nobody knows any thing of, and whose very name is a disputed point between three or four ditches.† A circumstance, however, which struck and surprised me, was the extreme softness of the air. The atmosphere, less pure than that of Attica, had that teint which is termed by painters, a *warm tone;* that is, it was filled with a fine vapour tinged by the light with a reddish hue. In the absence of the sea-breeze I felt a languor which approached to fainting, and clearly recognized the soft Ionia. My stay at Smyrna compelled me to a new metamorphosis: I was obliged to assume the appearance of civilization, to dress, to receive and to return visits. The merchants who did me the honour to call upon me, were rich; and when I went to see them in my turn, I found at their houses, elegant females, who seemed that very morning, to have received their fashions from the metropolis of France. Placed between the ruins of Athens and the relics of Jerusalem, this second Paris where I had arrived in a Greek vessel, and which I was about to leave with a Turkish caravan, formed a striking contrast with the scenes that I had just beheld: it was a kind of civilized Oasis, a Palmyra seated amid deserts and barbarism. I must however acknowledge, that naturally somewhat wild, I had not come to the east in search

* See Dallaway. The chief remedy employed by Friar Louis was to wrap the head of the patient in a napkin steeped in oil.

† Chandler has nevertheless given a highly poetical description of it, though he animadverts upon the poets and painters who have thought fit to assign water to the Ilissus. According to him, the Meles runs behind the castle. M. de Choiseul's plan of Smyrna, also lays down the course of this river, the father of Homer. How happens it that with all the imagination which I have received credit for, I was unable to discover in Greece, what has been seen by so many grave and eminent travellers? I have an unlucky love of truth, and a fear of saying the thing which is not, that are paramount with me to every other consideration.

of society: I longed to see camels, and to hear the cry of the cornac.

On the morning of the 5th, all the necessary arrangements being made, the guide went before with the horses, to wait for me at Menemen Eskelessi, a little port of Anatolia. My last visit at Smyrna was to Joseph, but *quantum mutatis ab illo!* Was it possible that this could be my dignified drogman? I found him in a wretched shop, hammering away at some utensil or other of tin. He had on the same waistcoat of blue velvet which he wore among the ruins of Sparta and Athens. But what availed these marks of his glory? What availed his having seen cities and men—*mores hominum et urbes?* He was not even the owner of his shop. I perceived in a corner a surley looking master who spoke roughly to my old companion. And was it for this that Joseph so heartily rejoiced on his arrival? During my tour I met with only two subjects of regret, namely: that I was not rich enough to set up Joseph in business at Smyrna; and to ransom a captive at Tunis. I took my last farewell of my poor comrade: he wept, and I was not much less affected. I wrote my name for him on a small piece of paper, in which I had wrapped the marks of my sincere gratitude: so that the master of the shop remained ignorant of what passed between us.

In the evening, having thanked the consul for all his civilities, I embarked with Julian, the drogman, the janissaries, and the nephew of M. Chauderloz, who had the kindness to accompany me to the port, where we soon arrived. The guide was on the shore. Having taken leave of my young host who returned to Smyrna, we mounted our horses and pursued our journey.

It was midnight when we arrived at the kan of Menemen. perceived at a distance a great number of scattered lights: it was a caravan making a halt. On a nearer approach I distinguished camels, some lying, others standing, some with their loads, others relieved from the burden. Horses and asses without bridles were eating barley out of leather buckets; some of the men were still on horseback, and the women, veiled, had not alighted from their dromedaries. Turkish merchants were seated cross-legged on carpets in groups round the fires, at which the slaves were busily employed in dressing pilaw. Other travellers were smok-

ing their pipes at the door of the kan, chewing opium, and listening to stories. Here were people burning coffee in iron pots; there hucksters went about from fire to fire offering cakes, fruits, and poultry for sale. Singers were amusing the crowd; imams were performing their ablutions, prostrating themselves, rising again and invoking the prophet; and the camel-drivers lay snoring on the ground. The place was strewed with packages, bags of cotton, and *couffs* of rice. All these objects now distinct and reflecting a vivid light, now confused and enveloped in a half shade, exhibited a genuine scene of the Arabian Nights. It wanted nothing but the caliph Haroun al Raschid, the vizir Giaffar and Mesrour, the chief of the black eunuchs.

I then recollected for the first time, that I was treading the plains of Asia; a quarter of the globe which had not yet beheld the traces of my steps, nor, alas! those sorrows, which I share with the rest of mankind. I felt impressed with profound respect for this ancient soil, which was the cradle of the human race, the abode of the patriarchs; where Tyre and Babylon reared their haughty heads; where the Eternal called Cyrus and Alexander; and where Christ accomplished the mystery of our salvation. A new world lay open before me: I was going to visit nations to which I was a stranger; to observe different manners and different customs; to behold other animals, other plants, a new sky, and a new nature. I should soon pass the Hermus and the Granicus: Sardis was not far distant: I was advancing towards Pergamus and Troy. History unfolded to me another page of the revolutions of mankind.

To my great regret I left the caravan behind. In about two hours we reached the banks of the Hermus, which we crossed in a ferry. It is still the *terbidus Hermus;* but I know not whether its sands yet continue to yield gold. I beheld it with pleasure; for it was the first river, properly speaking, that I had met with since I left Italy. At day-break we came to a plain bordered with hills of no great elevation. The country exhibited an aspect totally different from that of Greece; the fields were agreeably diversified with verdant cotton trees, the yellow straw of the corn, and the variegated bark of the mastick, while camels and buffaloes were grazing here and there. We left Magnesia, and Mount Sipylus behind us; so that we were not far from the fields of

where Agesilaus humbled the pride of the great king, and where Scipio gained that victory over Antiochus which opened a way for the Romans into Asia.

At a distance on our left we perceived the ruins of Cyme and had Neon Tichos on our right. I was tempted to alight from my horse and to walk, out of respect for Homer, who passed over the same ground.

"Some time afterwards the unfavourable state of his affairs induced him to go to Cyme. Having set out, he crossed the plain of the Hermus, and arrived at Neon Tichos, a colony of Cyme: it was founded eight years after the latter. It is said that being in this town, in the house of a smith, he there recited these verses the first that he ever composed:—'O ye citizens of the amiable daughter of Cyme, dwelling at the foot of Mount Sardene, whose summit is covered with woods that yield a refreshing shade, and who drink the waters of the divine Hermus, sprung from Jupiter, have compassion on the poverty of a stranger, who has no home in which to lay his head!'

"The Hermus runs near Neon Tichos, and Mount Sardene overlooks both. The smith whose name was Tychius, was so pleased with these verses, that he determined to receive him into his house. Full of commiseration for a blind man, reduced to the necessity of begging his bread, he promised to divide with him what he had. Melesigenes having entered his shop, took a seat, and some of the citizens of Neon Tichos being present, he showed them a specimen of his poetry: it was the expedition of Amphiaraus against Thebes, and the hymns in honour of the gods. Each expressed his sentiments upon them, and Melesigenes having thereupon pronounced his opinion, his auditors were filled with admiration.

"As long as he remained at Neon Tichos his poetry supplied him with the means of subsistence. The place where he was accustomed to sit when he recited his verses was still shown in my time. This spot which was yet held in high veneration, was shaded by a poplar that had begun to grow at the time of his arrival."*

Since Homer had a smith for his host at Neon Tichos, I need not be ashamed of having had a tinman of Smyrna for my inter-

* Life of Homer.

preter. Would to Heaven the resemblance were as complete in every other respect, were I even to purchase the genius of Homer at the expense of all the misfortunes with which the bard was overwhelmed!

After a march of several hours we ascended one of the ridges of Mount Sardene, and arrived on the bank of the Pythicus. We halted to allow a caravan that was crossing the river to pass. The camels, each fastened to the tail of the other, did not commit themselves to the water without resistance; they stretched out their necks, and were drawn along by the ass that headed the caravan. The merchants and the horses had stopped opposite to us, on the other side of the river, and a Turkish woman was sitting by herself covered with her veil. We crossed the Pythicus in our turn, below a wretched stone bridge, and at eleven o'clock we reached a kan where we baited our horses.

At five in the evening we pursued our journey. The country lay high, and was tolerably well cultivated. We saw the sea on our left. I observed for the first time, some tents belonging to Turcomans; they were composed of black sheep-skins, and reminded me of the Hebrews and the pastoral Arabs. We descended into the plain of Myrina, which extends to the gulf of Elea. An old castle, called Guzel Hissar, crowns one of the summits of the mountain which we had just left behind. At ten at night we encamped in the midst of the plain. A blanket which I had bought at Smyrna was spread upon the ground. I lay down upon it and went to sleep. On waking, some hours afterwards, I beheld the stars glistening over my head, and heard the shouts of the camel-driver conducting a distant caravan.

On the 5th we mounted our horses before it was light. Our road led over a cultivated plain: we crossed the Caicus, at the distance of a league from Pergamus, and at nine in the morning entered the town, seated at the foot of a mountain. While the guide led the horses to the kan, I went to examine the relics of the citadel. I found ruins of the walls of three edifices; the remains of a theatre, and a temple, perhaps that of Minerva; and remarked some fine fragments of sculpture, among others a frieze adorned with garlands, supported by the heads of oxen and by eagles. Pergamus lay before me to the south; it resembled a camp composed of red barracks. To the west stretches a spa-

cious plain bounded by the sea; to the eastward extends another plain, bordered in the distance by mountains; to the south, and at the foot of the town, first appeared cemeteries planted with cypresses, then a tract cultivated with barley and cotton; next two large tumuli; after which came a border of trees; and lastly a long high hill which intercepted the view. I perceived also to the northwest, some of the windings of the Selinus and Cetius; and to the east, the amphitheatre in the hollow of a valley. As I descended from the citadel, the town exhibited the remains of an aqueduct and the ruins of the Lyceum. The scholars of the country assert that the latter edifice contained the celebrated library.

But if ever description was superfluous, it is this which I am attempting. It is but a few months since M. de Choiseul published the continuation of his Travels. This second volume, which displays the maturity of talents improved by exercise, time and adversity, gives the most accurate and curious particulars relative to the edifices of Pergamus, and the history of its princes. I shall, therefore, indulge in only one reflection. The name of Attalus, dear to arts and letters seems to have been fatal to kings. Attalus, the third of that name, died almost an ideot, and bequeathed his possessions to the Romans, on which these republicans, who probably considered the people as part of those possessions, seized his kingdom. We find another Attalus, the puppet of Alaric, whose name is become proverbial to express the shadow of royalty. He who knows not how to wear the purple, ought not to accept it: better were it, in this case, that he clothed himself in goat-skin.

We left Pergamus at six in the evening; and proceeding northward, we halted for the night at eleven, in the middle of a plain. On the 6th, at four in the morning, we resumed our route, and continued our progress over the plain, which, with the exception of the trees, is very much like Lombardy. I was overtaken by such a fit of drowsiness that I could not possibly withstand it, and fell from my horse. It was a wonder I had not broken my neck; but I came off with a slight contusion. About seven o'clock we found ourselves upon an uneven tract of country, formed of small hills. We then descended into a charming dale, planted with mulberry and olive-trees, poplars, and pines

in the form of a parasol *(pinus pinea.)* Asia in general appeared to me far superior in beauty to Greece. We arrived betimes at Somma, a wretched Turkish town, where we spent the day.

I was an utter stranger to the route which we were now pursuing. I had got out of the track of travellers, who, in going to Bursa, or returning from that city, keep much farther to the east along the road to Constantinople. On the other hand, it seemed to me, that in order to come upon the back of Mount Ida, we ought to have proceeded from Pergamus to Adramytti, and then keeping along the coast, or crossing the Gargarus, we should have descended into the plain of Troy. Instead of following this track, we had marched along a line precisely between the road to the Dardanelles and that to Constantinople. I began to suspect some shuffling on the part of the guide, especially as I had observed him frequently engaged in conversation with the janissary. I desired Julian to call the drogman, and asked him how it happened that we had taken the road to Somma. The drogman appeared embarrassed: he replied that we were going to Kircagach; that it was impossible to cross the mountains where we should infallibly be all murdered; that our company was not sufficiently numerous to venture upon such a journey, and that it was much more advisable to make the best of our way into the road for Constantinople.

This answer threw me into a passion. I clearly perceived that the drogman and janissary, either from fear or other motives, had concerted a plot to lead me out of my way. I sent for the guide, and reproached him with his dishonesty. I told him, that since he considered the road to Troy as impracticable, he ought to have told me so at Smyrna; that though a Turk, I should not hesitate to call him a scoundrel; that I would not relinquish my plans in compliance with his fears or his caprices; that my bargain was to be conducted to the Dardanelles, and to the Dardanelles I was determined to go.

At these words, which the drogman faithfully interpreted, the guide became furious. "Allah! allah!" exclaimed he, shaking his beard with rage; he declared, that in spite of all I could say or do, he would conduct me to Kircagach; and that we should see which of the two would have most weight with the

aga, a Christian or a Turk. But for Julian I think I should have knocked the fellow down.

Kircagach being a large and opulent town, three leagues from Somma, I was in hopes of finding there some French agent who would bring this pestilent Turk to reason. I was too much agitated to sleep. On the 6th, our whole company was on horseback at four o'clock, according to the orders which I had given. In less than three hours we arrived at Kircagach, and alighted at the door of a very handsome kan. The drogman immediately inquired if there was any French consul in the town, and was directed to the house of an Italian surgeon. To this reputed vice-consul I posted, and explained my errand. He immediately went to give an account of the matter to the governor, who directed that I should appear before him with the guide. I repaired to the tribunal of his excellency, preceded by the drogman and the janissary. The aga was half reclined in the corner of a sofa, at the farther end of a large handsome room, the floor of which was covered with a carpet. He was a young man, of the family of a vizier. Fire-arms hung up over his head, and one of his officers was seated beside him. He continued smoking out of a large Persian pipe, with a look of contempt, and from time to time burst into a loud laugh as he looked at us. This reception nettled me. The guide, the drogman, and the janissary, pulled off their sandals at the door, according to custom; they advanced and kissed the skirt of the aga's robe, and then went back and seated themselves at the door.

The matter did not pass off so quietly in regard to me. I was completely armed, booted, spurred, and had my whip in my hand. The slaves insisted on my leaving my boots, my whip, and my arms, at the door. I ordered the drogman to tell them that a Frenchman follows the customs of his country wherever he goes; and that if they presumed to lay a finger upon me, I would make them repent their insolence. I advanced at a quick pace into the room, regardless of their cries. A spahi seized me by the left arm, and pulled me forcibly back. I gave him such a cut over the face with my whip, that he was obliged to loose his hold. He clapped his hand to the pistols which he carried at his girdle; but taking no notice of his menace, I went and seated myself by the side of the aga, whose astonishment

and terror were truly ludicrous. I addressed him in French: I complained of the insolence of his people; I declared it was only out of respect to him that I had not killed his janissary; that he ought to know that the French were the oldest and the most faithful allies of the Grand Signor; that the fame of their arms was sufficiently spread in the East, to teach people to respect their hats, in like manner as they honoured without fearing the turbans; that I had drunk coffee with pachas, who had treated me like their son, and that I had not come to Kircagach to allow a slave to instruct me how to conduct myself, or to have the presumption to touch even the skirt of my coat.

The astonished aga listened as if he had understood me: the drogman interpreted what I had said, word for word. He replied, that he had never seen a Frenchman; that he had taken me for a Frank, and would most assuredly do me justice: He then ordered coffee to be brought for me.

Nothing could be more diverting than to observe the stupified look, and the lengthened visage of the slaves, who beheld me in my dusty boots seated on the divan by the side of their master. Tranquility being restored, I explained my errand. Having heard both sides, the aga gave such a decision as I by no means expected. He commanded the guide to return me part of my money; but declared, that as the horses were tired, five men only could not without hazard attempt a passage over the mountains; and that consequently I ought quietly to pursue the road to Constantinople.

In this decree there was a remarkable share of Turkish good-sense, especially when the youth and inexperience of the judge are taken into consideration. I told his excellency, that his decision, though in either respects very just, was faulty for two reasons: in the first place, because five men well armed might venture any where; and in the second, because the guide ought to have made objections at Smyrna, and not to have entered into a contract which he had not the courage to fulfil. The aga agreed that my last remark was perfectly correct; but that, as the horses were fatigued, and incapable of performing so long a journey, fate itself compelled me to take another road.

It would have been useless to struggle against fate: all were secretly against me; the judge, the drogman, and my janissary.

The guide would have raised difficulties on the subject of the money; but he was peremptorily told that a hundred strokes of the bastinado awaited him at the door, unless he returned part of the sum which he had received. He drew it with great reluctance from a little leather bag, and came up and handed it to me. I took it, but gave it him back again, reproaching him at the same time with his dishonesty and duplicity. Selfishness is the great vice of the Mussulmans, and liberality the virtue which they hold in the highest esteem. My conduct appeared sublime; nothing was to be heard but *allah! allah!* At my departure I was attended to the door by all the slaves, and even by the spahi whom I had struck; they expected something for a *treat*, as they call it. I gave two pieces of gold to the Mussulman I had beaten; I dare say, for that price he would not have made the objections which Sancho did to deliver the princess Dulcinea. As to the rest of the crew, they were told from me, that a Frenchman never makes presents, nor receives them.

Such was the business that cost me the sacrifice of Ilion, and the glory of Homer. I represented to myself, by way of consolation, that I must necessarily pass Troy in the ship with the pilgrims, and that I might perhaps prevail upon the captain to set me on shore. I therefore made up my mind to pursue my journey without farther loss of time.

I went to pay a visit to the surgeon; he had not once made his appearance in this whole affair with the guide, either because he had no right to support me, or for fear of the governor. We walked together about the town, which is large and populous. Here I saw what I had not before met with—young Greek women without veils, sprightly, handsome, courteous, and to all appearance, daughters of Iona. It is a singular circumstance that Kircagach, so celebrated throughout all the Levant for the superiority of its cotton, is not to be found in any traveller,* neither is it marked in any map. It is one of those towns which the Turks call sacred: it belongs to the great mosque at Constanti-

* M. de Choiseul is the only one that mentions its name. Tournefort speaks of a mountain called Kircagan. Paul Lucas, Pococke, Chandler, Spon, Smith, and Dallaway, say nothing concerning Kircagach. D'Anville passes it over in silence: and no notice is taken of it in Peyssonel's Memoirs. If some of the numberless Travels in the East make mention of this place, it is in a very obscure manner, and has totally slipped my memory.

nople, and the pachas are not permitted to enter its walls. I have noticed the singular and excellent qualities of its honey, in speaking of that of Mount Hymettus.

At three in the afternoon we left Kireagach, and pursued our way towards Constantinople. The road led to the north, through a country planted with cotton-trees. We climbed a hill, then descended into another plain, and at half past five, we halted for the night at the kan of Kelembe. This is probably the same place that Spon calls Basculembei, Tournefort Baskelambai, and Thevenot Dgelembé. The Turkish geography is very obscure in the works of travellers, each having followed the mode of spelling suggested by his ear. It moreover requires infinite pains to establish the concordance of ancient and modern names in Anatolia. In this point D'Anville himself is not complete; and unfortunately the chart of the Propontis, executed for M. de Choiseul lays down nothing but the coasts of the sea of Marmora.

I took a walk in the environs of the town; the sky was cloudy, and the air cold as in France: it was the first time that I had remarked this kind of atmosphere in the East. Such is the influence of the attachment to country, that I felt a secret pleasure in contemplating this gray and gloomy sky, instead of that pure and serene atmosphere which I had so long been enjoying.

On the 8th, at break of day, we turned out of our quarters, and began to climb a hilly tract, which would be covered with an admirable forest of oaks, pines, phylleræas, andrachnes, and turpentine-trees, if the Turks would suffer any thing to grow: they set fire, on the contrary, to the young plants, and mutilate the large trees; there is nothing but what these people destroy; they are a real pest.* The villages in the mountains are poor; but the animals of various species are numerous. You may see in the same yard, horned cattle, buffaloes, sheep, goats, horses asses, mules, intermixed with fowls, turkeys, ducks, and geese. Some wild birds, as storks and larks live on familiar terms with these domestic animals. Among these peaceable creatures reigns the camel, the most peaceful of them all.

We dined at Geujouck; then continuing our route, we drank

* Tournefort asserts that the Turks burn these woods to increase the quantity of pasturage: but this would be the height of absurdity, as a want of wood prevails throughout all Turkey, and there is already a superabundance of pasturage.

coffee on the top of the mountain of Zebec, and slept at Chia-Ouse. Tournefort and Spon mentioned a place upon this road, called Courougoulgi.

On the 9th, we crossed higher mountains than those over which we passed the preceding day. Wheeler asserts that they form the chain of Mount Timnus. We dined at Manda Fora, called by Spon and Tournefort, Mandagoia, where some antique columns are to be seen. At this place travellers commonly sleep; but we pursued our journey, and halted at nine in the evening at the inn of Emir Capi, a detached house in the middle of a wood. We had travelled thirteen hours. The master of the house had just expired, and was extended upon a mat, which was quickly pulled from under him, for my accommodation. It was still warm, and already had all the friends of the deceased forsaken the house. A kind of waiter, who alone was left, assured me that his master had not died of any contagious disease; I therefore spread my blanket on the mat, laid myself down and went to sleep. Others will sleep in their turn on my last bed, and will think no more of me than I did of the Turk who had given me his place.

On the 10th, after a ride of six hours, we arrived at the pretty village of Souseverlé. This is perhaps the Sousurluck of Thevenot, and certainly the Sousighirli of Spon, and the Sousonghirli of Tournefort. It is situated at the termination and on the back of the mountains which we had just passed. About five hundred paces from the village runs a river, and beyond this river extends a beautiful and spacious plain. This river of Sousonghirli is no other than the Granicus; and this unknown plain is the plain of Mycia.

What is then the spell of glory? A traveller comes to a river, in which he observes nothing remarkable; he is told that the name of this river is Sousonghirli: he crosses it and pursues his way. But should some one perchance call out to him: 'Tis the Granicus!—he starts, opens his astonished eyes, fixes them on the river, as if the water possessed a magic power, or as if a supernatural voice were to be heard on its banks. We halted three hours at Sousonghirli, and I spent the whole of that time in contemplating the Granicus. It is very narrow; the west bank is steep and rugged; and its water, which is bright and limpid, flows

over a sandy bottom. This stream, in the place where I saw it is not more than forty feet broad, and three and a half deep; but in spring it rises and runs with impetuosity. Let us hear what Plutarch says:

"In the mean time, Darius's generals had assembled an immense army, and had taken post upon the banks of Granicus; so that Alexander was under the necessity of fighting there, to open the gates of Asia. Many of his officers were apprehensive of the depth of the river, and the rough and uneven banks on the other side; and some thought that a proper regard should be paid to a traditionary usage with respect to the time, for the kings of Macedon never marched out to war in the month Dæsius. Alexander cured them of this piece of superstition, by ordering that month to be called 'the second Artemisius.' And when Parmenio objected to his attempting a passage so late in the day, he replied: "The Hellespont would blush, if after having passed it, he should be afraid of the Granicus?" At the same time, he threw himself into the stream with thirteen troops of horse; and as he advanced in the face of the enemy's arrows, in spite of the steep banks which were lined with cavalry well armed, and the rapidity of the river, which often bore him down or covered him with its waves, his motions seemed rather the effects of madness than sound sense. He held on, however, till by astonishing efforts he gained the opposite banks, which the mud rendered extremely slippery and dangerous. When he was there, he was forced to stand an engagement with the enemy, hand to hand, and with much confusion on his part, because they attacked his men as fast as they came over, before he had time to form them. For the Persian troops charging with loud shouts, and with horse against horse, made good use of their spears, and when those were broken, of their swords.

"Numbers pressed hard upon Alexander, because he was easy to be distinguished both by his buckler and his crest, on each side of which was a large and beautiful plume of white feathers. His cuirass was pierced by a javelin at the joint; but he escaped unhurt. After this Rhœsaces and Spithridates, two officers of high distinction, attacked him jointly. The latter he avoided with great address, and received the former with such a stroke of his spear, upon his breast-plate, that it broke in pieces.

He then drew his sword to despatch him; but his adversary still maintained the combat. In the mean time Spithridates came up on one side of him, and raising himself on his horse gave him a blow with his battle-axe, which cut off his crest with one side of the plume. Nay, the force of it was such, that the helmet could hardly resist it: it even penetrated to his hair. Spithridates was about to repeat his stroke, when the celebrated Clitus prevented him, by running him through the body with his spear. At the same time Alexander with his sword brought Rœsaces to the ground.

"While the cavalry was thus furiously and critically engaged, the Macedonian phalanx passed the river, and then the infantry likewise engaged. The enemy made no considerable or long resistance, but soon turned their backs and fled; all but the Grecian mercenaries, who forming upon an eminence, desired Alexander to give his word of honour that they should be spared. But that prince influenced rather by his passion than by his reason, instead of giving them quarter advanced to attack them, and was so warmly received that he had his horse killed under him. It was not however, the famous Bucephalus. In this dispute, more of his men were killed and wounded, than in all the rest of the battle; for here they had to do with experienced soldiers, who fought with a courage heightened by despair.

"The barbarians, we are told, lost in this battle twenty thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse; whereas Alexander had only thirty-four men killed, nine of which were infantry. To do honour to their memory, he erected to each of them a statue in brass, the workmanship of Lysippus. And that the Greeks might have their share in the glory of the day, he distributed among them presents out of the spoil; to the Athenians in particular, he sent three hundred bucklers. Upon the rest of the spoils he put this pompous inscription: 'Won by Alexander the son of Philip, and the Greeks (excepting the Lacedæmonians) from the barbarians in Asia."

It is one single individual, then, who thus immortalizes a little river in a desert! Here falls an immense empire, and here rises an empire still more immense; the Indian Ocean hears the fall of the throne that is overturned near the shores of the Pro-

pontis; the Ganges beholds the approach of the leopard with four wings,* which triumphed on the banks of the Granicus: Babylon, which the king built in the splendour of his power, opens her gates to admit a new master; Tyre, the queen of ships, is humbled, and her rival springs up out of the sands of Alexandria.

Alexander was guilty of crimes: he was unable to withstand the intoxication of his success; but by what magnanimity did he not atone for the errors of his life! his crimes were always expiated by his tears: with Alexander every thing came from the heart. He began and terminated his career with two sublime expressions. On his departure to make war upon Darius, he divided his dominions among his officers. "What then do you reserve for yourself? cried they in astonishment. "Hope," was his reply. "To whom do you leave the empire?" said these same officers to him when expiring. "To the most worthy," said he. Place between these two expressions, the conquest of the world, achieved with thirty-five thousand men, in less than ten years, and you must admit that if ever man resembled a god among men, it was Alexander. His premature death adds something divine to his memory, for we behold him ever fair, young, and triumphant, without any of those corporeal infirmities, without any of those reverses of fortune that age and time are sure to bring. This divinity vanishes, and mortals are unable to support the weight of his work. "His kingdom," says the prophet, "shall be divided toward the four winds of heaven."*

At two in the afternoon we left Sousonghirli, crossed the Granicus, and advanced into the plain of Mikalicie, which belonged to the Mysia of the ancients. We halted for the night at Tehutitsi, which may perhaps be the Squeticui of Tournefort. The kan being full of travellers, we took up our quarters under some spreading willows, planted in quincunx order.

On the 11th we set out at day-break, and leaving the road to Bursa on the right, we continued our route through a plain covered with rushes, in which I observed the remains of an aqueduct. At nine in the morning we reached Mikalitza, a large, dull, dilapidated Turkish town, seated on a river, to which it gives its name.

* Daniel.

I know not whether this river be not the same that issues from lake Abouilla: so much, however, is certain, that a lake is to be seen at a distance in the plain. In this case, the river Mikalitza must be the Rhyndacus, formerly the Lycus, which took its rise in the Stagnum Artynia: a conjecture which is strengthened by its having at its mouth the little island (Besbicos) mentioned by the ancients. The town of Mikalitza is not far from the Lopadion of Nicetas, which is the Loupadi of Spon, the Lopadi, Loubat, and Oulonbat of Tournefort. Nothing is more tiresome for a traveller than this confusion in the nomenclature of places; and if in regard to this point I have committed almost inevitable errors, I request the reader to recollect, that men of superior abilities have themselves fallen into mistakes.

We left Mikalitza at noon, and advanced along the east bank of the river towards the high lands, forming the coast of the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. On my right, I perceived superb plains, an extensive lake, and, in the distance, the chain of Olympus: all this country is magnificent. After riding an hour, we crossed the river by a wooden bridge, and came to the pass of the heigths which lay before us. Here we found the port of Mikalitza. I dismissed my scoundrel of a guide, and took my passage in a Turkish vessel ready to sail for Constantinople.

At four in the afternoon, we began to fall down the river: the port of Mikalitza being sixteen leagues from the sea. The river had here increased to nearly the size of the Seine; it flowed between verdant hills whose foot is washed by the current. The antique form of our galley, the oriental costume of the passengers, the five half-naked sailors towing us along with a rope, the beauty of the river, and the solitude of the banks, rendered this trip picturesque and agreeable.

As we approached the sea, the river behind us formed a long canal, at the end of which we perceived the heigths that we had passed between; their slopes were tinged by a setting sun not visible to us. Swans were sailing before us, and herons were repairing to land to seek their accustomed retreat. The whole strongly reminded me of the rivers and scenery of America, when, at night, I left my bark canoe, and kindled a fire on an unknown shore. All at once, the hills between which we were winding, falling back to the right and left, the sea opened upon our view.

From the foot of the two promontories extended a low tract, half under water, formed by the alluvious matters deposited by the river. We moored our vessel close to this marshy spot, near a hut, the last kan of Anatolia.

On the 12th, at four in the morning, we weighed anchor with a light favourable breeze, and in less than half an hour we cleared the mouth of the river. The scene is worthy of being described. Aurora dawned on our right behind the high lands of the continent; on our left extended the sea of Marmora; ahead of us appeared an island; the eastern sky of a deep red, grew paler as the light increased; the morning star sparkled in this empurpled radiance; and below that beautiful star, the crescent of the moon was scarcely discernible, like the faint traces of the most delicate pencil. One of the ancients would have said that Venus, Diana, and Aurora, had met to announce to him the most brilliant of the gods. This picture changed whilst I contemplated it; green and roseate rays proceeding from one common centre, soon shot from the east to the zenith; these colours died away, revived and were again extinguished, till the sun appearing on the horizon, melted all the tints of the atmosphere into one universal white slightly tinged with a golden glow.

We steered northward, leaving the coasts of Anatolia on our right; the wind lulled an hour after sunrise and we took to our oars. The calm continued the whole day. The sunset was cold, red, and unattended with any accidents of light; the opposite horizon was greyish, the sea of a lead-colour, and without birds; the distant coasts appeared of an azure hue, but had no brilliancy; the twilight was of very short duration, and was suddenly succeeded by night. At nine o'clock a breeze sprung up from the east, and we proceeded at a brisk rate. On the 18th, at the return of dawn, we found ourselves near the coast of Europe, of Port St. Stephen; this coast was low and naked. It was two months, to the very day and hour, since I left the capital of civilized nations, and I was now going to enter the capital of barbarous nations. How much I had seen in this short space of time! How much older had I grown in these two months! At half an hour after six we passed the powder mill, a long white building in the Italian style. Behind this edifice, extended the land of Europe, which appeared flat and uniform. Villages, whose situation was

CONSTANTINOPLE.

From the Swedish Minister's Palace.

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marked by trees, were scattered here and there. Above the point of this land which formed a semi-circular curve before us, we discerned some of the minarets of Constantinople.

At eight o'clock, a galley-boat came along-side of us. As we were almost becalmed, I quitted the felucca, and went with my people into the boat. We kept close under point Europa, on which now stands the castle of the Seven Towers, an old Gothic fortress now falling to ruin. Constantinople, and the coast of Asia in particular, were enveloped in a thick fog: the cypresses and the minarets, which I perceived through the vapour, exhibited the appearance of a leafless forest. As we approached the point of the Seraglio, a breeze sprung up from the north, and as if by the waving of an enchanter's wand, the mist was swept in a few moments from the picture, and I found myself all at once in the midst of the palaces of the Commander of the Faithful. Before me the channel of the Black Sea, meandered like a majestic river between charming hills: on my right I had the coast of Asia and the city of Scutari; that of Europe lay on my left, forming, as it receded, a capacious bay full of large ships at anchor, and innumerable small vessels traversing it in every direction. This bay, bounded by two hills, presented a view of Constantinople and Galata; disposed in the form of an amphitheatre. The immense extent of these three cities of Galata, Constantinople, and Scutari, with their buildings rising in stages one above another; the cypresses, the minarets, the masts of ships intermingled on every side; the verdure of the trees; the colours of the houses white and red; the sea spreading its blue expanse below these objects and the sky its azure canopy above, altogether formed a picture, that filled me with admiration. It must indeed be allowed that those are guilty of no exaggeration, who assert that Constantinople exhibits a view superior in beauty to any in the world.*

We landed at Galata. I immediately remarked the bustle on the quays, and the throng of porters, merchants, and seamen, the latter announcing by the different colour of their complexions, by the diversity of their languages, and of their dress, by their robes, their hats, their caps, their turbans, that they had come from

* For my part, however, I prefer the bay of Naples.

every part of Europe and Asia to inhabit this frontier of two worlds. The almost total absence of women, the want of wheel carriages, and the multitude of dogs without masters, were the three distinguishing characteristics that first struck me in the interior of this extraordinary city. As scarcely any person walks abroad but in slippers, as there is no rumbling of coaches and carts, as there are no bells and scarcely any trades that require the aid of the hammer, a continual silence prevails. You see arouud you a mute crowd of individuals, seemingly desirous of passing unperceived, as if solicitous to escape the observation of a master. You are continually meeting with a bazar and a cemetery, as if the Turks were born only to buy, to sell, and to die. The cemeteries, without walls, and situated in the middle of the streets are magnificent groves of cypresses; the doves build their nests in these trees and share the peace of the dead. Here and there you perceive antique structures harmonizing neither with the modern inhabitants, nor with the new edifices by which they are surrounded: you would almost imagine that they had been transported into this oriental city by the effect of enchantment. No sign of joy, no appearance of comfort meets your eye. What you see is not a people, but a herd tended by an iman and slaughtered by a janissary. Here is no pleasure but sensual indulgence, no punishment but death. The dull tones of a mandoline sometimes issue from the extremity of a coffee-room, and you perceive the children of infamy performing immodest dances before a kind of apes seated around small circular tables. Amidst prisons and bagnios rises a seraglio, the capitol of slavery: 'tis here that a consecrated keeper carefully preserves the germs of pestilence and the primitive laws of tyranny. Pallid votaries are incessantly hovering about this temple, and thronging to offer their heads to the idol. Hurried on by a fatal power, nothing can divert them from this sacrifice. The eyes of the despot attrack the slaves, as the looks of the serpent are said to fascinate the birds on which he preys.

There are so many accounts of Constantinople, that it would be absurd in me to pretend to give a description of that city. The reader may, therefore, consult Stephen of Byzantium; Gylli *de Topographia Constantinopoleos;* Ducange's *Constantinopolis Christiana;* Porter's observations on *the Religion, &c. of the*

Turks; Mouradgea d'Ohsson's *Tableau de l'Empire Ottoman*; Dallaway's *Ancient and Modern Constantinople*; Paul Lucas; Thevenot: Tournefort; lastly, the *Voyage pittoresque de Constantinople et des Rives du Bosphore*; the fragments published by M. Esmenard, &c. &c.

There are several inns at Pera which resemble those of the other cities of Europe; to one of these inns I was conducted by the porters, who officiously seized my baggage. I then repaired to the French palace. I had the honour of seeing at Paris general Sebastiani, ambassador from France to the Porte: he insisted on my dining every day at his table: and it was only on my earnest solicitation, that he permitted me to remain at my inn. By his directions, the Messrs. Franchini, the chief drogmans to the embassy, procured the firmans necessary for my voyage to Jerusalem, which the ambassador accompanied with letters addressed to the superior of the religious in the Holy Land, and to our consuls in Egypt, and in Syria. Fearing lest I should run short of money, he gave me permission to draw bills upon him at sight whenever I might have occasion; and adding to these important services the attentions of politeness, he condescended to show me Constantinople himself, and to conduct me to the most remarkable structures. His aids-de-camp and the whole legation showed me so many civilities that I was absolutely put to the blush; and I deem it my duty to express in this place my unfeigned gratitude to those gentlemen.

I know not how to speak of another person whom I ought to have mentioned the first. Her extreme kindness was accompanied with a moving and pensive grace, which seemed to be a presentiment of what was to follow: she was nevertheless happy, and a particular circumstance heighthened her felicity. I myself shared that joy which was so soon to be converted into mourning. When I left Constantinople Madame Sebastiani was in bloom of health, hope, and youth; and before my eyes again beheld our country, she was incapable of hearing the expression of my gratitude:

Trojâ infelice sepultum
Detinet extremo terra aliena solo.

At this very time a deputation from the fathers of the Holy Land happened to be at Constantinople. They had repaired thi-

THIRD PART.

RHODES, JAFFA, BETHLEHEM, AND THE DEAD SEA.

We had on board near two hundred passengers, men, women and children; the like number of mats were seen ranged in order on either side of the ship between decks. A slip of paper pasted above each mat was inscribed with the name of the proprietor. Each of the pilgrims had suspended his staff, his chaplet, and a small cross over his pillow. The captain's cabin was occupied by the papas who were the conductors of the company. At the entrance of this cabin, two antichambers had been contrived: in one of these dark holes, about six feet square, I had the honour to lodge with my two servants; and the apartment opposite to mine was occupied by a family. In this kind of republic each lived as he pleased: the women nursed their children, the men smoked, or dressed their dinners, and the papas spent their time in conversation. On all sides were heard the sounds of mandolines, violins, and lyres: some sung, others danced, laughed, or prayed. Joy was imprinted on every face; Jerusalem! said they to me, pointing to the south, and I replied, Jerusalem! In short, but for fear, we should have been the happiest creatures in the world; but at the least gust of wind the seamen furled the sails, and the pilgrims ejaculated: *Christos! Kyrie eleison.* The gale subsided, and we regained our courage.

For the rest, I observed none of those irregularities that are spoken of by some travellers. We were, on the contrary, very modest and well behaved. The very evening of our departure two papas read prayers, which were attended by all the pilgrims with great devotion. They blessed the vessel; a ceremony that was repeated with every gale. The singing of the Greek church is melodious enough, but has very little gravity. One singularity which I remarked was this: a boy began the verse of a psalm in a high tone, and thus proceeded on one single note,

while a papas chanted the same verse on a different note, beginning when the boy had more than half finished. They have an admirable Greek Kyrie eleison: it is but one note kept up by different voices, some bass, other treble, executing, *adante* and *mezza voce*, the octave, the fifth, and the third. The solemn and majestic effect of this Kyrie is surprising. It is doubtless a relic of the ancient singing of the primitive church. I suspect that the other psalmody is that modern method introduced into the Greek ritual about the fourth century, and which St. Augustine had such ample reason to censure.

The very day after our departure, my fever returned with great violence, and confined me to my mat. We proceeded at a rapid rate through the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis; and passed the peninsula of Cyzicus, the mouth of Ægos Potamos, and the promontories of Sestos and Abydos. Neither Alexander and his army, Xerxes and his fleet, the Athenians and Spartans, nor Nero and Leander could drive away the head-ach which distracted me; but when I was told at six in the morning of the 21st of September, that we were just going to double the castle of the Dardanelles, the fever was dispelled by the recollections of Troy. I crawled upon deck; the first object that met my eye was a lofty promontory crowned with nine mills: this was Cape Sigeum. At the foot of the cape I distinguished two tumuli, the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus. The mouth of the Simois was on the left of the new castle of Asia; still farther astern of us appeared Cape Rhœtus and the tomb of Ajax. In the distance rose the chain of mount Ida, the declivities of which, viewed from the point where I was, appeared gentle, and of an harmonious colour; and Tenedos was ahead of us.

My eye expatiated over this picture, and involuntarily returned to the tomb of Achilles. I repeated these verses of the poet:

Ἀμφ' αὐτοῖσι δ' ἔπειτα μέγα καὶ ἀμύμονα τύμβον
Χεύαμεν Ἀργείων ἱερὸς στρατὸς αἰχμητάων
Ἀκτῇ ἐπὶ προὐχούσῃ, ἐπὶ πλατεῖ Ἑλλησπόντῳ
Ὅς κεν τηλεφανὴς εἰ ποντόφιν ἀνδρὰσιν εἴη
Τοῖς οἳ νῦν γεγάασι καὶ οἳ μετόπισθεν ἔσονται.

Odyss. lib. 24.

"The army of the warlike Greeks erects on the shore a vast and admirable monument, which is perceived afar off by those who pass it on the sea, and will attract the notice of present and future generations."

On the morning of the 22d, the north wind sprung up with extraordinary violence. We ought to have put into Chio, to take some more pilgrims on board; but through the captain's timidity and bad management, we were obliged to run for the port of Tchesmé, and there come to an anchor at the foot of a very dangerous rock near the wreck of a large Egyptian vessel.

This Asiatic port seems to have something fatal attached to it. Here the Turkish fleet was burned in 1770, by count Orlow, and here the Romans destroyed the gallies of Antiochus, 191 years before the Christian æra; if, however, the Cyssus of the ancients be the Tchesmé of the moderns, M. de Choiseul has given a plan and a view of this port. The reader will probably recollect that I was off Tchesmé in my voyage to Smyrna, on the 1st of September, twenty-one days before my second passage through the Archipelago.

We waited on the 22d and 23d for the pilgrims from the island of Chio. John went on shore, and procured me an abundant supply of pomegranates from Tchesmé. But I have just mentioned John's name, and this reminds me that I have yet said nothing to the reader concerning this new interpreter, the successor of the good-hearted Joseph. He was the most mysterious creature I ever met with: two small eyes sunk deep in their sockets, and hidden in a manner by a very prominent nose, two red mustaches, a continual habit of smiling, and a certain suppleness in his deportment, will give at once an idea of his person. When he had occasion to speak to me, he would advance sidelong, and after making a long circuit, come almost creeping, and wisper in my ear the most trifling thing in the world. As soon as I perceived him, I used to cry, "Walk upright, and speak loud!"—a piece of advice that many others besides poor John stand in need of. He was acquainted with the principal papas; he related to me very extraordinary things; he brought me compliments from the pilgrims who lived in the hold, and whom I had never seen. At mealtimes John never had any appetite, so far was he above all vulgar wants; but no sooner had Julian done dinner, than John would slip down into the boat where my provisions were kept, and under the pretext of putting things to rights in the hampers, he would swallow large slices of ham, devour a fowl, empty a bottle of wine, and that with such despatch that the motion of his lips

was not to be perceived. He would then return with a look of dejection, and ask me if I wanted him for any thing. I exhorted him to keep up his spirits, and to take a little nourishment, otherwise he ran the risk of making himself ill. The Greek thought me his dupe, and this gave him so much pleasure, that I never undeceived him. Notwithstanding these small faults, John was in the bottom a very honest man, and deserved the confidence reposed in him by his masters. It may not be amiss to observe that I have delineated this portrait and some others merely to gratify those readers who are curious to know something about the persons to whom they are introduced. For my part, had I a talent for drawing caricatures of this kind, I would assiduously strive to smother it; whatever exhibits human nature in a ludricrous light, seems to me undeserving of esteem. Of course, I mean not to include in this condemnation genuine wit, delicate raillery, the grand irony of the oratorical style, and the higher department of comedy.

In the night between the 22d and 23d, the ship brought home her anchor, and we expected every moment to run foul of the wreck of the Alexandrian vessel, near which we lay. The pilgrims from Chio, sixteen in number, arrived on the 23d at noon. At ten P. M. the night being very fine, we got under weigh with a moderate breeze at east, which shifted to the north before daybreak on the 24th.

We passed between Nicaria and Samos, celebrated for its fertility, its tyrants, and, above all, for giving birth to Pythagoras. The beautiful episode in Telemachus has effaced all that the poets have told us concerning Samos. We entered the channel formed by the Sporades, Patmos, Leria, Cos, &c. and the coast of Asia. There flowed the winding Meander, there stood Ephesus, Miletus, Halicarnassus, and Cnidus. I greeted, for the last time, the native land of Homer, Heredotus, Hyppocrates, Thales, and Aspasia; but I could perceive neither the temple of Ephesus, nor the sepulchre of Mausolus, nor the Venus of Cnidus; and but for the works of Pococke, Wood, Spon, and Choiseul, I should not have recognised the promontory of Mycale, by its modern and inglorious name.

On the 25th at six in A. M. we came to an anchor in the harbour of Rhodes, to take on board a pilot for the coast of Syria.

I landed, and went to the house of the French consul, M. Magallon. Still the same reception, the same hospitality, the same politeness! M. Magallon was ill; he nevertheless introduced me to the Turkish governor, a very good-natured man, who made me a present of a black kid, and gave me permission to go wherever I pleased. I showed him a firman, which he laid upon his head, declaring that he carried all the friends of the Grand Signor in that manner. I was impatient for the termination of this interview, that I might at least get a sight of that celebrated Rhodes, where I had but a moment to spend.

Here commenced for me an antiquity that formed the link between the Grecian antiquity which I had just quitted, and the Hebrew antiquity which I was about to explore. The monuments of the Knights of Rhodes roused my curiosity, which was somewhat fatigued by the ruins of Sparta and Athens. Some wise laws respecting commerce,* a few verses by Pindar on the consort of the Sun and the daughter of Venus,† some comic poets, and painters, and monuments more distinguished for magnitude than beauty; such I believe is all that can remind the traveller of ancient Rhodes. The Rhodians were brave; it is a singular circumstance, that they acquired celebrity in arms for having gloriously sustained a siege, like the knights their successors. Rhodes, honoured with the presence of Cicero and Pompey, was contaminated by the residence of Tiberius. During the reign of Honorius, the Persians made themselves masters of Rhodes. It was afterwards taken by the generals of the caliphs, in the year 647 of our æra, and retaken by Anastasius, emperor of the East. The Venetians gained possession of the island in 1203, but it was wrested from them by John Ducas.—The Turks conquered it from the Greeks. In 1304, 1308, or 1419, it was seized by the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, by whom it was retained about two centuries, and surrendered to Solyman II, on the 25th of December, 1522. On the subject of Rhodes, the reader may consult Coronelli, Dapper, Savary, and Choiseul.

Rhodes exhibited to me, at every step, traces of our manners,

* See Leunclavius's Treatise on the Maritime Law of the Greeks and Romans. The excellent ordinance of Louis XIV, on the subject of the marine, retains several clauses of the Rhodian laws.

† The nymph Rhodes.

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RHODES.

with the Entrance to the new, and to the old Harbour.

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and memorials of my country. I found here a little France in the midst of Greece. I walked through a long street, still called the street of the knights. It consists of Gothic houses, the walls of which are studded with Gallic devices, and the arms of families that figure in our annals. I remarked the lilies of France crowned, and as fresh as if they had just come from the hands of the sculptor. The Turks, who have every where mutilated the monuments of Greece, have spared those of chivalry; Christian honour astonished infidel bravery, and the Saladins felt respect for the Coucis.

At the end of the street of the knights, you come to three Gothic arches which lead to the palace of the grand master. This palace is now converted into a prison. A half ruined convent, inhabited by two monks, is the only memorial at Rhodes of that religion which there performed such miracles. The fathers conducted me to their chapel. You there see a Gothic virgin, with her child, painted on wood; the arms of d'Aubusson, the grand master, are carved at the bottom of the picture. This curious piece of antiquity was discovered some years since by a slave who was at work in the garden belonging to the convent. In the chapel is a second altar dedicated to St. Louis, whose image is met with all over the east, and whose death bed I saw at Carthage. I left my mite upon this altar, requesting the fathers to say a mass for my prosperous voyage, as if I had foreseen the dangers I should encounter on the coast of Rhodes, in my return from Egypt.

The commercial port of Rhodes would be very safe, if the ancient works which defended it were rebuilt. At the extremity of this harbour stands a wall flanked with two towers. These towers, according to tradition current in the country, occupy the site of the two rocks which served as a base for the Colossus. Every body knows that the ships did not pass between the legs of this statue; I mention it merely not to omit any thing.

Very near this first harbour are situated the basin for gallies and the dock yard. A frigate of thirty guns was then on the stocks, and was to be built entirely of fir from the mountains of the island.

The coast of Rhodes opposite to Caramania, the ancient Doris and Caria, is nearly upon a level with the sea; but the land rises

in the interior; and a lofty mountain, with a flat summit mentioned by all the geographers of antiquity, appears very conspicuous. At Lindus are yet left some vestiges of the temple of Minerva; but Camirus and Ialysus have totally disappeared. Rhodes formerly supplied all Anatolia with oil; at present it has not enough for its own consumption. It still exports a small quantity of corn. The vineyards yield an excellent wine, resembling those of the Rhone. The original plants were probably brought from Dauphiné by the chevaliers of that tongue; a conjecture which is strengthened by this circumstance, that these wines are here called as in Cyprus, Commandery wines.

Our books of Geography inform us that Rhodes has manufactures of velvet and tapestry, which are held in high estimation. Some coarse linens, which are made up into furniture equally coarse, are the only produce in this line of the industry of the Rhodians. These people, whose colonies of old founded Naples and Agrigentum, now occupy no more than a corner of their own desert island. An aga, with about a hundred degenerate janissaries, are sufficient to overawe a herd of slaves. It is a wonder that the order of Malta never attempted to recover its ancient domain; nothing would have been more easy than to regain possession of the island of Rhodes; the knights might without much trouble, have repaired the fortifications, which are yet very good; they would not have been a second time expelled; for the Turks, who were the first people in Europe, that opened trenches before a place, are now the very last of all in the art of sieges.

At four in the afternoon of the 25th, I parted from M. Magallon, after leaving with him some letters, which he promised to forward, by way of Caramania, to Constantinople. I hired a galley boat, and followed our ship, which was already under sail, having taken on board her coasting pilot, a German, who had been settled at Rhodes for many years. We steered with a view to make the cape at the point of Caramania, formerly the promontory of Chimæra in Lycia. Astern of us, Rhodes exhibited in the distance a bluish range of coast under a golden sky. In this range we distinguished two square mountains which seemed to have been cut out expressly for the erection of castles, and nearly resembled in their form the acropolis of Corinth, Athens, and Pergamus.

The 26th was an unlucky day. We lay becalmed off the continent of Asia, nearly abreast of Cape Chelidonia, which forms the point of the gulf of Satalia. I saw on our left the lofty peaks of the Cragus, and called to mind the verses of the poets on the frigid Lycia. I knew not that I should one day execrate the summits of this Taurus which I now contemplated with pleasure, and fondly reckoned among the celebrated mountains whose tops I had beheld. The currents were strong, and carried us out to sea, as we found the following day. The ship, which was in ballast, laboured exceedingly: we shivered our main-top-mast and the fore-top-sail yard; which, to sailors so inexperienced as we, was a very serious misfortune.

It is really surprising to see how the Greeks navigate their ships. The pilot sits cross legged, with his pipe in his mouth, holding the tiller, which to be on a level with the hand that guides it, must graze the deck. Before this pilot, who is half reclined, and consequently can exert no force, stands a compass, which he knows nothing about, and which he never looks at. On the least appearance of danger, French or Italian charts are spread out upon the deck; the whole crew, with the captain at their head, lie down upon their bellies; they examine the chart; they follow the lines delineated upon it with their fingers; they endeavour to find out where they are; each gives his opinion: they conclude at last that it is impossible to make head or tail of these conjuring books of the Franks, fold up the map again, lower the sails, or bring the wind astern: they then have recourse again to their pipes and their chaplets, recommend themselves to Providence and await the event. In this way many a ship gets two or three hundred leagues out of her course, and finds herself off the coast of Africa instead of making that of Syria; but all this cannot prevent the crew from joining in a dance on the first gleam of sun-shine. The ancient Greeks were, in many respects but amiable and credulous children, who passed with all the levity of infancy from grief to joy, and the modern Greeks have retained something of this character: happy at least to find in this versatility of disposition some relief from their woes!

About eight in the evening, the wind got round again to the north; and the hopes of soon being at the end of their voyage, once more cheered the spirits of the pilgrims. Our German pilot

informed us that at break of day we should perceive Cape St. Iphane in the island of Cyprus; and nothing was now thought of but how to enjoy life. The whole company had supper brought upon deck; they divided into groups, and each sent to his neigh bour whatever that neighbour happened to stand in need of. I had adopted the family that lodged opposite to me, at the door of the captain's cabin; it consisted of a young woman, her two children, and her aged father. This old man was performing his third voyage to Jerusalem; he had never yet seen a Latin pilgrim, and the good creature wept for joy when he looked at me: I therefore supped with his family. Never did I behold a scene more pleasing and more picturesque. The wind was cool, the sea beautiful, and the sky serene. The moon seemed to hover between the masts and among the rigging; sometimes she appeared without the sails, and all the ship was illuminated; at others she was hidden behind the sails, and the group of pilgrims were again thrown into the shade. Who would not have blessed religion, on reflecting that these two hundred persons, so happy at this moment, were, nevertheless, slaves bowed down by the yoke of tyranny? They were preceeding to the tomb of Christ, to bury in oblivion the past glory of their country, and to seek consolation for their present afflictions.

On the morning of the 27th, to the great surprise of the pilot, we found ourselves in open sea, and out of sight of any land. A calm overtook us: the consternation was general. Where were we? Were we within or without the island of Cyprus? The whole day passed in this extraordinary dispute. To have talked of taking the reckoning, or the altitude, would have been Hebrew to our sailors. When the breeze sprung up towards evening they were thrown into a new embarrassment. On what tack were we to steer? The pilot, who imagined that we were between the north coast of Cyprus and the gulf of Satalia, proposed to keep the ship's head to the south, to get sight of the former; but the consequence would have been, that, had we passed the island, we should have gone, by following that point of the compass, right to Egypt. The captain was of opinion that we ought to steer to the north, in order to find the coast of Caramania; this would have been putting back, and besides, the wind was contrary to that course. My opinion was asked; for in all cases of any diffi-

culty, the Greeks and Turks invariably have recourse to the Franks. My advice was, that we should steer to the eastward, for an obvious reason: we were either within or without the island of Cyprus; now, in either case, by standing to the east, we should be making progress. Besides, if we were within the island, we could not fail to see land to the larboard or starboard in a very short time, either at Cape Anemur, in Caramania, or at Cape Conachitti, in Cyprus. We should then have nothing to do but to double the eastern point of that island, and afterwards drop down the coast of Syria.

This method of proceeding seemed the most eligible, and we turned the ship's head to the east. At five in the morning of the 28th, to our great joy, we descried Cape de Gatte, in the island of Cyprus, bearing to the north, about eight or ten leagues distant. Thus we found ourselves without the island, and in the proper direction for Jaffa. The currents had carried us out to sea to the south west.

The wind fell at noon: we were becalmed the rest of the day and part of the 29th. We were joined by three fresh passengers; two water-wagtails and a swallow: I know not what could have induced the former to quit their companions; as to the latter it was going perhaps to Syria, and it came perhaps from France. I was tempted to inquire of it about the paternal roof which I had so long quitted. I recollect that when I was a child, I passed whole hours in watching, with a certain melancholy pleasure, the swallows flying about in autumn; as if some secret instinct had whispered that I should be a traveller like those birds. They assembled about the end of September among the rushes of a large pond; there twittering and making a thousand evolutions over the surface of the water, they seemed to be trying their wings and preparing for a long pilgrimage. Among all the recollections of existence, why do we prefer those of our infancy? The pleasures of self-love, the illusions of youth, appear not to the memory clothed in charms; we think them, on the contrary, insipid or bitter: but the most trifling circumstances awaken in the heart the emotions of childhood, and always with new attractions. On the banks of the lakes of America, in an unknown desert, which relates nothing to the traveller, in a region which has nothing to boast but the grandeur of Solitude, a swallow was sufficient to

revive the scenes of the early days of my life, as it recalled them to my memory on the sea of Syria, in sight of an antique land re-echoing the voice of ages and the traditions of history.

The currents now carried us towards the island of Cyprus. We descried its low, sandy, and apparently sterile coasts On these shores Mythology placed her most pleasing fables.

> Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
> Læta suas, ubi, templum illi, centumque Sabæo
> Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant.

"As soon as I went on shore," said the son of Ulysses, "I perceived a certain softness in the air, which, though it rendered the body indolent and inactive, yet brought on a disposition to gayety and wantonness; and, indeed, the inhabitants were so averse to labour, that the country, though extremely fertile and pleasant, was almost wholly uncultivated. I met, in every street crowds of women loosely dressed, singing the praises of Venus, and going to dedicate themselves to the service of her temple. Beauty and pleasure sparkled in their countenances, but their beauty was tainted by affectation; and the modest simplicity, from which female charms principally derive their power, was wanting; the dissolute air, the studied look, the flaunting dress, and the lascivious gait, the expressive glances that seemed to wander in search after those of the men, the visible emulation who should kindle the most ardent passion, and whatever else I discovered in these women, moved only my contempt and aversion, and I was disgusted by all that they did with a desire to please.

"I was conducted to a temple of the goddess, of which there are several in the island, for she is worshipped at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos. That which I visited was at Cythera: the structure, which is all of marble, is a complete peristyle: and the columns are so large and lofty that its appearance is extremely majestic: on each front over the architrave and frieze, are large pediments, on which the most entertaining adventures of the goddess are represented in bas-relief. There is a perpetual crowd of people with offerings at the gate, but within the limits of the consecrated ground no victim is ever slain; the fat of bulls and heifers is never burnt, as at other temples; nor are the rites of pleasure

profaned with their blood: the beasts that are here offered are only presented before the altar; nor are any accepted but those that are young, white, and without blemish; they are dressed with purple fillets embroidered with gold, and their horns are decorated with gilding and flowers; after they have been presented, they are led to a proper place at a considerable distance, and killed for the banquet of the priests.

"Perfumed liquors are also offered, and wines of the richest flavour. The habit of the priests is a long white robe, fringed with gold at the bottom, and bound round them with golden girdles; the richest aromatics of the east burn night and day upon the altars, and the smoke rises in a cloud of fragrance to the skies. All the columns of the temple are adorned with festoons; all the sacrificial vessels are of gold; and the whole building is surrounded by a consecrated grove of odoriferous myrtle: none are permitted to present the victims to the priest, or to kindle the hallowed fire, but boys and girls of consummate beauty. But this temple, however magnificent, was rendered infamous by the dissolute manners of the votaries."*

In regard to Cyprus, we had better adhere to poetry than history, unless we can derive pleasure from the recollection of one of the most flagrant acts of injustice ever committed by the Romans, and a scandalous expedition of Cato's. But it is a singular thing to represent to ourselves, that in the middle ages, the temples of Amathus and Idalia were transformed into dungeons. A French gentleman was king of Paphos, and barons covered with coats of mail were quartered in the sanctuaries of Cupid and the Graces. In Dapper's *Archipelago* may be seen the complete history of Cyprus; and the abbé Mariti has treated of the modern revolutions and the present state of this island, which, from its position, is still a place of importance.

The weather was so fine, and the air so mild, that all the passengers continued the whole night upon deck. I had a contest about a little corner of the quarter-deck, with two lusty caloyers, who gave it up to me, but not without grumbling. Here I was sleeping at six in the morning of the 30th of September, when I was roused by a confused sound of voices: I opened my eyes and

* Telemachus, Book IV.

perceived all the pilgrims looking towards the prow of the vessel. I asked what was the matter, and they called out to me: *Signior, il Carmelo!* Mount Carmel! A breeze had sprung up at eight the preceding evening, and in the night we had come in sight of the coast of Syria. As I had lain down in my clothes, I was soon on my legs, inquiring which was the sacred mountain. Each was eager to point it out to me, but I could see nothing of it because the sun began to rise in our faces. This moment had something religious and august; all the pilgrims, with their chaplets in their hands, had remained in silence in the same attitude, awaiting the appearance of the Holy Land. The chief of the papas was praying aloud; nothing was to be heard but this prayer and the noise made in her course by the ship, wafted by a most favourable wind upon a brilliant sea. From time to time a cry was raised on the prow, when Carmel again appeared in sight. At length I perceived that mountain myself, like a round spot beneath the rays of the sun; I fell upon my knees after the manner of the Latin pilgrims. I felt not that agitation which seized me on beholding, for the first time, the shores of Greece; but the sight of the cradle of the Israelites and the birth-place of christianity filled me with awe and veneration. I was just arriving at that land of wonders, at the sources of the most astonishing poesy, at the spot, where, even humanly speaking, happened the greatest event that ever changed the face of the world; I mean the coming of the Messiah: I was just reaching those shores which were visited in like manner by Godfrey de Bouillon, Raimond de St. Gilles, Tancred the Brave, Robert the Strong, Richard Cœur de Lion, and that St. Louis, whose virtues were the admiration of infidels. But how durst an obscure pilgrim like me tread a soil consecrated by so many illustrious pilgrims?

As we approached nearer and the sun got higher, the land became more distinctly visible. The last point that we perceived in the distance on our left, towards the north, was the cape of Tyre; next came Cape Blanco, St. John d'Acre, Mount Carmel with Caifa at its foot, Tartoura, formerly Dora, the Pilgrims' Castle, and Cæsarea, the ruins of which are to be seen. We knew that Jaffa must be right ahead of us, but it was not yet discernible. The coast then gradually sunk to the last cape towards the south, where it was entirely lost: here commence the shores

of ancient Palestine, here they join those of Egypt, and are nearly upon a level with the sea. The land, eight or ten leagues distant from us, appeared generally white with black undulations produced by the shadows; there was nothing prominent in the oblique line which it formed from north to south: Mount Carmel itself was not conspicuous; the whole was uniform and dull. A file of white and indented clouds followed the direction of the land upon the horizon, and seemed to repeat the appearance of it in the sky.

At noon the wind failed us; a breeze sprung up at four o'clock, but through the ignorance of the pilot, we overshot our mark. We were steering in full sail for Gaza, when the pilgrims, from the inspection of the coast, discovered the mistake of our German; we were then obliged to put the ship about, which occasioned a loss of time, and night came on. We, however, approached Jaffa, and could even perceive the lights in the town, when a stiff breeze beginning to blow from the north-west, the captain was afraid to venture into the road in the night, and suddenly turning the head of the ship, he put off again to sea.

I was standing on the poop and beheld the land receding from us with real mortification. In about half an hour I perceived something like the distant reflection of a fire on a peak of a chain of mountains; these were the mountains of Judea. The moon that produced the effect with which I was struck, soon showed her ample and blushing orb above Jerusalem. A friendly hand seemed to place this pharos on the summit of Sion, to guide us to the Holy City. Unfortunately we were not disposed like the Magi, to follow the kindly luminary, and her refulgence served only to light us from the so ardently wished-for port.

The next morning, October 1st, at break of day, we found ourselves becalmed off the coast, nearly a-breast of Cæsarea: we were now obliged to range again to the south along the shore. The little wind we had was fortunately fair. In the distance rose the amphitheatre of the mountains of Judea, at the foot of which a spacious plain descended to the sea. Scarcely any traces of cultivation were perceptible, and not a habitation was to be seen, but a Gothic castle in ruins surmounted with a falling and deserted minaret. On the border of the sea, the land was terminated by yellow cliffs streaked with black; from these sloped the beach,

on which we saw and heard the billows breaking. The Arab, roving on this inhospitable shore, pursues with eager eye the vessel that scuds along the horizon; he lurks in expectation of the plunder of the wreck, on that very shore where Christ gave the injunction to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked.

At two P. M. we at length again descried Jaffa. We were perceived from the city; a boat put off from the harbour, and came to meet us. I availed myself of this opportunity to send John on shore, with the letter of recommendation given me at Constantinople by the deputies from the Holy Land, and addressed to the fathers of Jaffa. This letter I accompanied with a note from myself.

An hour after John's departure we came to an anchor off Jaffa, the town bearing south-east, and the minaret of the mosque east-south-east. I am particular in marking the points of the compass in this place, for a reason of some consequence: the Latin vessels usually bring-to farther out in the offing; they are then upon a ledge of rocks which are liable to cut their cables; whereas the Greek vessels by standing in closer to the shore, find a much safer bottom between the basin of Jaffa and the rocks.

Jaffa exhibits a miserable assemblage of houses huddled together, and built in the form of an amphitheatre, on the declivity of a lofty hill. The calamities which this town has so often experienced have multiplied the number of its ruins. A wall beginning and ending at the sea, encompasses it on the land-side and secures it from any sudden surprise.

Galley-boats soon approached from all quarters to fetch the pilgrims: the dress, features, complexion, look, and language of the masters of these boats, at once announced the Arab race and the frontiers of the desert. The landing of the passengers was conducted without tumult, but with a degree of eagerness on their part that was very excusable. This crowd of men, women, and children, did not set up those shouts, those howlings, and lamentations, represented in some imaginary and ridiculous accounts. They were perfectly composed, and among them all I was certainly the most agitated.

At length I perceived a boat coming with my Greek servant, accompanied by three of the religious. The latter knew me by my Frank dress, and waved their hands in the most friendly man-

ner. They soon reached the ship. Though these fathers were Spaniards, and spoke an Italian that was difficult to be understood, we shook hands like real countrymen. I went with them into the boat, and we entered the port by an aperture formed between two rocks, and dangerous even for so small a vessel. The Arabs on shore advanced into the water up to their waists, to take us upon their shoulders. Here ensued a diverting scene. My servant had on a light drab great coat, and white being the colour of distinction among the Arabs, they judged that he was the sdeik. Accordingly they laid hold of him and carried him off in triumph in spite of his protestations, whilst I, thanks to my blue coat, rode obscurely on the back of a ragged beggar.

We proceeded to the hospital of the fathers, a plain wooden building close to the harbour, commanding a very fine view of the sea. My host first led me to the chapel which I found lighted up, and where they returned thanks to God for having sent them a brother—affecting Christian institutions, by means of which the traveller finds friends and accommodations in the most barbarous regions; institutions of which I have elsewhere spoken, and which can never be sufficiently admired!

The names of the three religious who had come on board to fetch me, were John Traylos Penna, Alexander Roma, and Martin Alexano. They composed at this time the whole establishment, the rector Don Juan De la Conception being absent.

On coming from the chapel, the fathers ushered me into my cell, in which was a table, a bed, ink, paper, fresh water, and clean linen. To form a true estimate of those comforts, you must be cooped up as long as I had been in a Greek ship with two hundred pilgrims. At eight in the evening we repaired to the refectory. Here we found two other fathers, Manuel Sancia and Francisco Munoz, who had come from Rama, and were bound to Constantinople. They commonly say the *Benedicite*, preceded by the *De profundis*—a memorial of death which christianity mingles with all the actions of life, to render them more solemn, as the ancients did with their banquets to give a higher zest to their pleasures! On a small, clean, separate table, they set before me poultry, fish, excellent fruit, such as pomegranates, water-melons, grapes, and dates in their prime; I had as much Cyprus wine and Turkey coffee as I chose to drink,

While I was thus liberally supplied with good things, the fathers ate only a little fish without salt or oil. They were cheerful with moderation, familiar with politeness; asked no useless questions and showed no vain curiosity. All their conversation turned on the subject of my tour and the measures that ought to be adopted to enable me to accomplish it in safety: "for," said they "we are now answerable for you to your country." They had already sent off an express to the sheik of the Arabs in the mountains of Judea, and another to the father procurator of Rama. "We received you," said Father Munoz to me, "with a heart *limpido e bianco*." This good Spaniard had no occasion to assure me of the sincerity of his sentiments; I could easily have discovered it in the benignity of his looks.

This truly christian and charitable reception in that land where christianity and charity took their rise; this apostolic hospitality in a place where the first of the apostles preached the doctrines of the gospel, moved me to the very heart: I recollected that other missionaries had received me with the same cordiality in the wilds of America. The religious of the Holy Land have the more merit, for while they dispense, with liberal hand, the charity of Jesus Christ to the pilgrims to Jerusalem, they have reserved the Cross that was erected on these shores for themselves. This father, with a heart so *limpido e bianco*, nevertheless assured me that the life which he led for these fifty years seemed to him *un vero paradiso*. Would the reader like to know what sort of a paradise this is? Every day a new oppression, menaces of the bastinado, of fetters, of death. These religious having last easter washed the linen belonging to the altar, the water impregnated with starch, as it ran away from the convent, whitened a stone. A Turk passed, and seeing this stone went and informed the cadi, that the fathers had been repairing their house. The cadi hastened to the spot, decided that the stone which was black had become white, and without hearing what the religious had to say, obliged them to pay ten purses. The very day before my arrival at Jaffa, the father procurator of the hospital had been threatened with the rope by one of the aga's attendants in the presence of the aga himself. The latter sat quietly curling his wiskers without deigning to speak a word in favour of the *dog*. Such is the *real paradise* of

these monks, who, according to some travellers, are little sovereigns in the Holy Land, and enjoy the highest honours.

At ten o'clock my host conducted me back through a long passage to my cell. The billows dashed against the rocks of the harbour: with the window shut, you would have thought it a tempest; when it was open you beheld a serene sky, a peaceful moon, a calm sea, and the vessel of the pilgrims lying in the offing. The fathers smiled at the surprise which I showed at this contrast. I said to them in bad Latin: *Ecce monachis similitudo mundi: quantumcunque mare fremitum reddat, eis placidæ semper undæ videntur; omnia tranquillitas, serenis animis.*

I spent part of the night in contemplating this sea of Tyre, which is called in Scripture the Great Sea, and which bore the fleets of the royal prophet when they went to fetch the cedars of Lebanon and the purple of Sidon; that sea where Leviathan leaves traces behind him like abysses; that sea to which the Lord set barriers and gates; that affrighted deep which beheld God and fled. This was neither the wild ocean of Canada, nor the playful waves of Greece: to the south extended that Egypt, into which the Lord came riding upon a swift cloud to dry up the channels of the Nile and to overthrow the idols; to the north was seated that queen of cities whose merchants were princes; "Howl ye ships of Tarshish for your strength is laid waste! The city of confusion is broken down; every house is shut that no man may come in. When thus it shall be in the midst of the land among the people; there shall be, as the shaking of an olive-tree, and as the gleaning grapes when the vintage is done." Here are other antiquities explained by another poet: Isaiah succeeds Homer.

But this was not all: this sea which I contemplated washed the shores of Gallilee on my right, and the plain of Ascalon on my left. In the former I met with the traditions of the patriarchal life, and of the nativity of our Saviour; in the latter I discovered memorials of the Crusades, and the shades of the heroes of Jerusalem.

Grande e mirabil cosa era il vedere, &c.

"What a grand and admirable spectacle to behold the two camps advancing front against front, the battalions forming in

order, impatient to march, impatient for the attack. The streaming banners float in the air, and the wind waves the plumes on the lofty helmets. The garments, fringes, devices, colours, arms of gold and iron glisten in the rays of the sun."

It was with reluctance that I withdrew my eyes from that sea which revives so many recollections; but exhausted nature must be recruited by sleep.

Father Juan de la Conception, rector of Jaffa, and president of the convent, arrived on the morning of the next day, October 2d. I purposed to see the town, and pay a visit to the aga, who had sent to compliment me; but the president dissuaded me from this intention.

"You know nothing about these people," said he, "What you take for politeness is mere espionnage. They have sent to salute you for no other purpose than to find out who you are, whether you are rich, and whether they can plunder you. If you would see the aga, you must first carry him presents: he will not fail in that case to give you, in spite of all you can say, an escort to Jerusalem; the aga of Rama will swell this escort; the Arabs, persuaded that a rich Frank is going on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, will raise the duties of *caffaro*, or attack you. At the gates of Jerusalem you will find the camp of the pacha of Damascus, who has come to levy contributions, before he conducts the caravan to Mecca: the show you make will give umbrage to this pacha, and will expose you to new extortions. On your arrival at Jerusalem, three or four thousand piastres will be demanded for your escort. The populace, informed of your coming, will annoy you to such a degree, that if you possessed millions, you could not satisfy their rapacity. The streets will be obstructed as you pass, and you will not be able to visit the sacred places. Take my advice, and to-morrow we will disguise ourselves as pilgrims, and proceed together to Rama: there I shall receive an answer to my express; if it be favourable, you may depart at night, and arrive safe and sound, with little expense, at Jerusalem."

In support of this advice, the father urged a thousand examples, and in particular that of a Polish bishop, who had nearly lost his life two years before, on account of too great an appearance of wealth. This I relate merely to show to what a pitch

corruption, love of gold, anarchy and barbarity, are carried in this unhappy country.

Guiding myself, therefore, by the experience of my hosts, I kept close in the convent, where I spent an agreeable day in pleasing conversation. I received a visit from M. Contessini who aspired to the vice-consulship of Jaffa, and from Messrs. Damiens, senior and junior, Frenchmen by birth, and formerly in the service of Djezzar at St. John d'Acre. They related to me some curious facts relative to the recent events in Syria; they spoke of the renown which the emperor and our arms have left behind in the desert. Men are still more feelingly alive to the glory of their country, when away from that country, than under the paternal roof; and we have seen French emigrants claiming their share of victories which seemed likely to doom them to everlasting exile.*

I spent five days at Jaffa on my return from Jérusalem, and examined it most minutely. I ought, therefore, to defer my observations till that period, but that I may not derange the order of my route I shall introduce them in this place: besides which, it is probable, that, after the description of the sacred places, the reader would not take any great interest in that of Jaffa.

Jaffa, was formerly called Joppa, which according to Adrichomius, signifies beautiful or agreeable. D'Anville derives the present name from the primitive form of Joppa, which is Japho.† I shall observe, that in the land of the Hebrews there was another city of the name of Jaffa, which was taken by the Romans: this name perhaps was afterwards transferred to Joppa. According to some commentators, and Pliny himself, the origin of this city is of very high antiquity, Joppa having been built before the deluge. It is said, that at Joppa Noah went into the ark. After the flood had subsided, the patriarch gave to Shem, his eldest son, all the lands dependent on the city, founded by his third son Japhet. Lastly according to the traditions of the country, Joppa contains the sepulchre of the second father of mankind.

* The same sentiment is said to have been expressed by James II. of England, after the loss of his kingdom, on occasion of the battle of La Hogue.

† In Syria, I know, the name of this town is pronounced Yáfa, and it is so written by Volney; but I am not acquainted with Arabic, and besides I have no authority to correct the orthography of D'Anville, and so many other learned writers.

According to Pococke, Shaw, and perhaps d'Anville, Joppa fell to the share of Ephraim, and with Ramla and Lydda, formed the western part of that tribe: but other authors, and, among the rest Adrichomius, Roger, &c. place Joppa in the tribe of Dan. The Greeks extended to these shores the empire of fable, and asserted that Joppa derived its name from a daughter of Æolus. They placed in the neighbourhood of this city the adventure of Perseus and Andromeda. Scaurus, according to Pliny, transported from Joppa to Rome the bones of the sea monster sent by Neptune. Pausanias assures us, that near Joppa was to be seen a fountain, where Perseus washed off the blood with which the monster had covered him; and from this circumstance the water ever afterwards remained of a red colour. Finally, St. Jerome relates, that in his time the rock and the ring to which Andromeda was bound, still continued to be pointed out at Joppa.

It was at Joppa that the fleets of Hiram, laded with cedar for the temple, landed their cargoes; and here the prophet Jonah embarked when he fled before the face of the Lord. Joppa fell five times into the hands of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, and other nations, who made war upon the jews, previously to the arrival of the Romans in Asia. It became one of the eleven toparchies where the idol Ascarlen was adored. Judas Maccabeus burned the town, whose inhabitants had slaughtered two hundred Jews. St. Peter here raised Tabitha from the dead, and received the men sent from Cæsarea in the house of Simon the tanner. At the commencement of the troubles of Judea, Joppa was destroyed by Gestius. The walls having been rebuilt by pirates, Vespasian again sacked it, and placed a garrison in the citadel.

We have seen that Joppa existed about two centuries posterior to these events, in the time of St. Jerome, who calls it Japho. It passed, with all Syria, under the yoke of the Saracens; and again makes its appearance in the historians of the crusades. The anonymous writer who begins the collection intituled *Gesta Dei per Francos*, relates that, when the army of the crusaders was under the walls of Jerusalem, Godfrey of Bouillon sent Raimond Pilet, Achard de Mommellou, and William de Sabran, to guard the Genoese and Pisan vessels, which had arrived in the port of Jaffa. Benjamin of Tudela speaks of it, about the same period, by the name of Gapha: *Quinque ab hinc leucis est Gapha olim*

Japho, aliis Joppe dicta, ad mare sita; ubi unus tantum Judæus, atque lanæ inficiendæ artifex est. Saladin retook Jaffa from the crusaders, and Richard Cœur de Lion recovered it from Saladin. The Saracens once more gained possession of the town, and put the Christians to the sword: but at the period of the first expedition of St. Louis to the east, it was not in the power of the Infidels, being then held by Gautier de Brienne, who assumed the title of count of Japhe, according to the orthography of the Sire de Joinville.

"Now when the count of Japhe saw that the king was arrived, he set his castle of Japhe in order, and put it into such condition that it resembled a well fortified town. For on the battlements on each side of his castle there were at least five hundred men, each provided with a buckler and a pennon to his arms, which was a very goodly sight to behold: for his arms were of pure gold, and the cross very richly made. We took up our quarters in the fields round about this castle of Japhe, which was situated on a level with the sea, and in an island. And the king commanded a town to be begun to be built all around the castle, and enclosed with a wall, from one of the seas to the other."

It was at Jaffa that the consort of St. Louis was delivered of a daughter named Blanche, and in the same town St. Louis, received information of his mother's death. He fell upon his knees, and exclaimed: "I thank thee, O my God! for having spared Madame, my dear mother, to me so long as it was pleasing to thee, and for having now, in thy good pleasure, taken her to thyself. I loved her, it is true, above all creatures in the world; but since thou hast taken her from me, blessed be thy name to all eternity!"

Jaffa, while under the dominion of the Christians, had a bishop, suffragan to the sea of Cæsarea. When the knights were compelled to take their final leave of the Holy Land, Jaffa, together with all Palestine, fell under the yoke of the sultans of Egypt, and afterwards under the dominion of the Turks.

From that period to the present time, we find mention made of Joppa or Jaffa in all the travels to Jerusalem; but the town, such as we see it at present, is not much more than a century old, since Monconys, who visited Palestine in 1647, found nothing at Jaffa but a castle and three caverns scooped out of the rock. Thevenot adds, that the monks of the Holy Land erected wooden huts

before the caverns, but that they were forced to demolish them by the Turks. This circumstance explains a passage in the narrative of a Venetian friar, who relates, that on the arrival of the pilgrims at Jaffa, they were shut up in a cavern. Breve, Opdam, Deshayes, Nicole le Huen, Barthelemi de Salignac, Duloir, Zuallart, Father Roger, and Pietro de la Vallée, are unanimous respecting the insignificance and poverty of Jaffa.

Whatever concerns modern Jaffa, the history of the sieges which it has sustained during the wars of Daher, and Ali Bey, as well as other particulars relative to the excellence of its fruits, the beauty of its gardens &c. may be found in Volney. I shall subjoin a few observations.

Independently of the two fountains of Jaffa mentioned by travellers, you meet with fresh water along the sea-coast on the way towards Gaza. Nothing more is necessary than to scoop a hole with your hand in the sands to make fresh water spring up even on the very brink of the sea. I have myself tried this curious experiment with M. Contessini, from the northern angle of the town to the habitation of a santon, which is seen at some distance on the coast.

Jaffa, which sustained so much damage in Daher's wars has been a great sufferer by more recent events. The French commanded by the emperor, took it by assault in 1799. After the return of our troops to Egypt, the English in conjunction with the forces of the Grand Signor, erected a bastion at the southeast angle of the town. Abou Marra, a favourite of the grand vizir's was appointed governor of the place. Djezzar, pacha of Acre, being an enemy to the vizir, laid siege to Jaffa, on the departure of the Ottoman army. Abou Marra valiantly defended himself for nine months, and then found means to escape by sea: the ruins seen to the east of the town are some of the effects of this siege. After Djezzar's death, Abou Marra was appointed pacha of Jidda, on the Red Sea. This new pacha proceeded through Palestine; but by one of those revolts so common in Turkey, he stopped at Jaffa, and refused to repair to his pachalik. The pacha of Acre, Suleiman Pacha, the second in succession to Djezzar,* received orders to attack the rebel, and Jaffa was once more besieged. Af-

* The name of Djezzar's immediate successor was Ismael Pacha, who was possessed of the chief authority at the time of Djezzar's death.

ter a very feeble resistance, Abou Marra fled to refuge to Mahomet Pasha Adem, who had been raised to the pachalik of Damascus.

I hope I shall be forgiven for the dryness of these details, on account of the importance which Jaffa formerly possessed, as well as that which it has recently acquired.

I waited with impatience for the moment of my departure for Jerusalem. On the 3d of October, at four in the afternoon, my servants put on goat-skin dresses made in Upper Egypt, such as are commonly worn by the Bedouins. I put on the same kind of dress over my clothes, and we mounted our horses, which were of very small size. Pads served us for saddles, and cords instead of stirrups. The president of the convent rode at our head like a common friar; one Arab, almost naked accompanied us for a guide, and we were followed by another who drove before him an ass that carried our baggage. We went out at the back of the convent, and proceeded among the ruins of houses destroyed in the late siege, to the south gate of the town. The road at first led among gardens, which must formerly have been charming. Father Neret and M. de Volney speak of them in high terms. These gardens have been laid waste by the different parties that have contended for the ruins of Jaffa; but there are still left some pomegrante, Pharaoh's fig, and lemon-trees, a few palms, nopal bushes, and apple-trees, which are also cultivated in the neighbourhood of Gaza, and even at the convent of Mount Sinai.

We advanced into the plain of Sharon, the beauty of which is highly praised in scripture. In the month of April, 1713, when father Neret travelled through this plain, it was covered with tulips. "The variety of their colours," says he, "forms a beautiful parterre." The flowers which, in spring, adorn this celebrated plain, are the white and red rose, the narcissus, the white and orange lily, the carnation, and a highly fragrant species of everlasting flower. The plain stretches along the coast from Gaza in the south, to Mount Carmel on the north. To the east it is bounded by the mountains of Judea and Samaria. The whole of it is not upon the same level: it consists of four platforms, separated from each other by a wall of naked stones. The soil is a very fine sand, white and red, and though intermixed with gravel, appears extremely fertile. Thanks, however, to

Mahometan despotism, this soil exhibits on every side nothing but thistles, dry and withered grass, interspersed with scanty plantations of cotton and patches of doura, barley, and wheat. Here and there appear a few villages, invariably in ruins, and some clumps of olive-trees and sycamores. About half way between Rama and Jaffa you come to a well, mentioned by all travellers; the abbè Mariti gives a history of it that he may enjoy the pleasure of contrasting the utility of a Turkish santon with the uselessness of a Christian monk. Near this well you observe a wood of olive-trees planted in the quincunx form, and the origin of which is ascribed by tradition to the time of Godfrey of Bouillon. From this spot you perceive Rama or Ramlé in a charming situation, at the extremity of one of the platforms or stages of the plain. Before we reached it, we went out of the road to look at a cistern, a work of Constantine's mother.* You go down to it by twenty-seven steps; it is thirty-three feet in length and thirty broad; is composed of twenty-four arches, and receives the rain water by twenty-four apertures. We thence proceeded through a forest of nopals to the tower of the Forty Martyrs, now the minaret of a forsaken mosque, formerly the steeple of a monastery, of which some fine ruins are still remaining. These ruins consist of a kind of porticos, very much resembling those of Mœcenas's stables at Tibur; they are full of wild fig-trees. It is said, that in this place Joseph, the Virgin, and the Child, halted during their flight into Egypt; this would certainly be a charming spot to take for the scene of the repose of the Holy Family; and the genius of Claude Lorrain seems to have intuitively divined this landscape, to judge from his admirable picture in the Doria palace at Rome.

Above the gate of the tower is an Arabic inscription, copied by Volney: and close to it is a miraculous antiquity described by Muratori.

Having inspected these ruins, we passed very near to a deserted mill, mentioned by Volney as the only one he saw in Syria;

* According to the tradition of the country, St. Helena erected all the structures in Palestine: a notion wholly incompatible with the great age of that princess when she went on pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It is nevertheless certain, from the united testimony of Eusebius, St. Jerome, and all the ecclesiastical historians, that Helena powerfully contributed to the rebuilding of the sacred places

at present there are several others. We alighted at Rama, and arrived at the convent of the monks of the Holy Land. This convent had been plundered five years before, and I was shown the grave of one of the friars who perished on this occasion. The fraternity had just obtained permission, with very great difficulty, to do the most urgent repairs required by their monastery.

Favourable tidings awaited me at Rama: I there found a drogman belonging to the convent of Jerusalem, whom the superior had sent to meet me. The Arab chief, whom the fathers had apprized of my coming, and who was to be my escort, was hovering at some distance, for the aga of Rama permits none of the Bedouins to enter the town. The most powerful tribe in the mountains of Judea resides at the village of Jeremiah: these people allow the passage of travellers to Jerusalem, or obstruct it at pleasure. The sheik of the tribe was lately dead. He had left his son Utman under the guardianship of his uncle, Abou Gosh; the latter had two brothers, Djiaber and Ibrahim Habd el Rouman, who accompanied me on my return.

It had been concerted that I should set out in the middle of the night. As it was not yet dark, we supped on the terraces that form the roof of the convent. The monasteries of the Holy Land look like low heavy fortresses, and in no respect resemble the convents of Europe: the houses of Rama, plaster huts crowned with a small dome, similar to that of a mosque or the tomb of a santon, are embosomed among olive, fig, and pomegranate-trees, and surrounded with large nopals which shoot up into singular shapes, and confusedly pile their tufts of prickly pallats one upon another. This mingled group of trees and houses is overtopped by the finest palm-trees in Idumea. There was one in particular, in the garden of the convent which I could not sufficiently admire: it rose in a perpendicular column to the height of above thirty feet, and then gracefully expanded its bending branches, under which the half-ripe dates hung like crystals of coral.

Rama is the ancient Arimathea, the birth-place of that righteous man who had the glory to bury our Saviour. It was at Lod, Lydda, or Diospolis, that St. Peter performed the miraculous cure of the man afflicted with palsy. As to what concerns Ra-

ma, considered in a commercial point of view, the reader is referred to Tott's Memoirs, and Volney's Travels.

We left Rama in the middle of the night of the 4th of October. The president conducted us along by-roads to the place where Abon Gosh was waiting for us, and then returned to his convent. Our company consisted of the Arab chief, the drogman from Jerusalem, my two servants, and the Bedouin of Jaffa, who drove the ass that carried our baggage. We still retained the dress and appearance of poor Latin pilgrims, but carried our arms under our clothes.

After a ride of an hour over uneven ground, we came to some mean houses on the top of a rocky eminence. We ascended one of the stages of the plain, and in another hour, arrived at the first undulation of the mountains of Judea. We turned by a rugged ravine round a detached and barren hill. At the summit of this eminence we could just discern a village in ruins, and the scattered stones of a forsaken cemetery. It is called Latroun, or the Thief's Village, having been the birth-place of the criminal who repented on the cross, and in whose behalf Christ performed his last act of mercy. Three miles farther, we entered the mountains. We followed the dry bed of a torrent: the waning moon, whose orb was diminished one half, scarcely lighted our steps along the channel: and the wild boars set up around us a cry singularly savage. From the desolation of these parts, I was now enabled to conceive why Jephtha's daughter went to weep on the mountains of Judea, and why the prophets repaired to the high places to pour forth their lamentations. At day-break we found ourselves amidst a labrynth of mountains of a conical figure, nearly alike, and connected with each other at their feet. The rock composing the base of these mountains was bare. Its strata or parallel beds were ranged like the seats of a Roman amphitheatre, or like the walls in the form of flights of steps which support the vineyards in the vallies of Savoy.* In every redent of the rock grew clumps of dwarf oaks, box, and rose-laurels. From the bottom of the ravines olive-trees reared their heads; and sometimes these trees formed continued woods on the sides of the mountains. We heard the cries of various birds, especially of jays. On reaching the most elevated summit of this chain,

* In Judea they were formerly supported in the same manner.

we overlooked behind us, to the south and west, the plain of Sharon as far as Jaffa, and the horizon of the sea to Gaza; before us, to the north and east, opened the valley of St. Jeremiah, and in the same direction, on the top of a rock, appeared in the distance of an ancient fortress called the Castle of the Maccabees. It is conjectured that the author of the Lamentations came into the world in the village which has retained his name amidst these mountains:* so much is certain, that the melancholy of these parts seems to pervade the compositions of the prophet of sorrows.

On approaching St. Jeremiah, however, I was somewhat cheered by an unexpected sight. Herds of goats with pendant ears, sheep with large tails, and asses which remind you, by their beauty, of the onagra of scripture, issued from the village at the dawn of day. Arab women were hanging grapes to dry in the vineyards; others with their faces veiled, carried pitchers of water on their heads like the daughters of Midian. With the first beams of light, the smoke of the hamlet ascended in a white vapour; confused voices, songs, shouts of joy met the ear. This scene formed a pleasing contrast with the desolation of the place and the recollections of the night.

Our Arab chief had received before-hand the sum required of travellers by the tribe, and we passed without molestation. All at once I was struck with these words; distinctly pronounced in French: *En avant! marche!* "Forward! march!" I turned my head and perceived a troop of young Arabs, stark naked, performing their exercise with palm sticks. Some recollection or other of my early life continually haunts me; my heart throbs at the mention of a French soldier; but to see young Bedouins in the mountains of Judea, imitating our military exercises and preserving the remembrance of our valour; to hear them pronounce what may be termed the watchwords of our armies, would have been sufficient to make an impression on a man less tenacious than myself of the glory of my country. I was not so much alarmed as Crusoe when he heard the first words uttered by his parrot, but I was not less delighted than that renowned traveller. I gave a few medines to the little battalion, repeating the words:

* This popular tradition is not inconsistent with criticism.

"Forward! march!" and that I might omit nothing, I cried, "'Tis the will of God! 'tis the will of God!" like the companions of Godfrey and St. Louis.

From the valley of Jeremiah we descended into that of Turpentine, which is deeper and narrower than the former. Here are to be seen some vineyards and a few patches of doura. We arrived at the brook where the youthful David picked up the five stones with one of which he slew the gigantic Goliath. We crossed this stream by a stone bridge, the only one you meet with in these deserts: a small quantity of stagnant water still occupied the channel. Close to it, on the left, below a village called Kaloni, I remarked among the modern ruins, the remains of an ancient fabric. Mariti ascribes this structure to some monks or other. For an Italian traveller the error is a gross one. If the architecture of this edifice be not Hebrew, it is certainly Roman; the junctures, the figures, and the bulk of the stones leave no doubt on this subject.

Having crossed the stream you perceive the village of Keriet Lefta on the bank of another dry channel, which resembles a dusty high road. El Bire appears in the distance, on the summit of a lofty hill, on the way to Nablous, Nabolos, or Nabolosa, the Shechem of the kingdom of Israel and the Neapolis of the Herods. We pursued our course through a desert where wild fig-trees, thinly scattered, waved their embrowned leaves in the southern breeze. The ground which had hitherto exhibited some verdure, now became bare; the sides of the mountains, expanding themselves, assumed at once an appearance of greater grandeur and sterility. Presently all vegetation ceased; even the very mosses disappeared. The confused amphitheatre of the mountains was tinged with a red and vivid colour. In this dreary region we kept ascending for an hour to gain an elevated hill which we saw before us; after which we proceeded for another hour across a naked plain bestrewed with loose stones. All at once, at the extremity of this plain I perceived a line of Gothic walls, flanked with square towers, and the tops of a few buildings peeping above them. At the foot of this wall appeared a camp of Turkish horse, with all the accompaniments of oriental pomp.

El Cods! "The Holy City!" exclaimed the guide, and away he went at full gallop.*

I can now account for the surprise expressed by the crusaders and pilgrims, at the first sight of Jerusalem, according to the reports of historians and travellers. I can affirm, that whoever, has, like me, had the patience to read near two hundred modern accounts of the Holy Land, the Rabbinical compilations and the passages in the ancients relative to Judea, still knows nothing at all about it. I paused with my eyes fixed on Jerusalem, measuring the height of its walls, reviewing at once all the recollections of history from Abraham to Godfrey of Bouillon, reflecting on the total change accomplished in the world by the mission of the Son of Man, and in vain seeking that Temple, not one stone of which is left upon another. Were I to live a thousand years, never should I forget that desert which yet seems to be pervaded by the greatness of Jehovah and the terrors of death.

The cries of the drogman, who told me that is was necessary for us to keep close together, as we were just at the entrance of the camp, roused me from the reverie into which the sight of the Holy City had plunged me. We passed among the tents covered with black lamb-skins: a few, among others, that of the pacha, were formed of striped cloth. The horses saddled and bridled, were fastened to stakes. I was surprised to see four pieces of horse-artillery; they were well mounted, and the carriages appeared to be of English construction. Our mean equipage and pilgrim's dress, excited the laughter of the troops. The pacha was coming out of Jerusalem, as we drew up to the gate of the city. I was obliged to take off, as quickly as possible, my handkerchief, which I had tied over my hat to keep off the sun, lest I should draw upon myself a similar affront to that which poor Joseph incurred at Tripolizza.

We entered Jerusalem by the pilgrims' gate, near which stands the tower of David, better known by the appellation of the Pisans' Tower. We paid the tribute, and followed the street that opened before us; then turning to the left between a kind of pri-

* Abou Gosh, though a subject of the Grand Signor, was apprehensive lest he should be maltreated and bastinadoed by the pacha of Damascus, whose camp we were in sight of.

sons of plaster, denominated houses, we arrived, at twenty-two minutes past twelve, at the convent of the Latin fathers. I found it in the possession of Abdallah's soldiers, who appropriated to themselves whatever they thought fit.

Those only who have been in the same situation as the fathers of the Holy Land, can form a conception of the pleasure which they received from my arrival. They thought themselves saved by the presence of one single Frenchman. I delivered a letter from general Sebastiani, to father Bonaventura di Nola, the superior of the convent. "Sir," said he, "it is Providence that has brought you hither. You have travelling firmans. Permit us to send them to the pacha; he will thence find that a Frenchman has arrived at the convent; he will believe that we are under the special protection of the emperor. Last year he forced us to pay sixty thousand piastres; according to the regular custom we owe him but four thousand, and that merely under the denomination of a present. He wishes to extort from us the same sum this year, and threatens to proceed to the last extremity if we refuse to comply with his demands. We shall be obliged to sell the consecrated plate, for during the last four years we have received no alms from Europe: if this should continue, we shall be forced to quit the Holy Land, and leave the tomb of Christ in the hands of Mahometans."

I thought myself extremely fortunate to have it in my power to render this small service to the superior. I requested, however, that he would permit me to make an excursion to the Jordan, before he sent the firmans; that the difficulties of a journey, which is always attended with danger, might not be farther increased: for Abdallah might have caused me to be assassinated by the way, and then have thrown the blame upon the Arabs.

Father Clement Peres, procurator general of the convent, a man of extensive information, cultivated understanding, and pleasing manners, conducted me to the state chamber of the pilgrims. My baggage was here deposited, and I prepared to leave Jerusalem, a few hours after I had entered the city. I had, however, more occasion for repose than to battle with the Arabs of the dead sea. I had long been traversing the land and the sea on my way to the holy places; and no sooner had I reached the wished for goal, than I quitted it again. But I considered this sacrifice to be

due to men who are themselves making a perpetual sacrifice of their property and their lives. I might, moreover, have reconciled the interest of the fathers, with my own safety, by relinquishing my design of visiting the Jordan; and it only depended on myself to set bounds to my curiosity.

While I was waiting for the moment of departure, the religious began to sing in the church of the monastery. I inquired the reason of this singing; and was informed, that they were celebrating the festival of the patron of their order. I then recollected that it was the 4th of October, St. Francis's day, and the anniversary of my birth. I hastened to the church, and offered up my prayers for the felicity of her, who on this day had brought me into the world. I deem it a happiness that my first prayer at Jerusalem was not for myself. I contemplated with respect those religious singing praises to the Lord, within three hundred paces of the tomb of Christ; I was deeply affected at the sight of the feeble but invincible band which has continued the only guard of the Holy Sepulchre since it was abandoned by kings.

The superior sent for a Turk named Ali Aga, to conduct me to Bethlehem. He was the son of an aga of Rama, who lost his head under the tyranny of Djezzar. Ali was born at Jericho, at present Rihha, and called himself the governor of that village. He was intelligent and courageous: and I had every reason to be satisfied with him. The first thing he did was to make my servant and myself relinquish our Arabian attire, and resume the French dress, that dress, once so despised by the orientals, now inspires respect and fear; French valour has regained the renown which it formerly acquired in this country. It was French chevaliers who established the kingdom of Jerusalem, as it was the soldiers of France that gathered the last palms in Idumea. The Turks point out to you at one and the same time, Baldwin's tower and the emperor's camp; and at Calvary you find the sword of Godfrey of Bouillon, which, in its ancient sheath, seems still to guard the Sacred Sepulchre.

At five o'clock in the evening, three good horses were brought, and we were joined by Michael, drogman to the convent: Ali put himself at our head, and we set out for Bethlehem, where we were to sleep, and to take forward an escort of six Arabs. I had read that the superior of St. Saviour's is the only Frank who en-

joys the privilege of riding on horseback at Jerusalem, and I was somewhat surprised to find myself galloping on an Arabian steed; but I have since learned that any traveller may do the same for his money. We left Jerusalem by the Damascus gate, then turning to the left, and crossing the ravines at the foot of Mount Sion, we ascended a mountain, and found at the top of it a plain over which we proceeded for an hour. We left Jerusalem to the north, behind us; on the west, we had the mountains of Judea, and on the east, beyond the Red Sea, those of Arabia. We passed the convent of St. Elijah. The spot where that prophet rested on his way to Jerusalem, is sure to be pointed out to you, under an olive-tree that stands upon a rock by the side of the road. A league farther on we entered the plain of Rama, where you meet with Rachel's tomb. It is a square edifice, surmounted with a small dome: it enjoys the privileges of a mosque, for the Turks as well as the Arabs, honour the families of the patriarchs. The traditions of the Christians agree in placing Rachel's sepulchre on this spot; historical criticism favours this opinion; but in spite of Thevenot, Monconys, Roger, and many others, I cannot admit what is now denominated Rachel's tomb, to be an antique monument: it is evidently a Turkish edifice, erected in memory of a santon.

We perceived in the mountains, for night had come on, the lights of the village of Rama. Profound silence reigned around us. It was doubtless in such a night as this that Rachel's voice suddenly struck the ear: "a voice was heard in Rama, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted, because they were not." Here the mothers of Astyanax and Euryalus are outdone; Homer and Virgil must yield the palm of pathos to Jeremiah.

We arrived by a narrow and rugged road at Bethlehem. We knocked at the door of the convent; its inhabitants were thrown into some alarm, because our visit was unexpected, and Ali's turban at first excited terror; but matters were soon explained to their satisfaction.

Bethlehem received its name, which signifies the *House of Bread*, from Abraham; and was surnamed *Ephrata*, the Fruitful, after Caleb's wife, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem, in the tribe of Zebulun. It belonged to the tribe of Judah, and also

went by the name of the City of David, that monarch having there been born, and tended sheep in his childhood. Abijah, the seventh judge of Israel, Elimelech, Obed, Jesse, and Boaz, were like David, natives of Bethlehem, and here must be placed the scene of the admirable eclogue of Ruth. St. Matthias, the apostle, also received life in the same town where the Messiah came into the world.

The first Christians built an oratory over the manger of our Saviour. Adrian ordered it to be demolished, and a statue of Adonis erected in its stead. St. Helena destroyed the idol, and built a church on the same spot. The original edifice is now blended with the various additions made by the Christian princes. St. Jerome, as every reader knows, retired to the solitude of Bethlehem. Conquered by the Crusaders, Bethlehem returned with Jerusalem under the yoke of the Infidels; but it has always been the object of the veneration of the pilgrims. Pious monks, devoting themselves to perpetual martyrdom, have been its guardians for seven centuries. With respect to modern Bethlehem, its soil, productions, and inhabitants, the reader is referred to the work of Volney. I have not, however, remarked in the vale of Bethlehem the fertility which is ascribed to it: under the Turkish government, to be sure, the most productive soil, will, in a few years, be transformed into a desert.

At four in the morning of the 5th of October, I commenced my survey of the monuments of Bethlehem. Though these structures have frequently been described, yet the subject is in itself so interesting that I cannot forbear entering into some particulars.

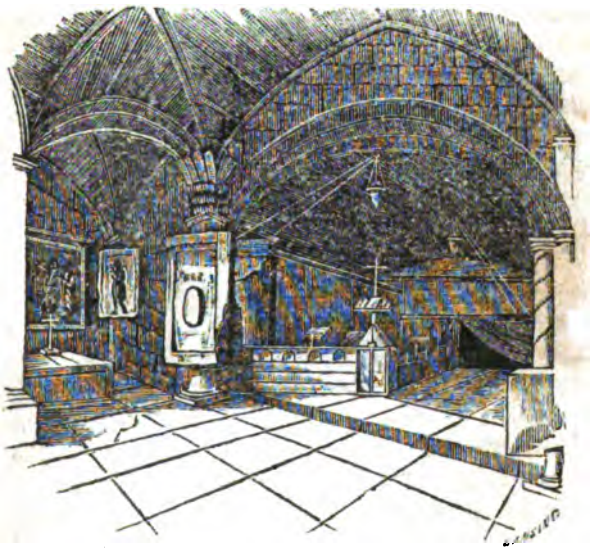
The convent of Bethlehem is connected with the church by a court enclosed with lofty walls. We crossed this court, and were admitted by a small side door into the church. The edifice is certainly of high antiquity, and though often destroyed and as often repaired, it still retains marks of its Grecian origin. It is built in the form of a cross. The long nave, or if you please, the foot of the cross, is adorned with forty-eight columns of the Corinthian order, in four rows. These columns are two feet six inches in diameter at the base, and eighteen feet high, including the base and capital. As the roof of this nave is wanting, the columns support nothing but a frieze of wood, which occupies the place of the architrave and of the whole entablature. Open timber-work

rests upon the walls, and rises into the form of a dome, to support the roof that no longer exists, or that perhaps was never finished. The wood-work is said to be of cedar, but this is a mistake. The windows are large, and were formerly adorned with Mosaic paintings, and passages from the bible in Greek and Latin characters, the traces of which are yet visible. Most of these inscriptions are given by Quaresmius. The abbé Miriti notices with some acrimony, a mistake of that learned friar in one of the dates: a person of the greatest abilities is liable to error, but he who blazons it without delicacy or politeness, affords a much stronger proof of his vanity than of his knowledge.

The remains of the Mosaics to be seen here and there, and some paintings on wood, are interesting to the history of the arts; they in general exhibit figures in full face, upright, stiff, without motion, and without shadows; but their effect is majestic, and their character dignified and austere.

The Christian sect of the Arminians is in possession of the nave which I have just described. This nave is separated from the three other branches of the cross by a wall, so that the unity of the edifice is destroyed. When you have passed this wall, you find yourself opposite to the sanctuary, or the choir, which occupies the top of the cross. This choir is raised two steps above the nave. Here is seen an altar dedicated to the Wise Men of the East. On the pavement at the foot of this altar, you observe a marble star, which corresponds, as tradition asserts, with the point of the heavens where the miraculous star that conducted the three kings became stationary. So much is certain, that the spot where the Saviour of the world was born, is exactly underneath this marble star in the subterraneous church of the manger, of which I shall presently have occasion to speak. The Greeks occupy the choir of the Magi, as well as the two other naves formed by the transom of the cross. These last are empty, and without altars.

Two spiral staircases, each composed of fifteen steps, open on the sides of the outer church, and conduct to the subterraneous church situated beneath the choir. This is the ever-to-be revered place of the nativity of our Saviour. Before I entered it, the superior put a taper into my hand, and repeated a brief exhortation. This sacred crypt is irregular, because it occupies the irregular site of the stable and the manger. It is thirty-seven feet six inches



GROTTO AT NAZARETH,
Said to have been the house of Joseph and Mary.

long, eleven feet three inches broad, and nine feet in height. It is hewn out of the rock; the sides of the rock are faced with beautiful marble, and the floor is of the same material. These embellishments are ascribed to St. Helena. The church receives no light from without, and is illumined with thirty-two lamps sent by different princes of Christendom. At the farther extremity of this crypt, on the east side, is the spot where the Virgin brought forth the Redeemer of mankind. This spot is marked by a white marble, incrusted with Jasper, and surrounded by a circle of silver, having rays resembling those with which the sun is represented. Around it are inscribed these words:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

A marble table, which serves for an altar, rests against the side of the rock, and stands over the place where the Messiah came into the world. This altar is lighted by three lamps, the handsomest of which was given by Louis XIII.

At the distance of seven paces towards the south, after you have passed the foot of one of the staircases leading to the upper church, you find the Manger. You go down to it by two steps, for it is not upon a level with the rest of the crypt. It is a low recess hewn out of the rock. A block of white marble, raised about a foot above the floor, and hollowed in the form of a manger, indicates the very spot where the Sovereign of Heaven was laid upon straw.

Two paces farther, opposite to the manger, stands an altar, which occupies the place where Mary sat when she presented the Child of Sorrows to the adoration of the Magi.

Nothing can be more pleasing, or better calculated to excite sentiments of devotion, than this subterraneous church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools. These pictures represent the mysteries of the place, the Virgin and Child, after Raphael, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the coming of the Shepherds, and all those miracles of mingled grandeur and innocence. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin embroidered with silver. Incense is continually smoking before the cradle of the Saviour. I have heard an organ, touched by no ordinary hand, play during mass, the

sweetest and most tender tunes of the best Italian composers. These concerts charm the Christian Arab, who, leaving his camels to feed, repairs, like the shepherds of old, to Bethlehem, to adore the King of Kings in his manger. I have seen this inhabitant of the desert communicate at the altar of the Magi, with a fervour, a piety, a devotion, unknown among the Christians of the west. "No place in the world," says father Neret, "excites more profound devotion. The continual arrival of caravans from all the nations of Christendom; the public prayers; the prostrations; nay, even the richness of the presents sent hither by the Christian princes, altogether produce feelings in the soul which it is much easier to conceive than to describe."

It may be added, that the effect of all this is heightened by an extraordinary contrast; for, on quitting the crypt, where you have met with the riches, the arts, the religion of civilized nations, you find yourself in a profound solitude, amidst wretched Arab huts, among half naked savages and faithless Mussulmans. This place is, nevertheless, the same where so many miracles were displayed; but this sacred land dares no longer express its joy, and locks within its bosom the recollection of its glory.

From the grotto of the Nativity we went to the subterraneous chapel, where tradition places the sepulchre of the Innocents. "Herod sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jermie the prophet, saying: In Rama was there a voice heard," &c.

The chapel of the Innocents conducted us to the grotto of St. Jerome. Here you find the sepulchre of this father of the church, that of Eusebius, and the tombs of St. Paula, and St. Eustochium.

In this grotto St. Jerome spent the greater part of his life. From this retirement he beheld the fall of the Roman empire; and here he received those fugitive patricians, who, after they had possessed the palaces of the earth, deemed themselves happy to share the cell of a cenobite. The peace of the saint, and the troubles of the world produce a wonderful effect in the letters of the learned commentator on the Scriptures.

St. Paula and St. Eustochium were two illustrious Roman ladies of the family of the Scipios and of the Gracchi. They relinquished the delights of Rome, to live and die at Bethlehem

in the practice of the monastic virtues. Their epitaph, written by Jerome, is not a very good one, and is so well known, that I shall not insert it here.

In the oratory of St. Jerome is a picture in which the head of that saint exhibits much the same air that has been given to it by the pencil of Caracci and Domenichino. Another painting contains the figures of Paula and Eustochium. These descendants of Scipio are represented reposing in death in the same coffin. It was an affecting idea of the painter to make the two saints the perfect image of each other. The daughter is to be distinguished from the mother only by her youth and her white veil; the one has been longer, the other more expeditious in performing the voyage of life; and both have reached the port at the same moment.

Among the numerous pictures which are to be seen at the sacred stations, and which no traveller has described,* I imagined that I sometimes discovered the mystic touch and inspired tone of Murillos; it would be a singular circumstance if the manger or the tomb of our Saviour should be found to possess some unknown master-piece of any of the great painters.

We returned to our convent, and I surveyed the country from the top of a terrace. Bethlehem is built on a hill which overlooks a long valley, running from east to west. The southern hill is covered with olive trees, thinly scattered over a reddish soil bestrewed with stones; that on the north side has fig-trees on the same kind of soil. Here and there you perceive some ruins; among others, the remains of a tower called the tower of St. Paula. I went back into the monastery, which owes part of its wealth to Baldwin, king of Jerusalem and successor to Godfrey of Bouillon: it is an absolute fortress, and its walls are so thick that it would be capable of sustaining a siege against the Turks.

The escort of Arabs having arrived, I prepared for my expedition to the Red Sea. Whilst breakfasting with the religious who formed a circle round me, they informed me that there was in the convent a father who was a native of France. He was sent for: he came with downcast looks, both his hands in his sleeves, and walking with a solemn pace: he saluted me coldly

* Villamont was struck with the beauty of a St. Jerome.

and in few words. Never did I hear in a foreign country the sound of a French voice without emotion. I asked him some questions; and he informed me that his name was father Clement; that he was a native of the vicinity of Mayenne; that being in a monastery in Bretagne, he had been transported with about a hundred other priests like himself to Spain, where he had been hospitably received in a convent of his order, and afterwards sent by his superiors as a missionary to the Holy Land. I asked him if he should not like to revisit his country, and if he had any letters to send to his family. His answer was, word for word, as follows:—"Who is there that still remembers me in France? How should I know whether any of my brothers and sisters be yet living? I hope to obtain, through the merits of my Saviour, the strength to die here without troubling any body, and without thinking of a country which I have forgotten."

Father Clement was obliged to retire; my presence had revived in his heart sentiments which he was striving to extinguish. Such is the destiny of man. A Frenchman is, at this day, mourning the loss of his country on the same shores, the remembrance of which formerly inspired the most sublime of songs on the love of country. But those sons of Aaron, who hung their harps on the willows of Babylon, did not all return to the city of David; those daughters of Judea, who on the banks of the Euphrates exclaimed:

O shores of Jordan! plains belov'd of Heav'n;

those companions of Esther, were not all destined to revisit Emmaus and Bethel: the remains of many of them were left behind in the land of their captivity.

At ten in the morning, we mounted our horses and set out from Bethlehem. Six Bethlehemite Arabs on foot, armed with daggers and long matchlocks formed our escort: three of them marched before and three behind. We had added to our cavalry an ass, which carried water and provisions. We pursued the way that leads to the monastery of St. Saba, whence we were afterwards to descend to the Dead Sea and to return by the Jordan.

We first followed the valley of Bethlehem, which, as I have observed, stretches away to the east. We passed a ridge of hills, where you see, on the right, a vineyard recently planted, a

circumstance too rare in this country for me not to remark it.—We arrived at a grot called the Grotto of the Shepherds. The Arabs still give it the appellation of Dta el Natour, the Village of the Shepherds. It is said that Abraham here fed his flocks, and that on this spot the shepherds of Judea were informed by the angel of the birth of the Saviour.

The piety of the faithful has transformed this grot into a chapel. It must formerly have been highly decorated: I observed there, three capitals of the Corinthian order, and two others of the Ionic. The discovery of the latter is really a wonder, for after the time of Helena we scarcely find any thing but the everlasting Corinthian.

On leaving this grot and proceeding east by south, we quitted the red hills and reached a chain of whitish mountains. Our horses sunk in a soft, chalky soil, formed from the remains of a calcareous rock. This tract was horribly bare, and not even a root of moss was to be seen upon it. Its only vegetable productions, were here and there, a tuft of thorny plants, as pale as the soil that bore them, and apparently covered with dust, like the trees by the side of our high roads in summer.

On turning one of the ridges of these mountains we perceived two camps of Bedouins: one composed of seven tents of black lamb-skins, forming an oblong square, open at the east end; the other consisting of twelve tents, pitched in a circle. A few camels and mares were feeding near them.

It was too late to recede: we were obliged to put on the best face, and pass through the second camp. All was quiet at first. The Arabs touched the hands of the Bethlehemites and Ali Aga's beard; but scarcely had we reached the last tents when a Bedouin stopped the ass that carried our provisions. The Bethlehemites attempted to drive him away; but the Arab called his fellows to his assistance. Leaping upon their horses they seized their arms and surrounded us. Ali at length contrived to appease the tumult with money. These Bedouins required a tribute on passing: they probably looked upon the desert as a high road; and every person is master in his own possessions. This was but the prelude to a still more violent altercation.

A league farther, on descending the side of a mountain, we discovered the tops of two lofty towers rising from a deep val-

ley. This was the convent of St. Saba. As we were approaching it, a fresh troop of Arabs, concealed in the bottom of a ravine, rushed upon our escort with loud shouts. In a moment we beheld stones flying, daggers glistening, pieces cocked. Ali rushed into the midst of the fray, and we ran to his assistance. He seized the chief of the Bedouins by the beard, pulled him down under the belly of his horse, and threatened to kill him unless he put an end to the quarrel. During this tumult, a Greek monk shouted on his part, and made motions from the top of a tower; in vain he endeavoured to restore peace. We had now all arrived at the gate of St. Saba. The friars within turned the key, but only very deliberately, fearing lest their monastery should be plundered in the confusion. The janissary, impatient of this delay, flew into a passion both with the religious and the Arabs. At length he drew his sabre, and seemed preparing to cut off the head of the Bedouin chief, whom he still held by the beard, with surprising force, when the gate of the convent opened. Into the court we rushed pell-mell, and the gate closed upon us. The affair now became more serious: we were not in the interior of the convent; there was another court to pass, and the gate leading to it was not open. We were confined in a very narrow space, where we wounded one another with our arms, and where our horses, terrified at the noise, became ungovernable. Ali pretended that he had turned aside the dagger of an Arab, who had aimed a stroke at me from behind, and showed me his hand covered with blood; but Ali, though a very honest fellow in other respects, was fond of money, like all the Turks. The second gate of the monastery opened; the superior appeared, said a few words, and the tumult was appeased. We were then apprized of the cause of the dispute.

The Arabs who had last attacked us, belonged to a tribe that claimed the exclusive right of conducting strangers to St. Saba. The Bethlehemites, who were desirous of receiving the price of the escort, and who have a character for courage to support, would not give up the point. The superior of the monastery had promised that I should satisfy the Bedouins, and matters were adjusted. I declared I would give them nothing to punish them. Ali Aga represented that if I adhered to this resolution we should never be able to reach the Jordan; that these Arabs would sum-

from other tribes to their aid; and we should be infallibly murdered; that this was the reason why he would not kill their chief, because if blood were once spilt, we should have no alternative but to return with all possible expedition to Jerusalem.

I doubt whether any convent can be situated in a more dreary and desolate spot than the monastery of St. Saba. It is erected in the very ravine of the brook Cedron, which in this place is three or four hundred feet in depth. This channel is dry, and it is only in spring that a muddy stream of reddish water flows along it. The church is seated on a little eminence in the bottom of the bed; whence the buildings of the monastery rise by perpendicular flights of steps and passages hewn out of the rock on the side of the ravine, and thus reach to the ridge of the hill where they terminate in two square towers. One of these towers is out of the convent; it formerly served as an advanced post to watch the motions of the Arabs. From the top of these towers, you descry the sterile summits of the mountains of Judea; and the eye traces beneath you the dry channel of the brook Cedron, where you perceive the grots formerly inhabited by the first anchorites. Blue pigeons now build their nests in those grots, as if to remind you by their sighs, their innocence, and gentleness, of the saints who formerly peopled these rocks. I must not forget a palm-tree which grows upon one of the terraces of the convent. I am convinced that it will be noticed by all travellers as well as myself; those only who are surrounded by such dreary sterility can appreciate the value of a tuft of verdure.

For the history of the convent of St. Saba, the reader may refer to father Neret's letter, and the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert. In this monastery you are still shown three or four thousand skulls which belonged to religious murdered by the infidels. The monks left me for a quarter of an hour by myself with these relics; they seemed aware that I designed one day to delineate the state of mind of the hermits of Thebais. I cannot, however, recollect without a feeling of pain that a caloyer began to talk of political affairs, and to reveal to me the secrets of the court of Russia. "Ah! father," said I, "where will you seek peace, if you cannot find it here?"

We left the convent at three in the afternoon; we proceeded along the channel of Cedron, and then crossing the ravine pursu-

ed our course to the east. We descried Jerusalem, through an opening between the mountains. I knew not exactly what it was that I saw; I took it for a mass of rugged rocks. The sudden appearance of that city of desolations amid a solitude so desolate had something awful; she was truly the queen of the desert.

As we advanced, the aspect of the mountains still continued the same, that is, white, dusty, without shade, without tree, without herbage, without moss. At half past four we descended from the lofty chain of these mountains to another less elevated. We proceeded for fifty minutes over a level plain, and at length arrived at the last range of hills that form the western border of the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The sun was near setting, we alighted to give a little rest to our horses, and I contemplated at leisure the lake, the valley and the river.

When we hear of a valley, we figure to ourselves a valley either cultivated or uncultivated: if the former, it is covered with crops of various kinds, vineyards, villages, and cattle; if the latter, it presents herbage and woods. It is watered by a river, this river has windings in its course; and the hills which bound this valley have themselves undulations which form a prospect agreeable to the eye.

Here nothing of the kind is to be found. Figure to yourself two long chains of mountains running in a parallel direction from north to south, without breaks and without undulations. The eastern chain, called the mountains of Arabia is the highest, when seen at the distance of eight or ten leagues, you would take it to be a prodigious perpendicular wall perfectly resembling Jura in its form and azure colour. Not one summit, not the smallest peak can be distinguished; you merely perceive slight inflections here and there, as if the hand of the painter who drew this horizontal line along the sky, had trembled in some places.

The western range belongs to the mountains of Judea. Less lofty and more unequal than the eastern chain, it differs from the other in its nature also: it exhibits heaps of chalk and sand, whose form bears some resemblance to piles of arms, waving standards, or the tents of a camp seated on the border of a plain. On the Arabian side, on the contrary, nothing is to be seen but black perpendicular rocks, which throw their lengthened shadow

over the waters of the Dead Sea. The smallest bird of heaven would not find among these rocks a blade of grass for its sustenance; every thing there announces the country of a reprobate people, and seems to breathe the horror and incest whence sprung Ammon and Moab.

The valley, bounded by these two chains of mountains, displays a soil resembling the bottom of a sea that has long retired from its bed, a beach covered with salt, dry mud, and moving sands, furrowed as it were, by the waves. Here and there stunted shrubs with difficulty vegetate upon this inanimate tract; their leaves are covered with salt, which has nourished them, and their bark has a smoky smell and taste. Instead of villages you perceive the ruins of a few towers. Through the middle of this valley flows a discoloured river, which reluctantly creeps towards the pestilential lake by which it is ingulphed. Its course amidst the sands can be distinguished only by the willows and the reeds that border it; and the Arab lies in ambush among these reeds to attack the traveller and to plunder the pilgrim.

Such is the scene famous for the benedictions and the curses of Heaven. This river is the Jordan; this lake is the Dead Sea; it appears brilliant, but the guilty cities entombed in its bosom seem to have poisoned its waters. Its solitary abysses cannot afford nourishment to any living creature;* never did vessel cut its waves;† its shores are without birds; without trees, without verdure; and its waters excessively bitter, and so heavy, that the most impetuous winds can scarcely ruffle their surface.

When you travel in Judea, the heart is at first filled with profound disgust; but when, passing from solitude to solitude, boundless space opens before you, this disgust wears off by degrees, and you feel a secret awe, which, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life, and elevates the genius. Extraordinary appearances every where proclaim a land teeming with miracles: the burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig-tree, all

* I follow the general opinion; though, as will be presently seen, it is, perhaps unfounded.

† Strabo, Pliny, and Diodorus Siculus, speak of rafts on which the Arabs go to collect asphaltos. Diodorus describes these rafts which were composed of mats of interwoven reeds, (Diod. lib. XIX.) Tacitus makes mention of a boat, but he is obviously mistaken.

the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery; every grot proclaims the future, every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions: dried up rivers, riven rocks, half open sepulchres attest the prodigy: the desert still appears mute with terror, and you would imagine, that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard the awful voice of the Eternal.

We descended from the ridge of the mountain, in order to pass the night on the banks of the Dead Sea, and afterwards proceed along the Jordan. On entering the valley, our little company drew closer together; our Bethlehemites prepared their pieces and marched cautiously before. We found, as we advanced, some Arabs of the desert, who resort to the lake for salt, and make war without mercy on the traveller. The manners of the Bedouins begin to be corrupted by too frequent communication with the Turks and Europeans. They now prostitute their wives and daughters, and murder the traveller whom they were formerly content to rob.

We marched in this manner for two hours, with pistols in our hands, as in an enemy's country. We followed the fissures formed between the sand-hills, in mud baked by the rays of the sun. A crust of salt covered the surface, and resembled a snowy plain, from which a few stunted shrubs reared their heads. We arrived all at once, at the lake; I say all at once, because I thought we were yet at a considerable distance from it. No murmur, no cooling breeze announced the approach to its margin. The strand, bestrewed with stones, was hot; the waters of the lake were motionless, and absolutely dead along the shore.

It was quite dark. The first thing I did on alighting, was to walk into the lake up to my knees, and to taste the water. I found it impossible to keep it in my mouth. It far exceeds that of the sea in saltness, and produces upon the lips the effect of a strong solution of alum. Before my boots were completely dry, they were covered with salt; our clothes, our hats, our hands, were, in less than three hours, impregnated with this mineral. Galen, as early as his time, remarked these effects, and Pococke confirms their existence.

We pitched our camp on the brink of the lake, and the Bethlehemites made fire to prepare coffee. There was no want of wood,

for the shore was strewed with branches of tamarind-trees brought by the Arabs. Besides the salt which these people find ready formed in this place, they extract it from the water by ebullition. Such is the force of habit, that our Bethlehemites who had proceeded with great caution over the plain, were not afraid to kindle a fire which might so easily betray us. One of them employed a singular expedient to make the wood take fire: striding across the pile, he stooped down over the fire, till his tunic becomes inflated with the smoke; then rising briskly, the air expelled by this species of bellows, blew up a brilliant flame. After we had taken coffee, my companions went to sleep, while I alone remained awake with our Arabs.

About midnight I heard a noise upon the lake. The Bethlehemites told me that it proceeded from legions of small fish which come and leap about on the shore. This contradicts the opinion generally adopted, that the Dead Sea produces no living creature. Pococke, when at Jerusalem, heard of a missionary who had seen fish in Lake Asphaltites. Hasselquist and Maundrell, discovered shell-fish on the shore. M. Seetzen, who is yet travelling in Arabia, observed in the Dead Sea neither the helix nor the muscle, but found a few shell-snails.

Pococke had a bottle of the water of this lake analyxed. In 1778, Messrs. Lavoisier, Macquer, and Sage, repeated this analysis, they proved that one hundred pounds of water contain forty-five pounds six ounces of salt, that is, six pounds four ounces of common marine salt, and thirty eight pounds two ounces of marine salt with an earthy base. The same experiment has recently been made in London by Mr. Gordon. "The specific gravity of this water," says M. Malte Brun, in his Annals, "is 1,211, that of fresh water being 1,000. It is perfectly transparent. Reagents demonstrate in it the presence of marine and sulphuric acid; there is no alumine; it is not saturated with marine salt; it does not change colours, such as the turnsol and violet. It holds in solution the following substances, and in the under-mentioned proportions:

Muriate of lime	3,920
Magnesia	10,245
Soda	10,360
Sulphate of lime	,054
	24,589 in 100

"These foreign substances form about one fourth of its weight in a state of perfect desiccation; but when dried only with a heat of 180° (Fahrenheit) they form 41 per cent. Mr. Gordon, who brought home the bottle of water, which was the subject of this analysis, ascertained that persons who have never learned to swim will float on its surface."

I possess a tin vessel full of water which I took up myself out of the Dead Sea: I have not yet opened it, but to judge from the weight and sound, the fluid is not much diminished. I intended to try the experiment proposed by Pococke, which is, to put a small sea fish into this water, and observe whether they would live in it. Other occupations have hitherto prevented the accomplishment of this design, and I am afraid that it is now too late.

The moon rising at two in the morning, brought with her a strong breeze, which, without cooling the air, produced a slight undulation on the bosom of the lake. The waves, charged with salt, soon subsided by their own weight, and scarcely broke against the shore. A dismal sound proceeded from this lake of death, like the stifled clamours of the people ingulphed in its waters.

The dawn appeared on the opposite mountains of Arabia. The Dead Sea, and the valley of the Jordan, glowed with an admirable teint; but this rich appearance served only to heighten the desolation of the scene.

The celebrated lake which occupies the site of Sodom and Gomorrah, is called in Scripture, the Dead or Salt Sea; by the Greeks and Latins, Asphaltites; Almotanah and Bahar Loth by the Arabs; and Ula Deguisi, by the Turks. I cannot coincide in opinion with those who suppose the Dead Sea to be the crater of a volcano. I have seen Vesuvius, Solfatara, Monte Nuovo, in the lake of Fusino, the peak of the Azores, the Mamelif, opposite to Carthage, the extinguished volcanoes of Auvergne, and remarked in all of them the same characters, that is to say, mountains excavated in the form of a funnel, lava, and ashes, which exhibited incontestible proofs of the agency of fire. The Dead Sea on the contrary, is a lake of great length, curved like a bow, placed between two ranges of mountains, which have no mutual coherence in form, no homogeneousness of soil. They do not meet at the two extremities of the lake, but continue, the one to bound the valley of Jordan, and to run northward as far as the lake of

Tiberias; the other to stretch away to the south till lost in the sands of Yemen. Bitumen, warm springs, and phosphoric stones are found, it is true, in the mountains of Arabia; but I met with none of these in the opposite chain. But then, the presence of hot springs, sulphur, and asphaltos, is not sufficient to attest the anterior existence of a volcano. With respect to the ingulphed cities, I adhere to the account given in Scripture, without summoning physics to my aid. Besides, if we adopt the idea of professor Michaelis, and the learned Büsching, in his Memoir on the Dead Sea, physics may be admitted in the catastrophe of the guilty cities, without offence to religion. Sodom was built upon a mine of bitumen, as we know from the testimony of Moses and Josephus, who speak concerning wells of bitumen, in the valley of Siddim. Lightning kindled the combustible mass, and the cities sunk in the subterraneous conflagration. M. Malte Brun ingeniously suggests, that Sodom and Gomorrah themselves might have been built of bituminous stones, and thus have been set in flames by the fire of heaven.

Strabo speaks of thirteen towns swallowed up in the lake Asphaltites; Stephen of Byzantium reckons eight; Genesis places five in the vale of Siddim, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Bela, or Zoar, but it mentions only the two former as having been destroyed by the wrath of God. Deuteronomy mentions four, omitting Bela, and Ecclesiasticus speaks of five, without enumerating them.

From the remark of James Cerbus, that seven considerable streams fall into the Dead Sea, Reland concludes that it discharges its superfluous waters by subterraneous channels. Sandys, and some other travellers, have expressed the same opinion; but it is now relinquished in consequence of Dr. Halley's observations on evaporation; observations admitted by Shaw, though he calculates that the Jordan daily discharges into the Dead Sea six millions and ninety thousand tons of water, exclusively of the Arnon, and seven other streams. Several travellers, and among others, Troilo and d'Arvieux assert, that they remarked fragments of walls and palaces in the Dead Sea. This statement seems to be confirmed by Maundrell and father Nau. The ancients speak more positively on this subject: Josephus, who employs a poetic expression says, that he perceived, on the banks of the lake the *shades*

of the overwhelmed cities. Strabo gives a circumference of sixty stadia to the ruins of Sodom, which are mentioned also by Tacitus. I know not whether they still exist; but as the lake rises and falls at certain seasons, it is possible that it may alternately cover and expose the skeletons of the reprobate cities.

The other marvellous properties ascribed to the Dead Sea, have vanished upon more rigid investigation. It is now known that bodies sink or float upon it according to the proportion of their gravity to the gravity of the water of the lake. The pestilential vapours said to issue from its bosom are reduced to a strong smell of sea water, and puffs of smoke, which announce or follow the emersion of asphaltos, and fogs that are really unwholesome, like all other fogs. Should the Turks ever give permission, and should it be found practicable to convey a vessel from Jaffa to the Dead Sea, some curious discoveries would certainly be made in this lake. The ancients were much better acquainted with it than we, as may be seen, by Aristotle, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, Tacitus, Solinus, Josephus, Galen, Dioscorides, and Stephen of Byzantium. Our old maps also trace the figure of this lake in a much more satisfactory manner than the modern ones. No person has yet made the tour of it, except Daniel, abbot of St. Saba. Nau has preserved in his travels the narrative of that recluse. From his account we learn, that "the Dead Sea, at its extremity, is separated as it were into two parts, and that there is a way by which you may walk across it, being only mid leg deep, at least in summer; that there the land rises and bounds another small lake of a circular or rather oval figure, surrounded with plains and mountains of salt; and that the neighbouring country is peopled by innumerable Arabs." Nyembourg gives nearly the same statement; and of these documents, the abbé Mariti and Volney, have availed themselves. Whenever M. Seetzen publishes his travels we shall probably possess more complete information on the subject.

There is scarcely any reader but what has heard of the famous tree of Sodom; a tree, said to produce an apple pleasing to the eye, but bitter to the taste, and full of ashes. Tacitus, in the fifth book of his *History*, and Josephus in his *Jewish war*, are, I believe, the two first authors that made mention of the singular fruits of the Dead Sea. Foulcher de Chartres, who tra-

velled in Palestine about the year 1100, saw the deceitful apple, and compared it to the pleasures of the world. Since that period, some writers, as Ceverius de Vera, Baumgarten, de la Vallée, Troilo, and certain missionaries, confirm Foulcher's statement; others, as Reland, father Neret, and Maundrell, are inclined to believe that this fruit is but a poetic image of our false joys; while others again, as Pococke and Shaw absolutely question its existence.

Amman seemed to remove the difficulty. He gave a description of the tree, which, according to him, resembles the hawthorn. "The fruit," says he, "is a small apple, of a beautiful colour."

Hasselquist, the botanist, followed, and he tells a totally different story. The apple of Sodom, as we are informed by him, is not the fruit either of a tree or of a shrub, but the production of the *solanum melongena* of Linæus. "It is found in great abundance," says he, "round Jericho, in the vallies near the Jordan, and in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea. It is true that these apples are sometimes full of dust; but this appears only when the fruit is attacked by an insect (*tenthredo*) which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without causing it to lose any of its colour."

Who would not imagine, after this, that the question had been set completely at rest, by the authority of Hasselquist, and the still greater authority of Linnæus, in his *Flora Palæstina?* No such thing. M. Seetzen, also a man of science and the most modern of all travellers, since he is still in Arabia, does not agree with Hasselquist in regard to the *Solanum Sodomeum*. "I saw," says he, "during my stay at Karrack, in the house of the Greek clergyman of that town, a species of cotton resembling silk.—This cotton, as he told me, grows in the plain of El Gor, near the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, on a tree like a fig tree, called Abescha-ez; it is found in a fruit resembling the pomegranate. It struck me, that this fruit which has no pulp or flesh in the inside, and is unknown in the rest of Palestine, might be the celebrated apple of Sodom."

Here I am thrown into an awkard dilemma; for I too have the vanity to imagine that I have discovered the long sought fruit. The shrub which bears it grows two or three leagues

from the mouth of the Jordan; it is thorny, and has small taper leaves. It bears a considerable resemblance to the shrub described by Amman; and its fruit is exactly like the little Egyptian lemon, both in size and colour. Before it is ripe, it is filled with a corrosive and saline juice; when dried it yields a blackish seed, which may be compared to ashes, and which in taste resembles bitter pepper. I gathered half a dozen of these fruits; I still possess four of them, dry, and in good preservation; they may, perhaps, be deserving of the attention of naturalists.

I passed two whole hours (October 5th) in strolling on the banks of the Dead Sea in spite of my Bethlehemites who urged me to leave this dangerous country. I was desirous of seeing the Jordan at the place where it discharges itself into the lake; an essential point which Hasselquist alone has hitherto explored; but the Arabs refused to conduct me to it, because the river near its mouth turns off to the left and approaches the mountains of Arabia. I was, therefore, obliged to make up my mind to proceed to the curve of the river that was nearest to us. We broke up our camp, and advanced for an hour and a half with excessive difficulty, over a fine white sand. We were approaching a grove of balm trees and tamarinds, which to my great astonishment I perceived in the midst of this sterile tract. The Arabs all at once stopped, and pointed to something that I had not yet remarked at the bottom of the ravine. Unable to make out what it was, I perceived what appeared to be sand in motion. On drawing nearer to this singular object, I beheld a yellow current, which I could scarcely distinguish from the sands on its shores. It was deeply sunk below its banks, and its sluggish stream rolled slowly on. This was the Jordan.

I had surveyed the great rivers of America with that pleasure which solitude and nature impart; I had visited the Tiber with enthusiasm, and sought with the same interest the Eurotas and the Cephisus; but I cannot express what I felt at the sight of the Jordan. Not only did this river remind me of a renowned antiquity, and one of the most celebrated names that the most exquisite poetry ever confided to the memory of man; but its shores likewise presented to my view the theatre of the miracles of my religion. Judea is the only country in the world that revives in the traveller the memory of human affairs and of ce-

lestial things, and which, by this combination, produces in the soul a feeling and ideas which no other region is capable of exciting.

The Arabs stripped, and plunged into the Jordan. I durst not follow their example, on account of the fever by which I was still tormented; but I fell upon my knees on the bank with my two servants and the drogman of the monastery. Having forgotten to bring a bible, we could not repeat the passages of scripture relating to the spot where we now were; but the drogman, who knew the customs of the place, began to sing: *Ave maris stella.* We responded like sailors at the end of their voyage: Sire de Joinville could not have been more clever than we. I then took up some water from the river in a leather vessel: it did not seem to me as sweet as sugar, according to the expression of a pious missionary. I thought it on the contrary, rather brackish; but though I drank a considerable quantity, I felt no inconvenience from it: nay, I even think it would be very pleasant if it were purified from the sand which it carries along with it.

Ali Aga himself performed his ablutions. The Jordan is a sacred stream with the Turks and Arabs, who preserve many Hebrew and Christian traditions, the one derived from Ishmael, whose country the Arabs yet inhabit, the other introduced among the Turks together with the fables of the Koran.

According to d'Anville, the Arabs assign to the Jordan the name of Nahar el Arden; but father Roger says that they call it Nahar el Chiria. The abbé Mariti gives to this name the Italian form of Scheria, and Volney writes El Charia.

St. Jerome, in his treatise *de Situ et Nominibus Locorum Hebraicorum*, a kind of translation of Eusebius's *Chronicon*, conceives the name of Jordan to be derived from the union of Jor and Dan, the appellation of the two sources of that river; but in another place he varies from this opinion. It is rejected by others on the authority of Josephus, Pliny, and Eusebius, who place the only source of the Jordan at Paneades, at the foot of Mount Hermon, in the Anti-Libanus. La Roque thoroughly investigates this question in his *Travels in Syria:* the abbé Mariti merely repeats what is said by La Roque, with the addition of a passage from William of Tyre, to prove that Dan and Paneades were one and the same town, which was well known before. We may

remark with Reland, in contradiction to the opinion of St. Jerome that the name of the sacred river in Hebrew is not Jordan but Jorden: that, admitting the former reading, Jordan signifies the River of Judgment, from Jor, which St. Jerome translated ῥέθρον, *fluvius*, and Dan, *judicans* or *judicium*: an etymology so just that it would render the opinion respecting the two sources of Jor and Dan improbable, if, however, geography left any room for doubt on the subject.

About two leagues from the place where we halted, I perceived higher up the river a thicket of considerable extent. I determined to proceed thither, for I calculated that this must be nearly the spot where the Israelites passed the river, facing Jericho, where the manna ceased to fall, where the Hebrews tasted the first fruits of the Land of Promise, where Naaman was cured of his leprosy, and lastly, where Christ was baptized by St. John. Towards this place we advanced, but as we drew near to it, we heard the voices of men in the thicket. Unfortunately the human voice which cheers you every where else, and which you would love to hear on the banks of the Jordan, is precisely what most alarms you in these deserts. The Bethlehemites and the drogman proposed an immediate retreat; but I declared that I had not come so far to be in such a hurry to return; that I agreed to go no higher up the river; but that I was determined to examine the river facing the spot where we then stood.

They yielded with reluctance to my resolution, and we again repaired to the bank of the Jordan, which a bend of the river had carried to some distance from us on the right. I found it of the same width and depth as a league lower down, that is, six or seven feet deep close to the shore, and about fifty paces in breadth.

The guides urged me to depart and Ali Aga himself grumbled. Having finished making such notes as I considered most important, I complied with the wishes of the caravan; I saluted the Jordan for the last time, and took a bottle of its water and a few rushes from its bank. We now quitted the river and pursused our way to the village of Rihha,* the ancient Jericho, at the foot of the mountains of Judea. Scarcely had we proceeded

* It is remarkable that this name which signifies perfume, is nearly the same as that of the woman who entertained the spies from Joshua's army at Jericho She was called Rahab.

a quarter of a league in the valley, when we perceived numerous tracks of men and horses in the sand. Ali proposed that our troops should march in close order to prevent the Arabs from counting our number. "If they are led," said he, "by our order and our dress to take us for Christian soldiers, they will not venture to attack us." What a magnificent panegyric on the valour of our armies!

Our suspicions were not groundless. We soon discovered in our rear, on the bank of the Jordan, a body of about thirty Arabs, who were watching our motions. Our infantry, that is, our six Bethlehemites, formed the van; and brought up the rear with our cavalry. The baggage was placed in the centre, but unluckily the ass which carried it grew restive, and would not stir without incessant beating. The drogman's horse having stepped upon a wasp's nest, the insects fell upon him, and he ran away with Michael, who set up the most lamentable cries. John, though a Greek, kept up a good countenance, and Ali was as courageous as a janissary of Mahomet II. As for Julian, nothing ever made any impression upon him: the world had passed before his eyes, without his bestowing a look upon it: he still fancied himself in the Rue St. Honoré, and coming up to me at a slow pace, said, with the utmost composure, "Is there no police, sir, in this country, to keep those people in order?"

Having looked at us for some time, the Arabs made some motions towards us, and then to our great astonishment returned to the bushes which border the river. Ali was right; they undoubtedly took us for Christian soldiers. We arrived without accident at Jericho.

The abbé Mariti has given a good sketch of the historical facts relative to this celebrated town.* He has also treated of the productions of Jericho, the manner of extracting the oil of Zaccon, &c. It would therefore answer no end to repeat what he says, except to make travels out of travels. It is also well known, that the environs of Jericho are adorned with a spring, whose waters, formerly bitter were rendered sweet by a miracle of Elisha. This spring is situated two miles above the town, at the foot of the mountain where Christ prayed and fasted forty

* He has, however, omitted some, as for instance; the present which Anthony made to Cleopatra of the territory of Jericho.

days. It separates into two branches. On its banks are seen some fields of doura, groups of acacias, the tree which yields the balm of Judea,* and shrubs resembling lilac in their leaves, but which were not in flower. At present there are neither rose nor palm-trees at Jericho; and I could not treat myself with the *nicolai* of Augustus: these dates, in Belon's time, were much degenerated. An aged acacia, overhangs the spring, and a little lower another tree bends in such a manner over the stream that issues from this spring as to form a natural bridge across it.

I have observed that Ali Aga was a native and governor of the village of Rihha. He conducted me into his territory, where I could not fail to be well received by his subjects, who actually came to pay their respects to their chief. He wished me to go into an old house which he called his castle, but I refused this honour, and chose rather to dine by the side of Elisha's spring, now denominated the King's Fountain. As we passed through the village, we saw a young Arab seated by himself, with his head adorned with feathers, and dressed as for some extraordinary occasion. All who passed that way stopped and kissed his forehead and cheeks: I was informed that he was just married. We halted at Elisha's spring. A lamb was slaughtered, and put down whole to roast before a fire kindled on the brink of the water. When the banquet was ready, we seated ourselves round a wooden dish, and each tore in pieces with his fingers a portion of the victim. One is fond of discovering in these customs some traces of the manners of ancient times, and of finding memorials of Abraham and Jacob among the descendants of Ishmael.

The Arabs, wherever I have seen them, in Judea, in Egypt, and even in Barbary, have appeared to me to be rather tall than short. Their demeanor is haughty. They are well made and active. They have an oval head, the brow high and arched, aquiline nose, large eyes with a watery and uncommonly gentle look. Nothing about them would proclaim the savage, if their mouths were always shut; but as soon as they begin to speak, you hear a harsh and strongly aspirated language, and perceive long and beautifully white teeth, like those of jackals and oun-

* This must not be mistaken for the celebrated balm tree which no longer exists at Jericho. It would appear that the latter perished about the seventh century, for it was not to be found at the period of Arculfe's visit.

ces: differing in this respect from the American savage, whose ferocity is in his looks, and human expression in his mouth.

The Arab women are still taller in proportion than the men. Their carriage is dignified; and by the regularity of their features, the beauty of their figures, and the disposition of their veils, they somewhat remind you of the statues of the priestesses and of the Muses. This must, however be understood with some restriction: these beautiful statues are often clothed in rags; a wretched, squalid, and suffering look degrades those forms so elegant; a copper teint conceals the regularity of the features; in a word, to behold these women as I have just delineated them, you must view them at a distance, confine yourself to the general appearance, and not enter into particulars.

Most of the Arabs wear a tunic, fastened round the waist by a girdle. Sometimes they take one arm out of a sleeve of this tunic, and then they are habited in the antique style; sometimes they put on a white woollen covering which serves for a toga, a mantle, or a veil, according as they wrap it round them, suspend it from their shoulders, or throw it over their heads. They go barefoot, and are armed with a dagger, a pike, and a long firelock. The tribes travel in caravans; the camels going in file. The first camel is fastened by a cord, made of the tow of the palm, to the neck of an ass, which is the guide of the troop; the latter, as leader, is exempt from all burden, and enjoys various privileges. Among the wealthy tribes, the camels are adorned with fringes, flags, and feathers.

The horses are treated, according to the purity of their blood, with more or less honour, but always with extreme severity.—They are never put under shelter, but left exposed to the most intense heat of the sun, tied by all four legs to stakes driven in the ground, so that they cannot stir. The saddle is never taken from their backs, they frequently drink but once, and have only one feed of barley in twenty-four hours. This rigid treatment, so far from wearing them out, gives them sobriety, patience, and speed. I have often admired an Arabian steed thus tied down to the burning sand, his hair loosely flowing, his head bowed between his legs to find a little shade, and stealing with his wild eye, an oblique glance at his master. Release his legs from the shackles, spring upon his back, and he will paw in the valley, he will rejoice

in his strength, he will swallow the ground in the fierceness of his rage, and you recognise the original of the picture delineated by Job.

All that has been related concerning the passion of the Arabs for stories is true, and of this I shall give one example. In the night that we passed on the shore of the Dead Sea, our Bethlehemites were seated round their fire, their pieces being laid on the ground by their sides; while their horses, tied to the stakes, formed a second circle about them. Having drunk their coffee and talked a good deal together, these Arabs all became silent, with the exception of their sheik. By the light of the fire I could see his expressive gestures, his black beard, his white teeth, the various forms which he gave to his garments in the course of his relation. His companions listened with profound attention, all bending forward with their faces over the fire, sometimes ejaculating an expression of admiration, at others, repeating, with emphasis, the gestures of the narrator. Some horses' heads advancing over the company and discernbile in the shade, contributed to give this scene the most picturesque character, especially if we include in the view, a corner of the Dead Sea and the mountains of Judea.

If I had studied with such interest the American hordes on the banks of their lakes, what a different species did I here contemplate! I had before me the descendants of the primitive race of mankind; I beheld them with the same manners which they have retained ever since the days of Hagar and Ishmael; I beheld them in the same desert that was assigned to them by God for their inheritance: *he dwelt in the wilderness of Pharan.* I found them in the valley of the Jordan; at the foot of the mountains of Samaria; in the neighbourhood of Hebron, on the spot where at Joshua's command, the sun stood still; in the plain of Gomorrah, yet reeking with the wrath of Jehovah, though formerly cheered by the gracious miracles of Christ.

What particularly distinguishes the Arabs from the tribes of the New World, is, that amidst the rudeness of the former, you still perceive a certain degree of delicacy in their manners; you perceive that they are natives of that east, which is the cradle of all the arts, all the sciences, and all religions. Buried at the extremity of the west, in a by-corner of the universe, the Canadian

inhabits valleys shaded by eternal forests, and watered by immense rivers: the Arab, cast as it were, upon the high road of the world, between Africa and Asia, roves in the brilliant regions of Aurora, over a soil without trees and without water. Among the tribes descended from Ishmael, it is requisite that there should be masters and servants, domestic animals, and a liberty in subjection to laws. Among the American hordes man still enjoys in unsocial solitude his proud and cruel independence; instead of the woollen garments, he has the skin of the bear; instead of the lance, he is armed with the arrow; instead of the dagger, the club. He knows not, and if he did, would disdain the date, the watermelon, the milk of the camel: flesh and blood must compose his banquets. He has not woven the hair of the goat, that he may shelter himself under tents; the elm, which has fallen from age, supplies bark for his hut. He has not trained the horse to pursue the antelope; he himself runs down the elk in the chase. He is not connected by his origin with the great civilized nations; the names of his ancestors are not to be found in the annals of empires; the contemporaries of his ancestors are ancient oaks that are still-standing. Monuments of nature and not of history, the tombs of his fathers rise unheeded among unknown forests. In a word, with the American, every thing proclaims the savage, who has not yet arrived at a state of civilization; in the Arab, every thing indicates the civilized man who has returned to the savage state.

On the 6th, at three in the afternoon, we quitted Elisha's spring, and set out for Jerusalem. We left on the right, the mount where Christ fasted forty days, which rises above Jericho, exactly opposite to Mount Abarim, whence Moses, before his death, surveyed the Land of Promise. As we entered the mountains of Judea, we saw the remains of a Roman aqueduct. The abbé Mariti, haunted by the recollection of the monks, insists that this aqueduct belonged to some ancient fraternity, or served to irrigate the adjacent lands, when the sugar-cane was cultivated in the plain of Jericho. If the mere inspection of the work were not sufficient to confute this absurd idea, we might consult Adrichomius, in his *Theatrum Terræ Sanctæ*, the *Elucidatio historica Terræ Sanctæ*, by Quaresmius, and most of the travellers already quoted. The road which we pursued among the mountains was

broad and sometimes paved; it is perhaps an ancient Roman way. We passed the foot of a mountain, formerly crowned with a Gothic castle, which protected and commanded the road. We then descended into a deep gloomy valley, called in Hebrew Adommin, or the place of blood. Here stood a small town belonging to the tribe of Judah, and in this lonely spot the Samaritan succoured the wounded traveller. We here met the pacha's cavalry proceeding to the other side of the Jordan, on an expedition which I shall have occasion to notice hereafter. Fortunately night concealed us from the view of these troops.

We passed through Bahurim, where David, fleeing before Absalom, was stoned by Shimei. A little farther we alighted at the fountain where Christ was accustomed to rest with his apostles as he returned from Jericho. We began to ascend the back of the Mount of Olives; and came to the village of Bethany, where the ruins of Martha's house, and the sepulchre of Lazarus are still shown. We then descended the Mount of Olives which overlooks Jerusalem, and crossed the brook Cedron in the valley of Jehoshaphat. A path winding at the foot of the temple and leading over Mount Sion, led us to the Pilgrim's Gate after making the complete circuit of the city. It was midnight. Ali Aga obtained admission for us. The six Arabs returned to Bethlehem and we repaired to the convent. A thousand unfavourable reports had already been circulated respecting us. It was said, that we had been killed by the Arabs or the pacha's cavalry: I was censured for having undertaken the expedition with so small an escort, a circumstance, the blame of which was thrown on the imprudent character of the French. Succeeding events, however, demonstrated that had I not adopted this resolution, and availed myself of the first hours after my arrival at Jerusalem, I should never have been able to penetrate to the Jordan.*

* I have been informed that an Englishman, in the disguise of an Arab, went alone twice or thrice from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. This is very possible, and I even think, that in this way, a man runs less risk than with an escort of ten or twelve persons.

PLAN OF JERUSALEM,

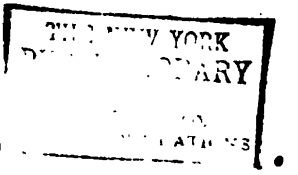
in which some attempt is made to reconcile Historical Documents with

EXISTING PHÆNOMENA;

adapted by the Author to his own personal Observations on the Spot.

□ *Sepulchre of Helena Queen of Adiabéné*

Northern Pinnacle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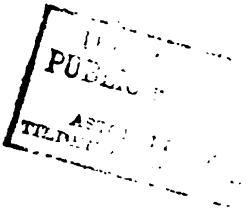
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FOURTH PART.

JERUSALEM.

I WAS employed for some hours in noting down with pencil my remarks on the places which I had just visited; a practice which I followed during the whole of my residence at Jerusalem, running about all day, and writing at night. Very early in the morning of the 7th of October, the procurator, entered my apartment, and informed me how matters stood between the pacha and the superior. We concerted our measures accordingly. My firmans were sent to Abdallah, who flew into a passion, shouted, threatened, but at last thought fit to lower his demands. I am sorry that I cannot insert the copy of a letter written by father Bonaventura de Nola to general Sebastiani, which copy I received from Bonaventura himself. Besides giving a history of the pacha, it states facts not less honourable to France than to general Sebastiani. This letter I should not venture to publish without the permission of the person to whom it is addressed; and unfortunately, the general's absence deprives me of the means of obtaining such permission.

Nothing but the strong desire which I felt to be of service to the fathers of Palestine, could for a moment have diverted my attention from a visit to the Holy Sepulchre. About nine the same morning I sallied from the convent attended by two friars, a drogman, my servant, and a janissary. I repaired to the church which encloses the tomb of Jesus Christ. All preceding travellers have described this church, the most venerable in the world, whether we think as philosophers, or as Christians. Here I am reduced to an absolute dilemma. Shall I give an accurate delineation of the sacred scenes? If so, I can but repeat what has been said before: never was subject less known to modern readers, and never was subject more completely exhausted. Shall I omit the description of those places? In this case should I not leave out the most im-

portant part of my travels, and exclude what constitutes their object and their end? after long hesitation, I determined to describe the principal stations of Jerusalem from the following considerations:

1. Nobody now reads the ancient pilgrimages to Jerusalem; and what is very old will probably appear quite new to the majority of readers.

2. The church of the Holy Sepulchre no longer exists: it was totally destroyed by fire since my return from Judea. I am, I may say, the last traveller by whom it was visited, and for the same reason, I shall be its last historian.

But as I have not the presumption to suppose that I can excel the very able descriptions which have already been given, I shall avail myself of the works of my predecessors; taking care, however, to elucidate them by my own observations.

Among these works, I should have chosen in preference those of Protestant travellers, as more consonant with the spirit of the age: we are apt at the present day, to reject what springs, in our opinion, from too religious a source. Unfortunately, I found nothing satisfactory on the subject of the Holy Sepulchre in Pococke, Shaw, Maundrell, Hasselquist and some others. The scholars and travellers who have written in Latin concerning the antiquities of Jerusalem, as Adamannus, Bede, Brocard, Willibald, Breydenbach, Sanuto, Ludolph, Reland,* Adrichomius, Quaresmius, Baumgarten, Fureri, Bochart, Arias Montanus, Reuwich, Hesse, and Cotovic,† would impose the necessity of making translations which after all, would furnish the reader with no new information.‡ I have, therefore, adhered to the French travellers.§ and among

* His work, *Palæstina ex Monumentis veteribus illustrata*, is a miracle of erudition.

† His description of the Holy Sepulchre is so circumstantial, as to give the whole of the hymns sung by the pilgrims at every station.

‡ There is also a description of Jerusalem in the Armenian language, and another in modern Greek; the latter I have seen. The more ancient descriptions, as those of Sanuto, Ludolph, Brocard, Breydenbach, Willibald, Adamannus, or rather Arculfe, and the venerable Bede, are curious, because they afford the means of judging what changes have since taken place in the church of the Holy Sepulchre; but in reference to the modern edifice, they are wholly useless.

§ De Vera, in Spanish, is very concise, and yet extremely perspicuous. Zuallardo, who wrote in Italian, is vague and confused. Pietro de la Valle charms by the peculiar elegance of his style, and his singular adventures; but he is no authority.

these I have preferred the description of the Holy Sepulchre by Deshayes, for the following reasons:

Belon (1550) of high celebrity as a naturalist, says scarcely a word concerning the Holy Sepulchre; his style is, morever, too antiquated. Other authors, either of still older date, or cotemporary with him, as Cachermois (1490) Regnault (1522) Salignac (1522) le Huen (1525) Gassot (1536) Renaud (1548) Postel (1553) Giraudet (1575) likewise employ a language too different from that of the present day.*

Villamont (1588) overloads his work with minutiæ, and he has neither order nor judgment. Father Boucher (1610) is so piously extravagant, that it is impossible to quote him. Benard writes with great sobriety; though no more than twenty years of age at the period when he travelled; but he is diffuse, insipid and obscure. Father Pacifico (1622) is vulgar, and his narrative too concise. Monconys (1647) pays attention to nothing but medical recipes. Doubdan (1651) is clear, learned, and well worthy of being consulted; but prolix, and apt to lay too much stress on trivial objects. Roger, the friar (1653) who was for five years attached to the service of the holy places, possesses erudition and judgment, and writes in a lively, animated style; his description of the Holy Sepulchre is too long, and on this account I have excluded it. Thevenot (1656) one of the most celebrated French travellers has given an excellent account of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and I would advise the reader to consult his work: but he implicitly follows Deshayes. Father Nau, a Jesuit (1674) added to a knowledge of the oriental languages, the advantage of visiting Jerusalem with the marquis de Nointel, our ambassador at Constantinople, and the same gentleman to whom we are indebted for the first drawings of Athens: but it is a pity that the learned Jesuit is so insufferably prolix. Father Neret's letter in the *Lettres Edifiantes* is excellent in every respect, but omits too many things. The same may be said of Du Loiret de la Roque (1688.) As to travellers of very recent date, such as Muller, Vanzow, Korte, Bescheider, Mariti, Volney, Niebuhr, and Brown, they are almost totally silent respecting the holy places.

The narrative of Deshayes (1621) who was sent to Palestine

* Some of these authors wrote in Latin; but their are old French versions of their works.

by Louis XIII, appears, therefore, to me, the fittest to be followed.

1. Because the Turks themselves were solicitous to show this ambassador whatever was curious at Jerusalem, and he might even have obtained admission, had he pleased, into the mosque of the temple.

2. Because he is so clear and so precise, in the style, now somewhat antiquated, of his secretary, that Paul Lucas has, according to his usual custom, copied him, verbatim, without acknowledging the plagiarism.

3. Because d'Anville, and this, indeed, is the primary reason, has taken Deshayes's map for the subject of a dissertation, which is, perhaps, the master-piece of that celebrated geographer.* Deshayes will, therefore, furnish us with the description of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, to which I shall subjoin my observations.

The Holy Sepulchre, and most of the sacred places, are attended by Franciscan friars, who are sent thither every three years; and though they are of all nations, yet they all pass for French or Venetians, and they could not maintain their ground were they not under the king's protection. About sixty years ago, they had a habitation without the city on Mount Sion, on the spot where our Saviour instituted the Lord's supper with his disciples; but their church having been converted into a mosque, they have since resided in the city on Mount Gihon, upon which stands their convent St. Saviour's. Here dwells their superior, with the members of the family, which supplies with monks all the places in the Holy Land that stand in need of them.

"From this convent the church of St. Sepulchre is but two hundred paces distant. It comprehends the Holy Sepulchre, Mount Calvary, and several other sacred places. It was partly built by direction of St. Helena, to cover the Holy Sepulchre; but the Christian princes of succeeding ages caused it to be enlarged so as to include Mount Calvary, which is only fifty paces from the Sepulchre.

"In ancient times, Mount Calvary, as I have already observed, was without the city; it was the place where criminals, sentenced to suffer death, were executed; and that all the people

* This dissertation, which is very scarce, is given in the Appendix.

might attend on these occasions, there was a large vacant space between the eminence and the wall of the city. The rest of the hill was surrounded with gardens, one of which belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, who was, in secret, a disciple of Jesus Christ; here he had constructed a sepulchre for himself, and in this the body of our Lord was deposited. The Jews were not accustomed to bury their dead in the manner that we do. Each according to his ability, had a kind of little closet excavated in some rock, where the body was laid at length upon a table, also cut out of the rock, and this receptacle was closed by a stone placed before the entrance, which was generally no more than four feet in height.

"The church of the Holy Sepulchre is very irregular, owing to the nature and situation of the places which it was designed to comprehend. It is nearly in the form of a cross, being one hundred and twenty paces in length, exclusive of the descent to the discovery of the Holy Cross, and seventy in breadth. It has three domes, of which that covering the Holy Sepulchre serves for the nave of the church. It is thirty feet in diameter, and is covered at top like the Rotunda at Rome. There is no cupola, it is true; the roof being supported only by large rafters, brought from Mount Lebanon. This church had formerly three entrances, but now there is but one door, the keys of which are cautiously kept by the Turks, lest the pilgrims should gain admittance without paying the nine sequins, or thirty-six livres demanded for this indulgence; I allude to those from Christendom; for the Christian subjects of the Grand Signor pay no more than half that sum. This door is always shut; and there is only a small window, crossed with an iron bar, through which the people without hand provisions to those within, who are of eight different nations.

"The first is that of the Latins or Romans, which is represented by the Franciscan friars. They are the keepers of the Holy Sepulchre, the place on Mount Calvary, where our Lord was nailed to the cross; the spot where the sacred cross was discovered; the Stone of Unction, and the chapel where our Lord appeared to the Blessed Virgin after his resurrection.

"The second nation is that of the Greeks, who have the choir of the church, where they officiate: in the midst of it is a small

circle of marble; the centre of which they look upon as the middle of the globe.

"The third is the nation of the Abyssinians, to whom belongs the chapel containing the pillar of *Impropere*.

"The fourth nation is that of the Copts, who are Egyptian Christians: these have a small oratory near the Holy Sepulchre.

"The fifth nation is the Armenian. They have the chapel of St. Helena, and that where the soldiers cast lots for, and divided, the apparel of our Lord.

"The sixth nation is that of the Nestorians, or Jacobites, who are natives of Chaldea and of Syria. These have a small chapel near the spot where our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalen, in the form of a gardener, and which is, on that account, denominated Magdalen's Chapel.

"The seventh is the nation of the Georgians, who inhabit the country between the Euxine and the Caspian Sea. They keep the place on Mount Calvary where the cross was prepared, and the prison in which our Lord was confined till the hole was made to set it up in.

"The eighth nation is that of the Maronites, who inhabit Mount Lebanon. Like us, they acknowledge the supremacy of the pope.

"Exclusively of these places, which all who are within are at liberty to visit, each nation has a particular spot allotted to it in the aisles and corners of this church, where its members assemble and perform their devotions, according to their respective rituals: for the priests and religious who enter this place, are usually two months before they leave it; that is, till others are sent from the convent in the city to attend in their stead. It would be scarcely possible to remain there long without being ill, because the place has very little air, and the vaults and walls produce a coldness that is extremely unwholesome: nevertheless, we there found a worthy hermit who has assumed the habit of St. Francis, and lived twenty years in the place without ever leaving it. There is, moreover, such abundant employment to keep two hundred lamps burning, and to sweep and cleanse all the holy places, that no more than four hours a night can be allowed for sleep.

"On entering the church, you come to the Stone of Unction on which the body of our Lord was anointed with myrrh and aloes, before it was laid in the sepulchre. Some say that it is of the same rock as Mount Calvary; and others assert that it was brought to this place by Joseph and Nicodemus, secret disciples of Jesus Christ, who performed this pious office, and that it is of a greenish colour. Be this as it may, on account of the indiscretion of certain pilgrims, who broke off pieces, it was found necessary to cover it with white marble, and to surround it with an iron railing, lest people should walk over it. This stone is eight feet, wanting three inches, in length, and two feet, wanting one inch, in breadth; and above it, eight lamps are kept continually burning.

"The Holy Sepulchre is thirty paces from this stone, exactly in the centre of the great dome, of which I have already spoken: it resembles a small closet, hewn out of the solid rock. The entrance, which faces the east, is only four feet high, and two feet and a quarter broad, so that you are obliged to stoop very much to go in. The interior of the sepulchre is nearly square. It is six feet, wanting an inch, in length, and six feet, wanting two inches, in breadth, and from the floor to the roof, eight feet one inch. There is a solid block of the same stone, which was left in excavating the other part. This is two feet four inches and a half high, and occupies half of the sepulchre; for it is six feet, wanting one inch, in length, and two feet and five sixths wide. On this table the body of our Lord was laid, with the head towards the west, and the feet to the east; but on account of the superstitious devotion of the Orientals, who imagine that, if they leave their hair upon this stone, God will never forsake them, and also because the pilgrims broke off pieces, it has received a covering of white marble, on which mass is now celebrated. Forty-four lamps are constantly burning in this sacred place, and three holes have been made in the roof for the emission of the smoke. The exterior of the sepulchre is also faced with slabs of marble, and adorned with several columns, having a dome above.

"At the entrance of the sepulchre there is a stone about a foot and a half square, and a foot thick, which is of the same rock, and served to support the large stone which closed the access to the

sepulchre. Upon this stone was seated the angel when he spoke to the two Maries; and as well on account of this mystery, as to prevent the sepulchre from being entered, the first Christians erected before it a little chapel, which is called the Angel's Chapel.

"Twelve paces from the Holy Sepulchre, turning towards the north, you come to a large block of gray marble, about four feet in diameter, placed there to mark the spot where our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalen in the form of a gardener.

"Farther on is the Chapel of the Apparition, where, as tradition asserts, our Lord first appeared to the Virgin Mary after his resurrection. This is the place where the Franciscans perform their devotions, and to which they retire; and hence they pass into chambers with which there is no other communication.

"Continuing your progress round the church, you find a small vaulted chapel, seven feet long and six wide, otherwise denominated the Prison of our Lord, because he was here confined while the hole was made for erecting the cross. This chapel is opposite to Mount Calvary, so that these two places form what may be termed the transept of the church, the hill being to the south, and the chapel to the north.

"Very near this is another chapel, five paces long and three broad, standing on the very spot where our Lord was stripped by the soldiers before he was nailed to the cross, and where they cast lots for his apparel, and divided it among them.

"Leaving this chapel, you find on the left a great staircase, which pierces the wall of the church, and descends into a kind of cellar dug out of the rock. Having gone down thirty steps, you come to a chapel on the left hand, which is commonly called the Chapel of St. Helena, because she prayed there while she caused search to be made for the sacred cross. You descend eleven more steps to the place where it was discovered, together with the nails, the crown of thorns, and the head of the spear, after lying buried in this place upwards of three hundred years.

"Near the top of this staircase, turning towards Mount Calvary, is a chapel, four paces long and two and a half broad, under the altar of which is a pillar of gray marble spotted with black, two feet in height, and one in diameter. It is called the pillar of

Impropere, because our Lord, was there forced to sit down in order to be crowned with thorns.

"Ten paces from this chapel, you come to a very narrow staircase, the steps of which are of wood at the beginning, and of stone at the end. There are twenty in all, by which you ascend to Mount Calvary. This spot, once so ignominious, having been sanctified by the blood of our Lord, was an object of the particular attention of the first Christians. Having removed every impurity, and all the earth which was upon it, they surrounded it with walls, so that it is now like a lofty chapel enclosed within this spacious church. It is lined in the interior with marble, and divided by a row of arches into two parts. That towards the north is the spot where our Lord was nailed to the cross. Here thirty-two lamps are kept continually burning: they are attended by the Franciscans, who daily perform mass in this sacred place.

"In the other part, which is to the south, the Holy Cross was erected. You still see the hole dug in the rock, to the depth of about a foot and a half, besides the earth that was above it. Near this is the place where stood the crosses of the two thieves. That of the penitent thief was to the north, and the other to the south; so that the first was on the right-hand of our Saviour, who had his face turned towards the west, and his back to Jerusalem, which lay to the east. Fifty lamps are kept constantly burning in honour of this holy spot.

"Below this chapel are the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin, on which you read these inscriptions:

HIC JACET INCLYTUS DUX GODEFRIDUS DE
BULION, QUI TOTAM ISTAM TERRAM AC-
QUISIVIT CULTUI CHRISTIANO, CUJUS ANIMA
REGNET CUM CHRISTO. AMEN.

REX BALDUINUS, JUDAS ALTER MACHABEUS
SPES PATRIÆ, VIGOR ECCLESIÆ, VIRTUS UTRIUSQUE,
QUEM FORMIDABANT, CUI DONA TRIBUTA FEREBANT
CÆDAR ET ÆGYPTUS, DAN AC HOMICIDA DAMASCUS.
PROH DOLOR! IN MODICO CLAUDITUR HOC TUMULO.*

* Besides these tombs, four others are to be seen, half demolished. On one of them may still be read, but not without great difficulty, an epitaph given by Cotovic.

"Mount Calvary is the last station of the church of the Holy Sepulchre; for, twenty paces from it, you again come to the Stone of Unction, which is just at the entrance of the church."

Deshayes having thus described in order the stations of all these venerable places, I have now nothing to do but to exhibit to the reader a general view of the whole together.

It is obvious, in the first place, that the church of the Holy Sepulchre is composed of three churches: that of the Holy Sepulchre, properly so called; that of Calvary; and the church of the Discovery of the Holy Cross.

The first is built in the valley at the foot of Calvary, on the spot where it is known that the body of Christ was deposited. This church is in the form of a cross, the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre constituting in fact the nave of the edifice. It is circular, like the Pantheon at Rome, and is lighted only by a dome, beneath which is the sepulchre. Sixteen marble columns adorn the circumference of this rotunda: they are connected by seventeen arches, and support an upper gallery, likewise composed of sixteen columns and seventeen arches, of smaller dimensions than those of the lower range. Niches corresponding with the arches appear above the frieze of the second gallery, and the dome springs from the arch of these niches. The latter were formerly decorated with Mosaics, representing the twelve apostles, St. Helena, the emperor Constantine, and three other portraits unknown.

The choir of the church of the Holy Sepulchre is to the east of the nave of the tomb: it is double, as in the ancient cathedrals; that is to say, it has first, a place with stalls for the priests; and beyond that, a sanctuary raised two steps above it. Round this double sanctuary run, the aisles of the choir; and in these aisles, are situated the chapels described by Deshayes.

It is likewise in the aisle on the right, behind the choir, that we find the two flights of steps leading, the one to the church of Calvary, the other to the church of the Discovery of the Holy Cross. The first ascends to the top of Calvary; the second conducts you down underneath it: for the cross was erected on the summit of Golgotha, and found again under that hill. To sum up then, what we have already said, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is built at the foot of Calvary; its eastern part adjoins that eminence, be-

breath and span which have been constructed two other churches, connected by walls and vaulted staircases with the principal edifice.

The architecture of the church is evidently of the age of Constantine: The Corinthian order prevails throughout. The columns are either too heavy or too slender; and their diameter is almost always disproportionate to their height. Some double columns which support the friese of the choir are, however, in a very good style. The church being lofty and spacious, the profile of the cornices displays a considerable degree of grandeur; but as the arches which separate the choir from the nave were stopped up about sixty years ago, the horizontal line is broken, and you no longer enjoy a view of the whole of the vaulted roof.

The church has no vestibule, nor any other entrance than two side doors, only one of which is ever opened. Thus this structure appears to have never had any exterior decorations. It is besides concealed by shabby buildings, and by the Greek convents erected close to its walls.

The small structure of marble which covers the Holy Sepulchre is in the figure of a canopy, adorned with semi-gothic arches; it rises with elegance under the dome, by which it receives light, but it is spoiled by a massive chapel which the Armenians have obtained permission to erect at one end of it. The interior of this canopy presents to the view a very plain tomb of white marble, which adjoins on one side to the wall of the monument, and serves the Catholic religious for an altar. This is the tomb of Jesus Christ.

The Origin of the church of the Holy Sepulchre is of high antiquity. The author of the Epitome of the Holy Wars *(Epitome Bellorum sacrorum)* asserts, that forty-six years after the destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian and Titus, the Christians obtained permission of Adrian to build, or rather to rebuild, a church over the tomb of their God, and to enclose in the new city the other places venerated by the Christians. This church, he adds, was enlarged and repaired by Helena, the mother of Constantine. Quaresmius contests this opinion, "because," says he, "the believers were not allowed till the reign of Constantine to erect such churches." This learned monk forgets that anterior to the persecution by Diocletian, the Christians possessed numerous churches, and publicly celebrated

the mysteries of their religion. Lactantius and Eusebius boast of the opulence and prosperity of the believers at this period.

Other writers worthy of credit, Sozomenes, in the second book of his History; St Jerome, in his letters to Paulina and Ruffinus; Severus, in his second book; Nicephorus, in his eighteenth; and Eusebius, in the life of Constantine, informs us that the Pagans surrounded the sacred places with a wall; that they erected a statue of Jupiter on the tomb of Jesus Christ, and another of Venus on Mount Calvary; and that they consecrated a grove to Adonis on the spot where our Saviour was born. These testimonies not only demonstrate the antiquity of the true worship at Jerusalem, by this very profanation of the sacred places, but prove that the Christians had sanctuaries on those spots.

Be this as it may, the foundation of the church of the Holy Sepulchre dates at least as far back as the time of Constantine. A letter of that prince is yet extant, in which he commands Macarius, bishop of Jerusalem, to erect a church on the place where the great mystery of salvation was accomplished. This letter Eusebius has preserved. The bishop of Cæsarea then describes the new church, the dedication of which occupied eight days. If the account of Eusebius required confirmation from other testimonies, we might adduce those of Cyril, bishop of Jerusalem, (*Catech.* I. 10. 13.) of Theodoret, and even of the Itinerary from Bourdeaux to Jerusalem, in 333, which says: *Ibidem, jussu Constantini imperatoris, basilica facta est miræ pulchritudinis.*

This church was ravaged by Cosroes II, king of Persia, about three hundred years after its erection by Constantine. Heraclius recovered the genuine cross; and Modestus, bishop of Jerusalem, rebuilt the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Some time afterwards, the chalif Omar made himself master of Jerusalem, but he allowed the Christians the free exercise of their religion. About the year 1009, Hequem, or Hakem, who then reigned in Egypt, spread desolation around the tomb of Christ. Some will have it, that this prince's mother, who was a Christian, caused the church to be again rebuilt; while others assert, that the son of the Egyptian chalif, at the solicitation of the emperor Argyropilus, permitted the believers to enclose the sacred

places with a new structure. But as the Christians of Jerusalem possessed, in Hakem's time, neither the resources nor the skill requisite for the erection of the edifice which now covers Calvary;* as notwithstanding a very suspicious passage of William of Tyre, we find no indication that the Crusaders ever built any church for the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; it is probable that the church founded by Constantine has always subsisted in its present form, at least as far as regards the walls of the structure. The mere inspection of the architecture of this building would suffice to demonstrate the truth of what I advance.

The crusaders having gained possession of Jerusalem the 15th of July 1099, wrested the tomb of Christ from the hands of the Infidels. It remained eighty-eight years in the power of the successors of Godfrey of Bouillon. When Jerusalem again fell under the Mahometan yoke, the Syrians ransomed the church of the Holy Sepulchre with a considerable sum of money, and monks repaired to defend with their prayers a spot entrusted in vain to the arms of kings. Thus, amid a thousand revolutions, the piety of the early Christians preserved a church of which the present age was destined to witness the destruction.

The ancient travellers were extremely fortunate: they were not obliged to enter into all these critical disquisitions; in the first place, because they found in their readers that religion which never contends against truth; and secondly, because every mind was convinced that the only way of seeing a country as it is, must be to see it with all its traditions and recollections. It is in fact, with the bible in his hand, that a traveller ought to visit the Holy Land. If we are determined to carry with us a spirit of cavil and contradiction, Judea is not worth our going so far to examine it. What should we say to a man who, in traversing Greece and Italy, should think of nothing but contradicting Homer and Virgil? Such, however, is the course adopted by modern travellers; evidently the effect of our vanity, which would excite a high idea of our own abilities, and at the same time fill us with disdain for those of other people.

Christian readers will perhaps inquire, what were my feelings

* It is said that Mary, wife of Hakem, and mother of his successor, defrayed the expense of it, and that in this pious undertaking she was assisted by Constantine Monomachus.

on entering this awful place. I really cannot tell. So many reflections rushed at once upon my mind, that I was unable to dwell upon any particular idea. I continued near a half an hour upon my knees in the little chamber of the Holy Sepulchre, with my eyes rivetted on the stone, from which I had not the power to turn them. One of the two religious who accompanied me remained prostrate on the marble by my side, while the other, with the Testament in his hand, read to me by the light of the lamps the passages relating to the sacred tomb. Between each verse he repeated a prayer: *Domine Jesu Christe, qui in horâ diei vespertinâ de cruce depositus, in brachiis dulcissimæ matris tuæ reclinatus fuisti, horâque ultimâ in hoc sanctissimo monumento corpus tuum exanime contulisti, &c.* All I can say is, that when I beheld this triumphant sepulchre, I felt nothing but my own weakness; and that when my guide exclaimed with St. Paul, "O death, where is thy victory! O grave, where is thy sting!" I listened as if death were about to reply that he was conquered, and enchained in this monument.

We visited all the stations till we came to the summit of Calvary. Where shall we look in antiquity for any thing so impressive, so wonderful, as the last scenes described by the evangelists? These are not the absurd adventures of a deity foreign to human nature: it is the most pathetic history—a history, which not only extorts tears by its beauty, but whose consequences, applied to the universe, have changed the face of the earth. I had just beheld the monuments of Greece, and my mind was still profoundly impressed with their grandeur; but how far inferior were the sensations which they excited to those which I felt at the sight of the places commemorated in the gospel!

The church of the Holy Sepulchre, composed of several churches, erected upon an unequal surface, illumined by a multitude of lamps, is singularly mysterious; a sombre light pervades it, favourable to piety and profound devotion. Christian priests, of various sects, inhabit different parts of the edifice. From the arches above, where they nestle like pigeons, from the chapels below, and subterraneous vaults, their songs are heard at all hours both of the day and night. The organ of the Latin monks, the cymbals of the Abyssinian priest, the voice of the Greek caloyer, the prayer of the solitary Armenian, the plaintive

accents of the Coptic friar, alternately, or all at once assail your ear: you know not whence these concerts proceed; you inhale the perfume of incense, without perceiving the hand that burns it; you merely perceive the pontiff who is going to celebrate the most awful of mysteries on the very spot where they were accomplished, pass quickly by, glide behind the columns, and vanish in the gloom of the temple.

I did not leave the sacred structure without stopping at the monuments of Godfrey and Baldwin. They face the entrance of the church, and stand against the wall of the choir. I saluted the ashes of these royal chevaliers, who were worthy of reposing near the tomb which they had rescued. These ashes are those of Frenchmen, and they are the only mortal remains interred beneath the shadow of the tomb of Christ. What an honourable distinction for my country!

I returned to the convent at eleven o'clock, and an hour afterwards I again left it to follow the *Via Dolorosa*. This is the name given to the way by which the Saviour of the world passed from the residence of Pilate to Calvary.

Pilate's house* is a ruin, from which you survey the extensive site of Solomon's temple, and the mosque erected on that site.

Christ, having been scourged with rods, crowned with thorns, and dressed in a purple robe, was presented to the Jews by Pilate. *Ecce Homo!* exclaimed the judge, and you still see the window from which these memorable words were pronounced.

According to the tradition current among the Latins at Jerusalem, the crown of Jesus Christ was taken from the thorny tree, called *Lycium Spinosum*. Hasselquist, a skilful botanist, is, however, of opinion, that the *nabka* of the Arabs was employed for that purpose. The reason which he gives for this deserves to be mentioned.

"It is highly probable," says he, "that the *nabka* furnished the crown which was put on the head of our Saviour. It is common in the east. A plant better adapted for this purpose could not have been selected; for it is armed with thorns, its branches are supple and pliant, and its leaf is of a dark green,

* The governor of Jerusalem formerly resided in this building, but at present these ruins serve only for stabling for his horses.

like that of ivy. Perhaps, in order to add insult to punishment, the enemies of Christ chose a plant nearly resembling that made use of to crown the emperors and the generals of armies."

Another tradition at Jerusalem preserves the sentence pronounced by Pilate on the Saviour of the world, in these words: *Jesum Nazarenum, subversorem gentis, contemptorem Cæsaris, et falsum Messiam, ut majorum suæ gentis testimonio probatum est, ducite ad communis supplicii locum, ut eum ludibriis regiæ majestatis in medio duorum latronum cruci affigite. I, lictor, expedi cruces.*

A hundred paces from the arch of the *Ecco Homo*, I was shown on the left the ruins of a church formerly dedicated to *Our Lady of Grief*. It was on this spot that Mary, who had been at first driven away by the guards, met her son bending beneath the weight of the cross. This circumstance is not recorded by the Evangelists; but it is generally believed, on the authority of St. Boniface, and St. Anselm. The former says, that the Virgin sunk to the ground as if lifeless, and could not utter a single word: *nec verbum dicere potuit.* St. Anselm assert that Christ saluted her in these words: *Salve, Mater!* As John relates that Mary was at the foot of the cross, this account of the fathers is highly probable. Religion is not disposed to reject these traditions, which show how profoundly the wonderful and sublime history of the passion is engraven on the memory of man. Eighteen centuries of persecutions without end, of incessant revolutions, of continually increasing ruins, have not been able to erase or to hide the traces of a mother going to weep over her son.

Fifty paces farther we came to the spot where Simon, the Cyrenean, assisted Jesus to bear his cross.—"And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenean, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus."*

Here the road, which before ran east and west, makes an angle, and turns to the north. I saw on the right the place where dwelt the indigent Lazurus, and on the opposite side of the street, the residence of the obdurate rich man.—"There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple, and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar, named

* Luke xxiii. 26.

Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried. And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in great torments."*

St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Cyril, have looked upon the history of Lazarus and the rich man as not merely a parable, but a real and well known fact. The Jews themselves have preserved the name of the rich man, whom they call Nabal.

Having passed the house of the rich man, you turn to the right, and again proceed in a westerly direction. At the entrance of the street, which leads up to Calvary, Christ was met by the holy women, who deplored his fate—"And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them, said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."†

One hundred and ten paces farther is shown the site of the house of Veronica, and the spot where that pious woman wiped the face of the Lord. The original name of this female was Berenice: by the transposition of two letters, it was afterwards altered into *Vera-icon*, true image; besides, the change of *b* into *v* is very frequent in the ancient languages.

Proceeding about another hundred paces, you come to the Judicial Gate, by which criminals were led to be executed on Golgotha. That hill, now enclosed within the new city, was without the walls of ancient Jerusalem.

The distance from the Judicial Gate to the summit of Calvary, is about two hundred paces. Here terminates the *Via Dolorosa*, which may be in the whole about a mile in length. We have seen that Calvary is at present comprised in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. If those who read the history of the passion in the gospels are overcome with sacred melancholy and profound admiration, what must be his feelings who traces the scenes themselves at the foot of Mount Sion, in sight of the temple, and within the very walls of Jerusalem?

After this description of the *Via Dolorosa*, and the church of

* Luke xvi. 19—23. † Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

the Holy Sepulchre, I shall say very little concerning the other places of devotion in the city. I shall merely enumerate them in the order in which they were visited by me, during my stay at Jerusalem.

1. The house of Anna, the priest, near David's Gate, at the foot of Mount Sion, within the wall of the city. The Armenians possess the church erected on the ruins of this house.

2. The place where our Saviour appeared to Mary Magdalen, Mary, the mother of James, and Mary Salome, between the castle and the gate of Mount Sion.

3. The house of Simon the Pharisee, where Magdalen confessed her sins. Here, in the eastern part of the city, is a church totally in ruins.

4. The monastery of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, and the grotto of the immaculate conception, under the church of the monastery. This convent has been turned into a mosque, but admission may be obtained for a trifling sum.

5. The prison of St. Peter, near Calvary. This consists of nothing but old walls, in which are yet shown some iron staples.

6. Zebedee's house, situated very near St. Peter's prison; now a spacious church belonging to the Greek patriarch.

7. The house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, where St. Peter took refuge when he had been set at liberty by the angel. It is a church, the duty of which is performed by the Syrians.

8. The place of the martyrdom of St. James the Great. This is the Armenian convent, the church of which is very rich and elegant. Of the Armenian patriarch I shall speak hereafter.

The reader has now before him a complete view of the Christian monuments in Jerusalem. Let us next visit the exterior of the holy city.

It took me two hours to get through the *Via Dolorosa* on foot. I made a point of daily revisiting this sacred road as well as the church of Calvary, that no essential circumstance might escape my memory. It was, therefore, two o'clock on the 7th of October when I finished my first survey of the holy places. I then mounted my horse with Ali Aga, the drogman, Michael and my servants. We went out by the gate of Jaffa, to make the complete circuit of Jerusalem. We were abundantly provided with arms, dressed in the French fashion, and fully determined not to

submit to insult. Thanks to the renown of our victories, the times are greatly altered; for, during the reign of Louis XIII, his ambassador, Deshayes, had the greatest difficulty in the world, to obtain permission to enter Jerusalem with his sword.

Turning to the left as soon as we had passed the gate, we proceeded southward, and passed the Pool of Beersheba, a broad, deep ditch, but without water; and then ascended Mount Sion, part of which is now without the city.

The name of Sion doubtless awakens grand ideas in the mind of the reader, who is curious to hear something concerning this mount, so mysterious in scripture, so highly celebrated in Solomon's Song—this mount, the subject of the benedictions or of the tears of the prophets, and whose misfortunes have been sung by Racine.

This hill, of a yellowish colour and barren appearance, open in form of a crescent towards Jerusalem, is about as high as Montmartre at Paris, but rounder at the top. This sacred summit is distinguished by three monuments, or more properly by three ruins: the house of Caiaphas, the place where Christ celebrated his last supper, and the tomb or palace of David. From the top of the hill you see, to the south, the valley of Ben-Hinnon; beyond this the Field of Blood, purchased with the thirty pieces of silver given to Judas, the Hill of Evil Counsel, the tombs of the judges, and the whole desert towards Hebron and Bethlehem. To the north, the wall of Jerusalem, which passes over the top of Sion, intercepts the view of the city, the site of which gradually slopes from this place towards the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The residence of Caiaphas is now a church, the duty of which is performed by the Armenians. David's tomb is a small vaulted room, containing three sepulchres of dark-coloured stone; and on the spot where Christ held his last supper, stand a mosque and a Turkish hospital, formerly a church and monastery occupied by the fathers of the Holy Land. This last sanctuary is equally celebrated in the Old and in the New Testament. Here David built himself a palace and a tomb; here he kept for three months the ark of the covenant; here Christ held his last passover, and instituted the sacrament of the Eucharist; here he appeared to his disciples on the day of his resurrection; and here the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles. The place hallowed

Toi donc qui, celebrant les merveilles des cieux,
Prends loin de l'Helicon un vol audacieux
Soit que te retenant sous ses palmiers antiques,
Sion avec plaisir répète tes cantiques,
Soit que chantant où Dieu donna sa loi,
Le Sina sous tes pieds tressaille encor d'effroi;
Soit que près du saint lieu d'où partent tes oracles
Les flots de Siloe te disent ses miracles:
Muse sainte, soutiens mon vol presomptueux!

Some relate that this spring suddenly issued from the ground to allay the thirst of Isaiah when the prophet was sawed in two with a wooden saw by the command of Manasses; while others assert that it first appeared during the reign of Hezekiah, by whom we have the admirable song, beginning; "I said in the cutting off of my days I shall go to the gates of the grave."

According to Josephus, this miraculous spring flowed for the army of Titus, and refused its waters to the guilty Jews. The pool, or rather the two pools of the same name are quite close to the spring. They are still used for washing linen as formerly; and we there saw some women, who ran away abusing us. The water of the spring is brackish, and has a very disagreeable taste; people still bathe their eyes with it, in memory of the miracle performed on the man born blind.

Near this spring is shown the spot where Isaiah was put to death, in the manner mentioned. Here you also find a village called Siloan; at the foot of this village is another fountain, denominated in Scripture, Rogel. Opposite to this fountain is a third, which receives its name from the Blessed Virgin. It is conjectured that Mary came hither to fetch water, as the daughters of Laban resorted to the well from which Jacob removed the stone. The Virgin's fountain mingles its stream with that of the fountain of Siloe.

Here, as St. Jerome remarks, you are at the foot of Mount Moria, under the walls of the Temple, and nearly opposite to the Sterquilinarian Gate. We advanced to the eastern angle of the wall of the city, and entered the valley of Jehoshaphat. It runs from north to south between the Mount of Olives and Mount Moria; and the brook Cedron flows through the middle of it. This stream is dry the greatest part of the year, but after storms,

or in rainy springs, a current of a red colour rolls along its channel.

The valley of Jehoshaphat is also called in scripture the valley Scaveh, the King's Valley, the Valley of Melchisedeck.* It was in the valley of Melchisedeck that the king of Sodom went to meet Abraham, to congratulate him on his victory over the five kings. Moloch and Beelphegor were worshipped in this same valley. It was afterwards distinguished by the name of Jehoshaphat, because that king caused his tomb to be constructed there. The valley of Jehoshaphat seems to have always served as a burial-place for Jerusalem: there you meet with monuments of the most remote ages, as well as of the most modern times: Thither the Jews resort from the four quarters of the globe to die: and a foreigner sells them, for its weight in gold, a scanty spot of earth to cover their remains in the land of their forefathers. The cedars that Solomon planted in this valley,† the shadow of the temple by which it was covered, the stream flowing through the midst of it,‡ the mournful songs composed there by David, and the lamentations there uttered by Jeremiah, rendered it an appropriate situation for the melancholy and the silence of the tombs. Christ, by commencing his passion in this sequestered place, consecrated it anew to sorrow. Here this innocent David shed tears to wash away our crimes, where the guilty David wept to expiate his own sins. Few names awaken in the imagination, ideas at the same time more affecting and more awful than that of the valley of Jehoshaphat, a valley so replete with mysteries, that, according to the prophet Joel, all mankind shall there appear before a formidable judge: "I will gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there."—"It is reasonable," says

* On this subject different opinions are entertained. The King's Valley was probably towards the mountains of Jordan; and that situation would be more consonant with the history of Abraham.

† Josephus relates that Solomon caused the mountains of Judea to be covered with cedars.

‡ Cedron is a Hebrew word, which signifies darkness and sorrow. It is remarked that there is an error in the gospel of St. John, who calls this stream the Brook of Cedars. The error arises from an omega being put instead of an omicron: κεδρων for κεδρων:

Father Nau, "that the honour of Christ should be publickly retrieved in the place where it was taken from him by such opprobrious and ignominious treatment, and that he should judge men with justice, where they judged him so unjustly."

The valley of Jehoshaphat exhibits a desolate appearance: the west side is a high chalk cliff, supporting the walls of the city, above which you perceive Jerusalem itself; while the east side is formed by the Mount of Olives and the Mount of Offence, *Mons Offensionis*, thus denominated from Solomon's idolatry. These two contiguous hills are nearly naked, and of a dull red colour. On their desolate sides are seen here and there a few black and parched vines, some groves of wild olive-trees, wastes covered with hyssop, chapels, oratories, and mosques in ruins. At the bottom of the valley you discover a bridge of a single arch, thrown across the channel of the brook Cedron. The stones in the Jews' cemetery look like a heap of rubbish at the foot of the Mount of Offence, below the Arabian village of Siloan, the paltry houses of which can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding sepulchres. Three antique monuments, the tombs of Zachariah, Jehoshaphat, and Absalom, appear conspicuous amid this scene of desolation. From the dullness of Jerusalem, whence no smoke rises, no noise proceeds; from the solitude of these hills, where no living creature is to be seen: from the ruinous state of all these tombs, overthrown, broken, and half open, you would imagine that the last trump had already sounded, and that the valley of Jehoshaphat was about to render up its dead.

On the brink, and near the source of Cedron, we entered the garden of Olivet. It belongs to the Latin fathers, who purchased it at their own expense, and contains eight large and extremely ancient olive-trees. The olive may be said to be immortal, since a fresh tree springs up from the old stump. In the citadel of Athens was preserved an olive-tree, whose origin dated as far back as the foundation of the city. Those in the garden of Olivet at Jerusalem, are, at least, of the time of the Eastern Empire, as is demonstrated by the following circumstance. In Turkey, every olive-tree found standing by the Musselmans when they conquered Asia. pays one medine to the treasury: while each of those planted since the conquest is taxed half

its produce by the Grand Signior.* Now the eight olive-trees of which we are speaking are charged only eight medines.

At the entrance of this garden we alighted from our horses, and proceeded on foot to the stations of the Mount. The village of Gethsemane was at some distance from the garden of Olivet. It is at present confounded with this garden, according the remark of Thevenot and Roger. The first place we visited was the sepulchre of the Virgin Mary: it is a subterraneous church to which you descend by a handsome flight of fifty steps; it is shared by all the Christian sects, nay, even the Turks have an oratory in this place, but the Catholics possess the tomb of the Virgin. Though Mary did not die at Jerusalem, yet, according to the opinion of several of the fathers, she was miraculously buried at Gethsemane by the apostles. Euthymius relates the history of this marvellous funeral. St. Thomas having caused the coffin to be opened, nothing was found in it but a virgin robe, the simple and mean garment of that queen of glory, whom the angels had conveyed to heaven.

The tombs of St. Joseph, St. Joachim, and St. Anne, are also to be seen in this subterraneous church.

On leaving the Virgin's sepulchre, we went to see the grotto in the garden of Olivet, where our Saviour sweated blood as he uttered the words: "Father if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

This grotto is irregular: altars have been erected in it. A few paces from it is shown the place where Judas betrayed his master with a kiss. To what multifarious sufferings was Christ pleased to submit! He experienced those most painful circumstances of life, which virtue itself is scarcely able to surmount. At the moment when an angel is obliged to descend from heaven to support the Deity, sinking beneath the weight of human wo, this gracious and compassionate Redeemer is betrayed by one of those from whom he suffers!

"No sooner," says Massillon, "has the spotless soul of the Saviour undertaken the arduous task of our reconciliation, than

* This law is as absurd as most of the other laws of Turkey. How ridiculous to make a show of sparing the vanquished in the moment of conquest, when violence, going hand in hand with injustice, can overwhelm the subject in time of profound peace.

the justice of his Father begins to consider him as a sinful man. He ceases to regard him as his beloved Son, in whom he is well pleased: he sees in him nought but a victim of wrath, laden with the iniquities of the world, which eternal justice compels him to sacrifice to the utmost severity of his vengeance. Here all the weight of that justice begins to fall on his pure and innocent soul; here Christ, like the real Jacob, has to struggle all night against the wrath of God himself; and here his sacrifice is consummated beforehand, but in a manner so much the more painful, as his sacred soul is ready to expire, as it were, under the strokes of the justice of an offended God, whereas on Calvary it was doomed to be consigned only to the power and the fury of men.

"The sacred soul of the Saviour, full of grace, of truth, and of light, beholds sin in all its horrors: beholds its excesses, injustice, and everlasting stain; beholds all its deplorable consequences, pride, corruption, all the passions that have sprung from this fatal source, and inundated the world. In this agonizing moment, all the ages of time marshal themselves in dread array against him, from the blood of Abel to the final consummation of all things; he beholds an uninterrupted succession of crimes; he peruses this frightful history of the universe, and nothing escapes that can aggravate the secret horrors of his sufferings. He there observes the most enormous superstitions established among men; the knowledge of his father effaced; infamous crimes erected into divinities; temples and altars raised to adultery, incest, abominations of every kind; impiety and irreligion embraced by the wisest and the most moderate. If he turns to the ages of Christianity, he there discerns the future calamities of his church; the schisms, the errors, the dissensions, destined to rend asunder the exquisite mystery of its unity; the profanation of his altars; the unworthy use of the sacraments; the extinction almost of his faith; and the polluted manners of Paganism re-established among his disciples.

"His sacred soul, unable to endure the weight of his sufferings, but yet retained in his body by the rigour of divine justice: sorrowful unto death, yet not permitted to die; incapable alike of terminating his woes, and of supporting them; seems to struggle in the excess of his agony both with death and with

life; and sweat, like drops of blood, falling down upon the ground, is the fearful effect of his excruciating pangs. Just Father! and was it necessary that blood should be added to the inward sacrifice of thy Son? was it not enough that it was destined to be spilt by his enemies? but must thy justice, to be satisfied, accelerate its effusion?"

On leaving the grotto of the Cup of Bitterness, and ascending by a rugged winding path, the drogman stopped us near a rock, where it is said that Christ, surveying the guilty city, bewailed the approaching desolation of Sion. Baronius observes that Titus pitched his tents on the very spot where our Saviour had predicted the destruction of Jerusalem. Doubdan, who contests this opinion, without mentioning Baronius, conjectures that the sixth Roman legion encamped on the top of the Mount of Olives, and not on the side of the hill. This criticism is too rigid, and the remark of Baronius is not the less excellent, or the less just.

The destruction of Jerusalem, foretold and lamented by Jesus Christ, is a subject of sufficient importance to demand some notice. Let us hear what is said by Josephus, who was an eye-witness of this event. The city being taken, a soldier set fire to the temple. "While the flames were thus consuming this magnificent structure, the soldiers, eager after plunder, put to death all that fell in their way. They spared neither age nor rank; the old, as well as the young; priests, as well as laymen, were put to the edge of the sword. All were involved in the general carnage, and those who had recourse to supplication, were not more humanely treated than such as had the courage to defend themselves to the last extremity. The groans of the dying were intermingled with the crackling of the flames, which continued to gain ground; and the conflagration of so vast an edifice, together with the height of its situation, led those who beheld it at a distance, to suppose that the whole city was on fire.

"It is impossible to conceive any thing more dreadful than the noise which rent the air in every quarter: for how tremendous was that alone raised by the Roman legions in their fury; what shrieks did the rebels set up when they found themselves surrounded on all sides with fire, and sword! what lamentations escaped those miserable wretches, who happened just then to be

in the temple, and were so terrified as to throw themselves, in their flight, into the midst of their enemies! and how was the air rent by the discordant shouts of the multitude, who, from the hill opposite to the temple, beheld this awful spectacle! Even those whom famine had reduced to such extremity, that the hand of death was ready to close their eyes forever, on perceiving this conflagration of the temple, mustered their remaining strength to deplore so extraordinary a calamity; and the echoes of the neighbouring hills, and of the country beyond the Jordan, augmented this horrible uproar: but, frightful as it was, the miseries which it occasioned were infinitely more so. Such was the magnitude and violence of the conflagration, that the hill upon which the temple stood, seemed to be on fire to its very foundation. The blood flowed in such abundance, that it appeared to dispute with the flames which should extend farthest. The number of the slain surpassed that of those who sacrificed them to their vengeance and indignation: the ground was covered with carcases, and the soldiers walked over them to pursue by so hideous a path those who fled.

"Four years before the commencement of the war, when Jerusalem yet enjoyed profound peace and abundance, Jesus the son of Ananias, who was but a peasant, having come to the feast of tabernacles, held every year in the temple in honour of God, cried: "A voice from the east; a voice from the west; a voice from the four winds; a voice against Jerusalem, and against the temple; a voice against the bridegroom and against the bride; a voice against all the people!" And he never ceased, night and day, to run through the whole city, repeating the same thing. Some persons of rank, unable to endure words of such bad omen, caused him to be apprehended, and severely scourged. But, at every stroke that was inflicted, he repeated, in a plaintive and doleful voice: "Wo! wo to Jerusalem!" When Jerusalem was besieged, his predictions were found to be verified. He then went round the walls of the city, and again began to cry: "Wo! wo to the city! wo to the people! wo to the temple!" on which, having added, "Wo to myself!"—a stone, discharged by a machine, struck him to the ground, and, uttering the same words, he gave up the ghost."

From the rock of the Prediction, we ascended to some grottos on the right of the road. They are called the Tombs of the Prophets; they have nothing worthy of notice, neither, indeed, is it known exactly what prophets they were whose remains are here deposited.

A little above these grottos we found a kind of reservoir, consisting of twelve arches. Here it was that the apostles composed the first symbol of our faith. While the whole world adored in the face of heaven a thousand scandalous divinities, twelve sinners, secreted in the bowels of the earth, drew up the profession of faith for mankind, and acknowledged the unity of God the creator of those orbs, in whose light they durst not yet proclaim his existence. Had some Roman of the court of Augustus, passing near this subterraneous retreat, espied the twelve Jews composing this sublime piece, what profound contempt he would have expressed for this superstitious assembly! with what disdain would he have spoken of these first believers! And yet these were destined, by the divine wisdom, to overthrow the temples of this haughty Roman, to destroy the religion of his forefathers, to change the laws, the politics, the morals, the reason, nay, even the very thoughts of mankind. Let us, then, never despair of the conversion of nations! The Christians of the present day deplore the lukewarmness of the faith; but who knows whether God may not have sown, in some unknown recess, the grain of mustard-seed destined to spread over the face of the earth. Perhaps this hope of salvation may be at this moment before our eyes, without attracting our notice. Perhaps it may appear to us equally absurd and ridiculous. Who could ever have been expected to believe in the foolishness of the cross?

You now ascend a little higher, and come to the ruins, or rather to the naked site, of a chapel. An invariable tradition records that in this place Christ recited the Lord's Prayer.

"And it came to pass, that as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to p ray as John also taught his disciples. And he said unto them, When ye pray, say: "Our Father which art in Heaven," &c.*

* St. Luke, xi. 1.

Thus the profession of faith of all mankind, and the universal prayer, were composed nearly on the same spot.

Thirty paces farther, bearing a little towards the north, is an olive-tree, at the foot of which the Son of the Eternal Arbiter foretold the general judgment.

"Then," says Massillon, whom I have already quoted, "will be seen the Son of Man, aloft in the air, overlooking the nations of the earth intermingled and assembled at his feet; surveying, in this spectacle, the history of the universe, that is of the passions or the virtues of men. Then will he call together his elect from the four winds; he will choose them from all tongues, and kindreds, and nations; collect the children of Israel, scattered over the universe; display the secret history of a new and holy people; and crown with glory heroes of the faith before unknown to the world. Then will he no longer distinguish ages by the victories of conquerors, by the creation or the decline of empires, by the civilization or the barbarism of the times, by the great men who have made their appearance in each; but by the various triumphs of his grace, by the silent victories of the righteous over their passions, by the establishment of his reign in a heart, by the heroic fortitude of a persecuted believer.

"The universe being thus arranged; all the nations of the earth being thus separated; each being immoveably fixed in his allotted place: surprise, terror, confusion, despair, will be stamped on the faces of some; on those of others, joy, serenity, and confidence. The eyes of the righteous will be raised towards the Son of Man, from whom they expect their deliverance; those of the wicked frightfully rivetted on the earth, almost penetrating its abysses, as if in quest of the place assigned for their future residence."

Lastly, proceeding about fifty paces farther on the mountain, you come to a small mosque, of an octagonal form, the relic of a church formerly erected on the spot from which Christ ascended to heaven after his resurrection. On the rock may be discerned the print of a man's left foot; the mark of the right also was formerly to be seen; most of the pilgrims assure us that the Turks removed the latter, and placed it in the mosque of the temple, but father Roger positively declares that it is not there. I am silent, out of respect, without however being convinced,

before authorities of considerable weight; St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Paulina, Sulpicius, Severus, the venerable Bede, all travellers, ancient and modern, assure us that this is a print, of the foot of Jesus Christ. From an examination of this print, it has been concluded that our Saviour had his face towards the north at the moment of his ascension, as if to renounce the south, involved in errors, and to call to the faith barbarians, destined to overthrow the temples of false gods, to create new nations and to plant the standard of the cross on the walls of Jerusalem.

Several fathers of the church were of opinion, that Christ ascended to heaven, attended by the souls of the patriarchs and prophets, delivered by him from the chains of death: his mother, and one hundred and twenty disciples, witnessed his ascension. He stretched out his arms like Moses, says St. Gregory Nazianzen, and commended his disciples to his Father; he then crossed his almighty hands, holding them down over the the heads of his beloved friends,* in the same attitude that Jacob blessed his son Joseph: then rising from earth with inexpressible majesty, he slowly ascended towards the eternal mansions, till he was enveloped by a brilliant cloud.†

St. Helena caused a church to be erected on the spot where now stands the octagonal mosque. St. Jerome informs us that it was found impossible to cover in that part of the roof through which Christ pursued his heaven-ward route. The venerable Bede declares that in his time, on the eve of the ascension, the Mount of Olives was all night seen covered with flames. Nothing obliges us to give credit to these traditions, which I record merely in illustration of history and manners; but if Descartes or Newton had doubted of these miracles as philosophers, Racine and Milton would not have rejected them as poets.

Such is the gospel history explained by monuments. We have seen it commence at Bethlehem, proceed to the *denoument* at the mansion of Pilate, arrive at the catastrophe on Calvary, and conclude on the Mount of Olives. The very spot of the ascension is not quite on the top of the Mount, but two or three hundred paces below its highest summit. Bossuet has comprised this whole history in a few pages, but those pages are sublime.

"Meanwhile, the jealousy of the Pharisees and priests hurries

* Tertull. † Ludolph.

him on to an ignominious death; he is forsaken by his disciples, betrayed by one of them, and thrice denied by the first and most zealous of their number. Being accused before the council, he to the last pays respect to the priestly office, and replies in precise terms to the high priest, who judicially interrogates him. The pontiff, and the whole council, condemn Jesus, because he declared that he was the Christ, the Son of God. He is delivered to Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor; his innocence is acknowledged by his judge, who is induced, by policy and interest, to act against his conscience. The just is condemned to die; and the greatest of crimes gives occasion to the most perfect obedience that ever was. Jesus, though master over his own life, and all things that exist, voluntarily consigns himself to the fury of wicked men, and offers this sacrifice which is to atone for mankind. When on the cross, he consults the prophets what he has yet left to do; he fulfills it, and at length says, It is finished!

"At these words, the whole face of things is changed in the world; the law ceases, types become obsolete; and sacrifices are abolished by a more perfect oblation. This done, Christ expires with a loud cry; all nature is convulsed; the centurion who guards him, astonished at such a death, exclaims: Verily, this is the Son of God!—and the spectators return, smiting their breasts. On the third day, he rises again; he appears to his disciples, who had forsaken him, and who obstinately refused to believe the account of his resurrection. They see him, they converse with him, they touch him, and are convinced.

"On this foundation, twelve sinners undertake to convert the whole world, which they find so hostile to the laws which they have to prescribe, and the truths which they have to announce to it. They are enjoined to begin with Jerusalem, and thence to proceed to all the world, to instruct all nations, and to baptize them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Jesus promises to be with them always, even unto the end of the world; and by this expression, assures the perpetual duration of the ecclesiastical ministry. Having said this, he ascends to heaven in their presence."

We descended the Mount of Olives, and again mounting our horses, continued our excursion. We left the valley of Jeho-

shaphat behind us, and proceeded by a steep road to the northern angle of the city: then turning to the west, and keeping along the wall that faces the north, we reached the grotto where Jeremiah composed his Lamentations. We were not far from the Sepulchres of the Kings, but we relinquished our intention of seeing them that day, because it was too late: and returned to the gate of Jaffa by which we had set out from Jerusalem. It was exactly seven o'clock when we arrived at the convent. Our excursion had lasted five hours. On foot if you keep close to the walls, it takes scarcely an hour to make the circuit of Jerusalem.

On the 8th of October, at five in the morning, attended by Ali Aga, and Michael, the drogman, I commenced my survey of the interior of the city. Let us here pause, and take a rapid view of its history.

Jerusalem was founded in the year of the world 2023, by the royal priest Melchisedeck, who called it Salem, which signifies *peace*. At that time it occupied only the two hills of Moria and Acra.

Fifty years after its foundation it was taken by the Jebusites, the descendants of Jebus, a son of Canaan. They erected on Mount Sion a fortress, to which they gave the name of Jebus, their father. The whole city then received the appellation of Jerusalem, which signifies *vision of peace*. In Scripture it is always spoken of in very magnificent terms.

Joshua made himself master of the lower town of Jerusalem, in the first year after his arrival in the land of Promise: he put to death king Adonisedeck, and the four kings of Hebron, Jerimol, Lachis, and Eglon. The Jebusites still retained possession of the upper town, or citadel of Jebus, and kept it till they were driven out by David, 824 years after their entrance into the city of Melchisedeck.

David made additions to the fortress of Jebus, and gave it his own name. He erected also on Mount Sion a palace and a tabernacle for the reception of the Ark of the Covenant.

Solomon enlarged the Holy City. He built the first Temple, the grandeur of which is described in Scripture, and by Josephus the historian, and for which Solomon himself composed such beautiful hymns.

Five years after Solomon's death, Sesac, king of Egypt, attacked Rehoboam, and took and plundered Jerusalem.

It was pillaged one hundred and fifty years afterwards by Joas, king of Israel.

Conquered once more by the Assyrians, Manasseh, king of Judah, was carried away captive to Babylon. At last, during the reign of Zedekiah, Nebuchadnezzar razed the city to its very foundations, burned the temple, and transported the Jews to Babylon "Sion was ploughed like a field," says Jeremiah; and St. Jerome, to describe the solitude of this desolated city, says that not a single bird was to be seen flying about it.

The first Temple was destroyed four hundred and seventy years, six months and ten days after its foundation by Solomon, in the year of the world 3513, about six hundred years before Christ. Four hundred and seventy-seven years had elapsed from the time of David to Zedekiah, and the city had been governed by seventeen kings.

After the seventy years' captivity, Zerubbabel began to rebuild the Temple and the city This work, after an interruption of some years, was successively prosecuted and completed by Esdras and Nehemiah.

Alexander visited Jerusalem in the year of the world 3583, and offered sacrifices in the Temple.

Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, made himself master of Jerusalem: but it was treated with great kindness by Ptolemy Philadelphus, who made some magnificent presents to the Temple.

Antiochus the Great retook Jerusalem from the Egyptian monarchs, and afterwards ceded it to Ptolemy Evergetes. Antiochus Epiphanes again plundered the city, and erected in the Temple a statue to the Olympian Jupiter.

The Maccabees restored liberty to their country, and defended it against the kings of Asia.

In an unlucky dispute for the crown, between Aristobulus and Hircanus, they had recourse to the Romans, who, by the death of Mithridates, had become masters of the East. Pompey hastened to Jerusalem, and being admitted into the city, he besieged and took the Temple. Crassus abstained not from plundering this august monument, which the victorious Pompey had respected.

Hircanus, under the protection of Cæsar, had obtained the supreme authority. Antigonus, the son of Aristobulus, who had been poisoned by Pompey's partisans made war upon his uncle Hircanus, and applied to the Parthians for assistance. The latter invaded Judea, entered Jerusalem, and carried away Hircanus into captivity.

Herod the Great, the son of Antipater, a distinguished officer of the court of Hircanus, seated himself, by the favour of the Romans, upon the throne of Judea. Antigonus, thrown by the fortune of war into Herod's hands, was sent to Antony. The last descendant of the Maccabees, the rightful sovereign of Jerusalem, was bound to a stake, scourged with rods, and put to death by the command of a Roman citizen.

Herod, now left in undisputed possession of Jerusalem, filled it with splendid edifices, of which I shall speak in another place. It was during the reign of this prince that Christ came into the world.

Archelaus, son of Herod and Mariamne, succeeded his father, while Herod Antipas, another son of Herod the Great, became tetrarch of Galilee and Peræa. It was the latter who ordered St. John the Baptist to be beheaded, and sent Christ to Pilate. This Herod the tetrarch was exiled to Lyons by Caligula.

Agrippa, a grandson of Herod the Great, obtained the kingdom of Judea; but his brother Herod, king of Calcis, possessed all the power over the Temple, the sacred treasures, and the priesthood.

On the death of Agrippa, Judea was reduced into a Roman province. The Jews having revolted against their masters, Titus besieged and took Jerusalem. During this siege, two hundred thousand Jews perished by famine. From the 14th of April to the 1st of July, in the year 71 of the Christian era, one hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and eighty dead bodies were carried out of Jerusalem by one single gate. They ate the leather of their shoes and shields; and were at length reduced to such extremity as to feed upon hay and filth which they picked up in the common sewers; a mother devoured her child. The besieged swallowed their gold; the Roman soldier, who perceived the action, put to death the prisoners, and then sought the treasure concealed in the bowels of those unfortunates.

Eleven hundred thousand Jews perished in the city of Jerusalem, and two hundred thirty-eight thousand four hundred and sixty in the rest of Judea. In this calculation I comprehend neither the women nor children, nor the aged destroyed by famine, seditions, and the flames. Lastly, there were ninety-nine thousand two hundred prisoners of war, some of whom were doomed to labour at the public works, and others reserved for the triumph of Titus; they appeared in the amphitheatres of Europe and Asia, and killed one another for the amusement of the populace of the Roman empire. Such as had not attained the age of seventeen years were put up to auction with the women; and thirty of them were sold for a denarius. The blood of the just Jesus was sold for thirty pieces of silver at Jerusalem, and the people had cried, "His blood be upon ourselves and upon our children:" God heard this wish of the Jews, and for the last time he granted their prayer, after which he turned away his face from the land of Promise, and chose for himself another people.

The Temple was burned thirty-eight years after the death of Christ, so that many of those who had heard the prediction of our Saviour, might also have witnessed its fulfilment.

The remnant of the Jewish nation having again rebelled, Adrian completed the destruction of what Titus had left standing in ancient Jerusalem. On the ruins of the city of David he erected another town, to which he gave the name of Ælia Capitolinia: he forbade the Jews to enter it upon pain of death, and caused the figure of a hog, in sculpture, to be placed upon the gate leading to Bethlehem. St. Gregory Nazianzen nevertheless relates, that the Jews were permitted to enter Ælia once a year to give vent to their sorrows: and St. Jerome adds, that they were forced to purchase, at an exorbitant price, the right of shedding tears over the ashes of their country.

Five hundred and eighty five thousand Jews, according to the account of Dio, perished by the sword in this war under Adrian. Prodigious numbers of slaves, of either sex, were sold at the fairs of Gaza and Membre; and fifty castles, and nine hundred and eighty-five villages were destroyed.

Adrian built the new city precisely on the spot which it occupies at this day; and by a particular providence, as Doubdan

observes, he included Mount Calvary within the walls. At the time of Diocletian's persecution, the very name of Jerusalem was so totally forgotten, that a martyr having said, in reply to the question of a Roman governor, that he was a native of Jerusalem, the latter imagined it to be some factious town, secretly erected by the Christians. Towards the conclusion of the seventh century, the city still retained the name of Ælia, as may be seen from the account of the travels of Arculfe, given by Adamannus, or that of the venerable Bede.

Some commotions appear to have taken place in Judea under the emperors Antonius, Septimus Severus, and Caracalla. Jerusalem, transformed in her old age into a pagan city, at length acknowledged the God whom she had rejected. Constantine and his mother overthrew the idols erected upon the sepulchre of our Saviour, and consecrated the sacred scenes by the edifices that are seen still upon them.

In vain did Julian, thirty-seven years afterwards, assemble the Jews at Jerusalem for the purpose of rebuilding the temple. The men employed in this undertaking worked with hods, pick-axes, and shovels of silver; while the women carried away the earth in the skirts of their best garments; but globes of fire issuing from the half-excavated foundations, dispersed the labourers, and prevented the accomplishment of the design.

We find a revolt of the Jews under Justinian, in the year of Christ 501. It was also during the reign of this emperor that the church of Jerusalem was elevated to the patriarchal dignity.

Still destined to struggle with idolatry, and to vanquish false religions, Jerusalem was taken by Cosroes, king of the Persians, in the year of Christ 613. The Jews, scattered over Judea, purchased, of that prince, ninety thousand Christian prisoners, whom they put to death.

Heraclius defeated Cosroes in 627, recovered the true cross which the Persian monarch had taken away, and carried it back to Jerusalem.

Nine years afterwards the chalif Omar, the third in succession from Mahomet, took Jerusalem, after a siege of four months; and Palestine, as well as Egypt, passed under the yoke of the conqueror.

Omar was assassinated at Jerusalem in 643. The establishment of several chalifats in Arabia and in Syria, the fall of the dynasty of the Ommiades, and the elevation of that of the Abassides, involved Judea in troubles and calamities for more than two hundred years.

Ahmed, a Turk, who from being governor had made himself sovereign of Egypt, conquered Jerusalem in 868; but his son having been defeated by the chalifs of Bagdad, the Holy City again returned under their dominion in the year 905 of our era.

Mahomet Ikschid, another Turk, having in his turn seized the sovereignty of Egypt, carried his arms abroad, and subdued Jerusalem in the year of Christ 936.

The Fatamites, issuing from the sands of Cyrene, expelled the Ikschidites from Egypt in 968, and conquered several towns in Palestine.

Another Turk, named Ortok, favoured by the Seljucides of Aleppo, made himself master of Jerusalem in 984, and his children reigned there after his death.

Mostali, chalif of Egypt, drove the Ortokides out of Jerusalem.

Hakem or Haquen, the successor of Aziz, the second Fatamite chalif, persecuted the Christians at Jerusalem about the year 996, as I have already related in the account of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and died in 1021.

Meleschah, a Seljucide Turk, took the Holy City in 1076, and ravaged the whole country. The Ortokides, who had been expelled from Jerusalem by the chalif Mostali, returned thither, and maintained possession of the city against Redouan, prince of Aleppo. They were again driven out in 1076 by the Fatamites, who were masters of the place when the Crusaders appeared on the frontiers of Palestine.

The writers of the eighteenth century have taken pains to represent the Crusades in an odious light. I was one of the first to protest against this ignorance or injustice.* The Crusades were not mad expeditions, as some writers have affected to call them, either in their principle or in their results. The Christians were not the aggressors. If the subjects of Omar, setting out from Jerusalem, and making the circuit of Africa, invaded Sicily,

* In the *Genie du Christianisme*.

Spain, nay, even France, where they were exterminated by Charles Martel, why should not the subjects of Philip I. quitting France, making the circuit of Asia, to take vengeance on the descendants of Omar in Jerusalem itself! It was certainly a grand spectacle exhibited by these two armies of Europe and Asia, marching in opposite directions round the Mediterranean, and proceeding under the banner of their respective religions, to attack Mahomet and Christ in the midst of their votaries. Those who perceive in the Crusades nothing but a mob of armed pilgrims running to rescue a tomb in Palestine, must take a very limited view of history. The point in question was not merely the deliverance of that sacred tomb, but likewise to decide which of the two should predominate in the world, a religion hostile to civilization, systematically favourable to ignorance, despotism, and slavery, or a religion which has revived among the moderns the spirit of learned antiquity, and abolished servitude. Whoever reads the address of pope Urban II. to the council of Clermont, must be convinced that the leaders in these military enterprises had not the petty views which have been ascribed to them, and that they aspired to save the world from a new inundation of barbarians. The spirit of Islamism is persecution and conquest; the gospel, on the contrary, inculcates only toleration and peace. Accordingly, the Christians endured for seven hundred and sixty-four years all the oppressions which the fanaticism of the Saracens impelled them to exercise. They merely endeavoured to interest Charlemagne in their favour; for neither the conquest of Spain, the invasion of France, the pillage of Greece and the two Sicilies, nor the entire subjugation of Africa, could, for near eight centuries, rouse the Christians to arms. If at last the shrieks of numberless victims slaughtered in the east; if the progress of the barbarians, who had already reached the gates of Constantinople awakened Christendom, and impelled it to rise in its own defence, who can say that the cause of the holy wars was unjust? Contemplate Greece, if you would know the fate of a people subjected to the mussulman yoke. Would those who, at this day, so loudly exult in the progress of knowledge, wish to live under a religion which burned the Alexandrian library, and which makes a merit of trampling mankind under foot, and holding literature and the arts in sovereign contempt?

The Crusades, by weakening the Mahometan hordes in the very centre of Asia, prevented our falling a prey to the Turks and Arabs: they did more, they saved us from our own revolutions; they suspended, by the peace of God, our intestine wars; and opened an outlet to that excess of population which, sooner or later, occasions the ruin of states.

With regard to the other results of the Crusades, people begin to admit that these military enterprises were favourable to the progress of science and civilization. Robertson has admirably discussed this subject in his *Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India.* I shall add, that in this estimate we must not omit the renown gained by the European arms in these distant expeditions. The time of these expeditions is the heroic period of our history, the period which gave birth to the epic poetry. Whatever diffuses a tinge of the marvellous over a nation, ought not to be despised by that very nation. In vain should we attempt to deny that there is a something implanted in our hearts which excites in us a love of glory; man is not absolutely made of positive calculations of profit and loss; it would be debasing him too much to suppose so. It was by impressing upon the Romans the *eternity* of their city, that their chiefs led them on to the conquest of the world, and spurred them forward to achievements which have gained them everlasting renown.

Godfrey appeared on the frontiers of Palestine in the year of Christ 1099. He was accompanied by Baldwin, Eustace, Tancred, Raimond de Toulouse, the counts of Flanders and Normandy, l'Etolde, who was the first to scale the walls of Jerusalem; Guicher, already celebrated for having cut a lion in two; Gaston de Foix, Gerard de Houssillon, Rambaud d'Orange, St. Paul and Lambert. At the head of these knights went Peter the hermit, with his pilgrim's staff. The first made themselves masters of Rama; they next entered Emmaus, while Tancred and Baldwin du Bourg penetrated to Bethlehem. Jerusalem was soon besieged, and at three in the afternoon of the 15th, or, according to others, the 12th of July, 1099, the standard of Christ waved upon its walls.

I shall treat of the siege of this city when I come to examine the theatre of the *Jerusalem delivered.* Godfrey was, by his

brother in arms, elected king of the conquered city. These were the times in which mere knights sprung from the breach upon the throne; when the helmet learned to bear the diadem, and the wounded hand, which wielded the pike, was nobly wrapped in the regal purple. Godfrey refused to put on his head the brilliant crown that was offered him, declaring that "he would not wear a crown of gold where Christ had worn a crown of thorns."

Naplusia opened its gates; the army of the sultan of Egypt was defeated at Ascalon. Robert, the monk, in his description of this defeat, makes use of the very same comparison which has been employed by J. B. Rausseau, and which, by the bye, is borrowed from the Bible:

> La Palestine enfin, apres tant de ravages,
> Vit fuir ses ennemis, comme on voit les nuages
> Dans le vague des airs fuir devant l'aquilon.

It is probable that Godfrey died at Jaffa, the wall of which he had rebuilt. He was succeeded by his brother Baldwin, count of Edessa. The latter expired in the midst of his victories, and in 1118 left the throne to his nephew, Baldwin du Bourg.

Melisandra, eldest daughter of Baldwin II, married Foulques d'Anjou, and conveyed the kingdom of Jerusalem into her husband's family, about the year 1130. Foulques dying in consequence of a fall from his horse, was succeeded in 1140 by his son Baldwin III. The second Crusade, preached up by St. Bernard, and conducted by Louis VII, and the emperor Conrad, took place during the reign of this third Baldwin, who filled the throne twenty years, and left it to his brother Amaury. After a reign of eleven years, Amaury was succeeded by his son Baldwin IV.

Saladin now appeared. Unfortunate at first, but afterwards victorious, he finally wrested the Holy Land from its new masters.

Baldwin had given his sister Sybilla, widow of William Longue-Epée, in marriage to Guy de Lusignan. The grandees of the kingdom, jealous of this choice, divided into parties. Baldwin IV, dying 1184, left for his heir his nephew Baldwin V,

the son of Sybilla and William Longue-Epée. The young king, only eight years of age, sunk in 1186 under a fatal disease. His mother Sybilla caused the crown to be conferred on Guy de Lusignan, her second husband. The count of Tripoli betrayed the new monarch, who fell into Saladin's hands at the battle of Tiberias.

Having completed the conquest of the maritime towns of Palestine, the sultan laid siege to Jerusalem, and took it in 1186. Every man was obliged to pay ten gold besants; and, from inability to raise this sum, fourteen thousand of the inhabitants were made slaves. Saladin would not enter into the mosque of the temple, which had been converted into a church by the Christians, till he had caused the walls to be washed with rose-water; and we are told by Sanuto that five hundred camels were scarcely able to carry all the rose-water employed on this occasion—a story worthy of the east. The soldiers of Saladin pulled down a gold cross erected above the Temple, and dragged it through the streets to the top of Mount Sion, where they broke it in pieces. One church only was spared, and this was the church of the Holy Sepulchre: it was ransomed by the Syrians for a large sum of money.

The crown of this kingdom, thus shorn of its lustre, devolved to Isabel, daughter of Baldwin, sister to the deceased Sybilla, and wife of Eufroy de Turenne. Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur-de-Lion arrived too late to save the Holy City, but they took Ptolemais, or St. John d'Acre. The valour of Richard struck such terror into his enemies, that, long after his death, when a horse trembled without any visible cause, the Saracens were accustomed to say that he had seen the ghost of the English monarch. Saladin died soon after the taking of Ptolemais: he directed that, on the day of his funeral, a shroud should be carried on the point of a spear, and herald proclaim in a loud voice: "Saladin, the conqueror of Asia, out of all the fruits of his victories, carries with him only this shroud."

Richard, Saladin's rival in glory, on leaving Palestine, contrived to get himself imprisoned in a tower in Germany. His confinement gave rise to adventures which history has rejected, but which the Troubadours have preserved in their ballads.

In 1242, Saleh Ismael, emir of Damascus, who was at war with Nedjmeddin, sultan of Egypt, and had gained possession of Jerusalem, restored the city to the Latin princes. The sultan sent the Karismians to besiege the capital of Judea. They retook it, and slaughtered the inhabitants. They plundered it once more the following year, before they delivered it up to Saleh Ayub, the successor of Nedjmeddin.

During these events, the country of Jerusalem had been transferred from Isabel to her new husband, Henry, count of Champagne, and from him to Amaury, brother of Lusignan, to whom she was married for the fourth time. By him she had a son, who died while an infant. Mary, daughter of Isabel, and her first husband, Conrad, marquis of Montferrat, now became heiress to an imaginary kingdom. She married John, count de Brienne, by whom she had a daughter, Isabel, or Yolante, afterwards the wife of the emperor, Frederick II. The latter arriving at Tyre, made peace with the sultan of Egypt. The conditions of the treaty stipulated that Jerusalem should belong jointly to the Christians and the Musselmans. Frederick, in consequence, assumed the crown of Godfrey, at the altar of the Holy Sepulchre, placed it on his head, and returned to Europe. It is probable that the Saracens did not long keep the engagement which they had contracted with Frederick, since we find that twenty years afterwards Jerusalem was pillaged by Nedjmeddin, as I have mentioned above. St. Louis arrived in the East seven years after this last calamity. It is remarkable, that this prince, while a prisoner in Egypt, beheld the last heirs of Saladin's family butchered before his face.

"The king," says the Sire de Joinville, "who was seized with the disease of the East, like those whom he had left, might have escaped, if he had chosen, in his great ships; but he said that he chose rather to die than to desert his men, he therefore began to shout, and call to us to stay. And he pulled us stoutly by the saddle-bows to make us stop, till he gave us leave to swim. Now I will tell you the manner in which the king was taken, as he related it to me himself. I have heard him say that he had left his guards and his divisions of the army, and that he and Messire Geffroy de Sergine had joined Messire Gaultier de Chatillon, who commanded the rear-guard. And the king was mounted on

a low horse, covered with a silk horse-cloth; and, as I have since heard him tell, he had none left of all his men at arms but the brave knight Messire Geffroy de Sergine, who attended him to a little village, named Casel, where the king was taken. But before the Turks could see him, as I have heard him say, Messire Geffroy de Sergine defended him in the same manner as a good servant defends his master's face from the flies. For every time the Saracens approached, Messire Geffroy laid about him with lusty cuts and thrusts, so that he seemed to exert double his usual strength and bravery. And in every attack he drove them away from the king. In this manner he brought him to Casel, and there took him into the house of a woman who was a native of Paris. And they fully expected to see him expire, and had no hopes of his living over that day."

By a freak of fortune not a little astonishing, she had delivered one of the greatest monarchs that France ever had into the hands of a young sultan of Egypt, the only remaining heir of the great Saladin. But this fortune, which disposes of empires, determined, as it would appear, to display, in one day, her unbounded power and caprice, caused the conqueror to be murdered before the face of the vanquished king.

"The sultan, who was yet young, seeing this, and perceiving the mischief that had been plotted against his person, fled to the high tower which he had near his chamber, and of which I have spoken already. For his own people had already overthrown all his pavilions, and surrounded the tower in which he had taken refuge. And within the tower there were three of his bishops, who had eaten with him, and who wrote to desire that he would come down. And he said to them that he would willingly come down, if they would ensure his safety. They replied that they would make him descend by force, and against his will. And presently they threw Greek fire into the tower, which was only made of deal, and linen cloth, as I have said before; and immediately the tower was all in a blaze. So fine and so sudden a fire I can assure you I never beheld. When the sultan saw that he was pressed by the flames, he went down by way of the meadow which I have already mentioned, and fled towards the river; and one of the chevaliers of the Haulequa struck at him on the bank with a great sword, on which he threw himself into the river.

After him jumped about nine chevaliers, who killed him in the river quite close to our galley. And when the sultan was dead, one of the said chevaliers, whose name was Faracataie, ripped up his body, and cut out his heart. Then he came to the king, his hand all covered with blood, and said to him: 'What wilt thou give me for killing thy enemy, who would have put thee to death if he had lived?' And to this question the good king St. Louis replied not a single word."

It is certain that the Baharite Mamelukes, after they had embrued their hands in the blood of their master, entertained, for a moment, the idea of breaking his fetters, and of making their prisoner their sultan; such was the impression made upon them by his virtues! St. Louis told the Sire de Joinville that he would have accepted this crown, had it been decreed him by the Infidels. Nothing, perhaps, can afford a better insight into the character of this prince, whose greatness of soul equalled his piety, and in whose bosom religion had not stifled the sentiments worthy of a king.

The Mamelukes changed their mind. Moas Almansor Nuradin Ali, and Sefeidin Modfar, successively ascended the throne of Egypt, and the famous Bibars Bondoc Dari became sultan in 1263. He ravaged that part of Palestine, which was not under his dominion, and repaired Jerusalem. Kelaoun, the heir of Bondoc Dari, in 1281, drove the Christians from place to place; and his son, Khalil, took from them Tyre and Ptolemais. At length, in 1291, they were entirely expelled from the Holy Land, after they had maintained themselves one hundred and ninety-two years in their conquests, and reigned eighty-eight at Jerusalem.

The empty title of king of Jerusalem was transferred to the house of Sicily, by Charles, count of Province and Anjou, brother to St. Louis, who united in his person the rights of the king of Cyprus, and of the princess Mary, daughter of Frederick, prince of Antioch. The knights of St. John of Jerusalem, since denominated knights of Rhodes and Malta; the Teutonic knights, the conquerors of the north of Europe, and founders of the kingdom of Prussia, are now the only remains of those Crusaders who struck terror into Africa and Asia, and seized the thrones of Jerusalem, Cyprus, and Constantinople.

There are yet persons who believe, on the authority of certain trite sarcasms, that the kingdom of Jerusalem was a miserable little valley, wholly unworthy of the pompous name with which it was dignified. The whole of the sacred Scripture; the Pagan authors, as Hecateus of Abdera, Theophrastus, Strabo himself, Pausanias, Dioscorides, Pliny, Tacitus, Solinus, and Ammianus Marcellinus; the Jewish writers, as Josephus and the compilers of the Talmud and Mischna; the Arabian historians and geographers, Massudi, Ibn Haukal, Ibn el Quadi, Hamdoullah, Abulfeda, Edrisi; the travellers in Palestine, from the earliest times down to the present day, unanimously bear testimony to the fertility of Judea. The abbé Guenée has discussed these authorities with admirable perspicuity and critical skill.* Could it appear surprising, however, if so fruitful a country had become barren after such repeated devastations? Seventeen times has Jerusalem been taken and pillaged; millions of men have been slaughtered within its walls, and this massacre may be said still to continue. No other city has experienced such a fate. This protracted and almost suprenatural punishment announces unexampled guilt—guilt which no chastisement is capable of expiating. In this country consigned to the ravages of fire and sword, the uncultivated land has lost that fertility which it derived from human toil; the springs have been buried beneath heaps of rubbish; the soil of the mountains being no longer kept up by the industry of the vine-dresser, has been hurried down into the vallies; and the eminences, once covered with woods of sycamores, now present to view nought but parched and barren hills.

The account of the kingdom of Jerusalem by the abbé Guenée is worthy of being repeated here. It would be presumption to attempt to recompose a performance whose only fault consists in voluntary omissions. The author, doubtless perceiving it impossible to comprehend every thing, confined himself to the most important particulars.

"This kingdom," says he, "extended from west to east, from the Mediterranean Sea to the Desert of Arabia, and, from south to north, from the fortress of Darum beyond the river of Egypt, to the river that runs between Berith and Biblos: It therefore included, in the first place, the three Palestines, the first of

* In four memoirs, of which I shall speak presently.

Which had for its capital Jerusalem, the second maritime Cæsarea, and the third Bethsan, afterwards Nazareth. It comprehended, moreover, all the country of the Philistines, all Phœnicia, with the second and third Arabia, and some parts of the first.

"This state had two chief lords, the one spiritual, the other temporal; the patriarch was the spiritual head, and the king the temporal ruler.

"The jurisdiction of the patriarch extended over the four archbishoprics, of Tyre, Cæsarea, Nazareth, and Krak. He had for suffragans the bishop of Lydda and Hebron: on him were dependent also the six abbies of Mount Sion, of the Latin Church, the Temple, Mount Olivet, Jehoshaphat, and St. Samuel; the prior of the Holy Sepulchre, and the three abbesses of Our Lady the Great, St. Anne, and St. Ladre.

"The archbishops had for their suffragans the following bishops: that of Tyre, the bishops of Berith, Sidon, Paneas, and Ptolemais; that of Cæsarea, the bishop of Sebaste; that of Nazareth, the bishop of Tiberias and the prior of Mount Tabor; that of Krak, the bishop of Mount Sinai.

"The bishops of St. George, Lydda, and Acre, had under their jurisdiction—the first, the two abbies of St. Joseph of Arimathea and St. Habbakuk, the two priors of St. John the Evangelist and St. Catherine of Mount Gisart, with the abbess of the Three Shades; the second, the Trinity and the Penitents.

"All these bishoprics, abbies, chapters, and convents of monks and nuns appear to have enjoyed very large possessions, if we may judge from the number of troops which they were obliged to furnish for the service of the state. Three orders in particular, at the same time military and religious, were distinguished for their opulence; they had in the country extensive lands, castles, and towns.

"Besides the domains which were the property of the king, as Jerusalem, Naplusia, Acre, Tyre, and their dependencies, the kingdom contained four great baronies. The first of these comprised the counties of Jaffa and Ascalon, with the lordships of Ramah, Mirabel, and Ybelin; the second the principality of Galilee; the third the lordships of Sidon, Cæsarea and Bethsan; the fourth, the lordships of Krak, Montreal, and Hebron. The coun-

ty of Tripoli formed a separate principality, dependent indeed on the kingdom of Jerusalem, but distinct from it.

"One of the first cares of the kings was to give a code to their subjects. Wise men were commissioned to collect the principal laws of the different countries from which the Crusaders came, and to form them into a body of legislation, according to which all matters civil and criminal should be decided. Two courts of justice were established; the upper for the nobles, and the lower for the commonalty. The Syrians obtained the privilege of being judged by their own laws.

"The different lords, as the counts of Jaffa, the lords of Ybelin, Cæsarea, Caiaphas, Krak, the archbishop of Nazareth, &c. had their courts of justice; and the principal cities, as Jerusalem, Naplusia, Acre, Jaffa, Cæsarea, Bethsan, Hebron, Gadres, Lydda, Assur, Paneas, Tiberias, Nazareth, &c. had their municipal courts. These seignorial and municipal courts, to the number at first of twenty or thirty of each kind, increased in proportion to the aggrandizement of the state.

"The baronies and their dependencies were obliged to furnish two thousand horse; and the cities of Jerusalem, Acre, and Naplusia, six hundred and sixty-six horse, and one hundred and thirteen foot; the towns of Ascalon, Tyre, Cæsarea, and Tiberias, a thousand foot.

"The churches, bishoprics, abbies, chapters, &c. had to find about seven thousand; that is to say, the patriarch, the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the bishop of Tiberias, and the abbot of Mount Tabor, five hundred each; the archbishop of Tyre and the bishop of Tiberias, five hundred and fifty each; the bishops of Lydda and Bethlehem, two hundred each; and the others in proportion to their domains.

"The troops of the state altogether formed at first an army amounting to ten or twelve thousand men; the number was afterwards increased to fifteen thousand; and when Lusignan was defeated by Saladin, his army comprehended near twenty-two thousand men, all troops of the kingdom.

"Notwithstanding the expenses and losses occasioned by almost incessant wars, the imposts were moderate, abundance reigned in the country, the people multiplied, and the lords found in their fiefs an indemnification for what they had left behind

in Europe; so that Baldwin du Bourg himself did not long regret his rich and beautiful county of Edessa."

The Christians having lost this kingdom in 1291, the Baharite sultans of Egypt remained in possession of their conquest till 1382. At this period the Circassian Mamelukes usurped the supreme authority in Egypt, and gave Palestine a new form of government. If it was these Circassian sultans that established a post by means of pigeons, and relays for carrying the snow of Mount Lebanon to Cairo, it must be allowed that, for barbarians, they were tolerably well acquainted with the luxuries of life. Selim put an end to all these revolutions in 1517, by the reduction of Egypt and Syria.

It is this Jerusalem of the Turks, this seventeenth shadow of the primitive city, that we are now about to examine.

On leaving the convent we proceeded to the citadel. No person was formerly permitted to enter; but now that it is in ruins, you may obtain admittance for a few piastres. D'Anville proves that this castle, called by the Christians the Castle or Tower of the Pisans, is erected upon the ruins of an ancient fortress of David, and occupies the site of the tower of Psephina. It has nothing remarkable: it is one of those Gothic fortresses of which specimens are to be found in every country, with interior courts, ditches, covered ways, &c. I was shown a forsaken hall full of old helmets. Some of these had the shape of an Egyptian cap. I remarked also some iron tubes, about the length and thickness of a gun barrel, but am ignorant of their use. I bargained secretly for two or three of these antiques, but some accident or other frustrated the negotiation.

The keep of the castle overlooks Jerusalem from west to east, as the Mount of Olives commands a view of it from east to west. The scenery surrounding the city is dreary: on every side are seen naked mountains, with circular or flat tops, several of which, at great distances, exhibit the ruins of towers, or dilapidated mosques. These mountains are not so close as not to leave intervals through which the eye wanders in quest of other prospects; but these openings display only a back ground of rocks just as bare and as barren as the foreground.

It was from the top of this tower that the royal prophet descried Bathsheba bathing in the garden of Uriah. The passion

which he conceived for this woman, afterwards inspired him with those magnificent psalms of repentance.

"O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure!.....Have pity upon me, according to the extent of thy mercy!.....My days are consumed like smoke.....I am like a pelican of the wilderness.....Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O Lord!"

For what reason the castle of Jerusalem is denominated the castle of the Pisans, is not known. D'Anville, who forms various conjectures on the subject, has overlooked a very curious passage in Belon:

"Whoever would obtain admittance into the sepulchre," observes that writer, "is obliged to pay nine ducats, and from this demand no person, whether rich or poor, is exempted. The farmer of the tax upon the sepulchre pays eight thousand ducats to the sovereign; which is the reason why he lays this charge upon the pilgrims, who are not allowed to enter unless it be paid. The Turks have a great reverence for this place, and enter it with profound devotion. It is said that the Pisans imposed this tax of nine ducats when they were masters of Jerusalem, and that it has been continued ever since."

The citadel of the Pisans* was guarded, when I saw it, by a kind of half-negro aga. He kept his women shut up in it, and he acted wisely, to judge from their eagerness to show themselves in this dreary ruin. Not a gun was to be seen, and I am doubtful whether the recoil of a single piece would not shake all these ancient battlements into ruins.

Having examined the castle for an hour, we left it, and took a street which runs eastward, and is called the street of the Bazar: this is the principal street, and the best quarter of Jerusalem. But what wretchedness, what desolation! We will not encroach upon the general description. We met with not a creature; for most of the inhabitants had fled to the mountains, on the pacha's arrival. The doors of some forsaken shops stood open; through these we perceived small rooms, seven or eight feet square, where the master, then a fugitive, eats, lies, and sleeps, on the single mat that composes his whole stock of furniture.

* From a passage in Brocard, it appears that towards the conclusion of the thirteenth century, it was also denominated *Nebleza*.

On the right of the Bazar, between the Temple and the foot of Mount Sion, we entered the Jews' quarter. Fortified by their indigence, these had withstood the attacks of the pacha. Here they appeared covered with rags, seated in the dust of Sion, seeking the vermin which devoured them, and keeping their eyes fixed on the Temple. The drogman took me into a kind of school: I would have purchased the Hebrew Pentateuch, in which a rabbi was teaching a child to read: but he refused to dispose of the book. It has been observed that the foreign Jews, who fix their residence at Jerusalem, live but a short time. As to those of Palestine, they are so poor as to be obliged to send every year to raise contributions among their brethren in Egypt and Barbary.

I had commenced a long inquiry concerning the state of the Jews of Jerusalem, from the destruction of that city by Titus till the present time; and had entered into an important discussion respecting the fertility of Judea: but on the publication of the last volumes of the memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, I desisted from my undertaking. In these volumes may be found four Memoirs by the Abbé Guenée, which leave nothing more to be wished for on the two subjects which I purposed to treat. These memoirs are real master-pieces of perspicuity, criticism, and erudition. The author of the *Letters of some Portuguese Jews* is one of those writers whose fame, during his life, was stifled by literary cabals, but whose reputation will increase with posterity. To these excellent memoirs I refer the inquisitive reader; he will easily find them, since they have been recently published, and are preserved in a collection which is not scarce I pretend not to surpass such masters: I have learned to throw into the fire the fruits of my studies, and to acknowledge the superiority of the performances of others.*

* I might have pillaged the Abbé de Guenée's Memoirs without saying a word about the matter, after the example of numberless writers, who pretend to have derived their information from the original sources, when they have merely plundered scholars whose names they keep to themselves. These frauds are now-a-days extremely easy; for in this age of knowledge ignorance is great. People begin to write before they have read any thing, and this method they pursue as long as they live. The genuine scholar heaves a sigh when he beholds this swarm of young authors, who would perhaps have possessed talents, had they taken the pains to study. It should be recollected that Boileau read Longinus in the original,

I cannot, however, forbear giving, in this place, a calculation which formed part of my work: it is made from the Itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela. This Spanish Jew travelled in the thirteenth century, to ascertain the state of the Hebrew nation in the known world.* On extracting the numbers given by that writer, I find the sum total of Jews in Africa, Asia, and Europe, to be seven hundred sixty-eight thousand, one hundred and sixty-five. Benjamin, it is true, mentions the Jews of Germany, without stating their number, and he is wholly silent respecting those of London and Paris. Let us take the total amount at one million of men; let us add, to this million of men, one million of women, and two million children; we shall then have four millions of souls of Jewish race in the thirteenth century. According to the most probable computation, Judea, properly so called, Galilee, Palestine, or Idumea, contained, in Vespasian's time, about six or seven millions of inhabitants, though some authors state the number much higher; at the siege alone of Jerusalem, by Titus, eleven hundred thousand Jews perished. The Jewish population, therefore, in the thirteenth century, was reduced to one sixth of what it was before the dispersion.

Though Benjamin has not specified the number of the Jews in Germany, he mentions the towns containing their principal synagogues. These are: Coblents, Andernache, Caub, Creutznach, Bengen, Germersheim, Munster, Strasburgh, Manheim, Freising, Bamberg, Tsor, and Reguespurch. Speaking of the Jews of Paris, he says: *In quâ sapientum discipuli sunt omnium qui hodie in omni regione sunt doctissimi.*

Let us continue our survey of Jerusalem. From the Jews' quarter we repaired to Pilate's house, to view the mosque of the Temple through one of the windows; all Christians being prohibited, on pain of death, from entering the court that surrounds this mosque. The description of it I shall reserve until I come to treat of the buildings of Jerusalem. At some distance from

and that Racine knew the Greek Sophocles and Euripides by heart. God give us back the age of pedants! Thirty Vadiuses will not do so much injury to letters as one school-boy in a doctor's cap.

* It is not, however, perfectly clear that Benjamin visited all the places mentioned by him; nay, it is evident, from certain passages of the Hebrew text, that the Jewish traveller has, in various instances, only followed other works.

the prætorium of Pilate, we found the pool of Bethesda, and Herod's palace. This last is a ruin, the foundations of which belong to antiquity.

An ancient Christian hospital, now appropriated to the relief of the Turks, drew our attention. We were here shown an immense cauldron, denominated the cauldron of St. Helena. Formerly, every Mussulman who applied at this hospital, received two small loaves, and a portion of vegetables dressed with oil; to which, on Fridays, was added rice sweetened with honey, or grape syrup. This practice is no longer kept up; scarcely is any trace now left of this evangelical charity, whose emanations were in some measure attached to the walls of this structure.

Traversing the city once more, we went towards the gate of Sion, when Ali Aga invited me to mount with him upon the walls; the drogman durst not venture to follow us. I found some old twenty-four pounders fixed upon carriages without wheels, and placed at the embrasures of a Gothic bastion. A sentry, who was smoking his pipe in a corner, was going to raise an alarm. Ali threatened to tumble him into the ditch if he did not hold his tongue. He remained quiet, and I gave him a piastre.

The walls of Jerusalem, which I have gone thrice round, form an oblong square, the four sides facing the four winds, and the longest running from west to east, two points of the compass to the south. D'Anville has proved by the measures and local positions that ancient Jerusalem was not much more extensive than the modern city: it occupied nearly the same site, except that it comprehended the whole of Mount Sion, but excluded Calvary. We must not take in a literal sense the text of Josephus, when the historian asserts that the walls of the city advanced, to the north, as far as the sepulchres of the kings: the number of stadia forbids such an interpretation; though the walls may still be said to be contiguous to those sepulchres, the distance between them being only five hundred paces.

The exterior wall, now standing, is the work of Solyman, the son of Selim,* as is proved by the Turkish inscriptions placed in this wall. It is reported to have been Solyman's design to enclose Mount Sion with the circumvallation of Jerusalem, and that he caused the architect to be put to death, for having deviated

* In 1534.

from his orders. These walls, flanked with square towers, may be, on the platform of the bastions, about thirty feet thick, and one hundred and twenty feet high: they have no other ditches than the vallies surrounding the city. By merely throwing up a few gabions, without opening any trenches, you might with six twelve-pounders effect a practicable breach in one night; but it is well known that the Turks defend themselves extremely well behind a wall by means of epaulements. Jerusalem is commanded from all sides; to render it tenable against a regular army, it would be necessary to construct considerable works projecting to the west and north, and to build a citadel on the Mount of Olives.

In this heap of rubbish, denominated a city, the people of the country have thought fit to give the appellation of streets to certain desert passages. These divisions are extremely curious, and are so much the more worthy of notice as they have not been mentioned by any traveller; though the fathers, Roger, Nau, &c. name some of the gates in Arabic. I shall begin with these latter.

Bab-el-Kzalil, the gate of the Beloved, opens to the west. You leave the city by this gate to go to Bethlehem, Hebron, and St. John's in the Desert. Nau writes Bab-el-Khalil, which he renders Abraham's gate. By Deshayes it is called the Jaffa Gate, and by other travellers, the gate of Pilgrims, and sometimes the gate of Damascus.

Bab-el-Nabi-Dahoud, the gate of the Prophet David, is to the south, on the top of Mount Sion, nearly opposite to David's tomb, and the scene of the Last Supper. Nau writes Bab-Sidi-Daod. It is termed the gate of Sion by Deshayes, Doubdan, Roger, Benard, &c.

Bab-el-Maugrabé, the gate of the Maugrabins, or people of Barbary. It is situated between the east and south, towards the valley of Annon, nearly at the corner of the Temple, and opposite to the village of Siloan. Nau writes Bab-el-Megarebé. This is the *Porta Sterquilinaria*, through which the Jews led Jesus Christ to Pilate, after they had seized him in the garden of Olives.

Bab-el-Derahie, the Dorean gate: this is to the east, and contiguous to the court of the temple. The Turks have walled it up: they have a prediction that the Christians will some time

or other take the city by this gate. It is conjectured that Christ entered Jerusalem by this same gate on the day when the people strewed palm-branches before him.

Bab-el-Sidi-Mariam, the gate of the Blessed Virgin, to the east, opposite to the Mount of Olives. Nau calls it in Arabic Huetta. All the accounts of the Holy Land give this gate the name of St. Stephen, or Mary, because it witnessed the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and leads to the sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin. In the time of the Jews it was denominated the Gate of Flocks or the Sheep-Gate.

Bab-el-Zahara, the Gate of the Dawn, or of the Circle, *Cerchiolino*. It looks towards the north, and leads to the grotto of the lamentations of Jeremiah. The best plans of Jerusalem agree in giving to this gate the name of Ephraim's or Herod's gate. Cotovic suppresses it entirely, and confounds it with the gate of Damascus. He writes: *Porta Damascena sive Effraim*; but his plan, too small, and very defective, cannot be compared with that of Deshayes's, and still less with Shaw's. The plan in the travels of De Vera the Spaniard is very fine, but too crowded and inaccurate. Nau has not given the Arabic name of the gate of Ephraim, and is perhaps the only traveller who calls it the gate of Turcomans. The gate of Ephraim, and the *Porta Sterquilinaria*, or Dung Gate, are the two smaller gates of Jerusalem.

Bab-el-Hamond, or Bab-el-Cham, the gate of the Column, or of Damascus, looks towards the north-west, and leads to the sepulchres of the kings, to Naplusia or Sichem, to St. John d'Acre and to Damascus. Nau writes Bab-el-Amond. When Simon the Cyrenian, met Christ bearing the cross he was coming from the Gate of Damascus. The pilgrims formerly entered by this gate, but now they enter by that of Jaffa or Bethlehem; and to this cause it is owing that the name of the Gate of Damascus has been transferred to the Gate of Jaffa, or the Pilgrims' Gate. This observation has not yet been made, and I here insert it to clear up a confusion of places, which sometimes creates much perplexity in the accounts of travellers.

Let us now proceed to the detail of the streets. The three principal are:

Harat-bab-el-Hamond, the street of the Gate of the Column: it crosses the city from north to south.

Souk-el-Kebiz, the street of the Great Bazar, which runs from east to west.

Harat-el-Allam, the *Via Dolorosa*, commences at the Virgin's Gate, passes the prætorium of Pilate, and terminates at Calvary.

Beside these, you find seven other small streets:

Harat-el-Muslmin, the street of the Turks.

Harat-el-Nassara, the street of the Christians, leading from the Holy Sepulchre to the Latin Convent.

Harat-el-Asman, the street of the Armenians, to the east of the castle.

Harat-el-Youd, the street of the Jews, in which are the shambles of the city.

Harat-bab-Hotta, the street near the Temple.

Harat-el-Zahara. My drogman translated these words by *Strada Comparili*. I know not exactly what this means. He assured me, moreover, that this street was inhabited by *rebels* and *wicked* people.

Harat-el-Margrabé, street of the Magrabins. These Magrabins, as I have observed, are the people of the west, or of Barbary. Among them are included some descendants of the Moors driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. These exiles were charitably received in the holy city; a mosque was built for their use, and bread, fruits, and money are yet distributed among them. The heirs of the proud Abencerrages, the elegant architects of the Alhambra, are become porters at Jerusalem, who are sought after on account of their intelligence, and couriers esteemed for their swiftness. What would Saladin and Richard say, if suddenly returning to the world, they were to find the Moorish champions transformed into the door-keepers of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Christian knights represented by brethren of the mendicant order?

At the time of the visit of Benjamin of Tudela, that is to say, under the French kings of Jerusalem, the city had three parts enclosed by walls, and four gates, which Benjamin denominates *Porta Somnus Abrahæ, Porta David, Porta Sion, Porta Jehoshaphat*. As to the three enclosures, they by no means agree with

what we know respecting the localities of Jerusalem at the time when that city was taken by Saladin. Benjamin found several Jews resident in that quarter of the tower of David, where they enjoyed the exclusive privilege of dying wool and woollen cloth, for which they paid a yearly sum to the king.

Such readers as are desirous of comparing modern with ancient Jerusalem, may refer to D'Anville's dissertation, to Reland, and to father Lami *De Sancta Civitate et Templo.*

We returned to the convent about nine o'clock. After breakfast I went to pay a visit to the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, who had sent their salutations by their drogmans.

The Greek convent adjoins the church of the Holy Sepulchre. From the terrace of this convent you see a spacious enclosure, in which grow two or three olive trees, a palm tree, and a few cypresses. The house of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem formerly occupied this deserted spot. The Greek patriarch seemed to me to be an excellent man. He was at this moment as much harassed by the pacha as the superior of St. Saviour's. We conversed about Greece: I inquired if he possessed any manuscripts, and was shown some rituals and treatises of the fathers. Having taken coffee, and received three or four chaplets, I proceeded to the Armenian patriarch.

The latter, named Arsenios, was a native of Cæsarea in Cappadocia; he was metropolitan of Scythopoli, and patriarchal procurator of Jerusalem. He wrote down himself his name and titles in Syriac characters on a card, which I still possess. I did not perceive in him that look of suffering and oppression which I had remarked in the unfortunate Greeks, who were every where slaves. The Armenian convent is agreeable, the church delightful, and uncommonly clean. The patriarch, who resembled a rich Turk, was wrapped in silken robes, and seated on cushions. Here I drank some excellent Mocha coffee: sweetmeats, cold water, and clean napkins were brought me; aloe wood was burned, and I was perfumed with essence of roses to such a degree as to be incommoded by it. Arsenios spoke of the Turks with contempt. He assured me that all Asia was anxiously waiting the coming of the French; and that if but a single soldier of my nation were to appear in his country, the insurrection would be general. It is impossible to conceive the ferment that subsists

in the minds of the people of the east.* I saw Ali Aga highly exasperated at Jericho against an Arab, who laughed at him, and told him, that if the emperor had chosen to take Jerusalem, he might have entered with the same ease as a camel enters a field of *doura*. The nations of the east are much more familiar than we are with the ideas of invasion. They have seen among them all those celebrated men who have changed the face of the globe: Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Mahomet, and the last conqueror of Europe. Accustomed to follow the destinies of a master, they have no law that attaches them to ideas of political order and moderation: to kill appears to them to be a lawful right of the strongest, and they submit to, or exercise, it with equal indifference. They essentially belong to the sword; they are fond of all the prodigies which it performs; it is with them the fairy wand which erects and overthrows empires. To liberty they are strangers; property they have none: power is their god. When they have been long without witnessing the appearance of those conquering executors of the high decrees of heaven, they resemble soldiers without a commander, citizens without a legislator, and a family without a head.

My two visits lasted near an hour. I then went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre: the Turk who opens the door had received intimation to be in readiness to receive me. I again paid Mahomet for the right to adore Jesus Christ. I studied a second time, and more at my leisure, the monuments of this venerable church. I went up to the gallery where I met the Coptic monk and the Abyssinian bishop: they are extremely poor, and their simplicity reminds you of the early ages of the gospel. These priests, half savages, with a complexion burned by a tropical sun, having no other mark of their dignity than a robe of blue cloth, and no other shelter than the Holy Sepulchre, touched me much more than the chief of the Greek papas and the Armenian patriarch. I would defy any imagination, however insensible to religious impressions, not to be affected on thus meeting with individuals of so many nations at the tomb of Christ; on hearing those prayers pronounced in a hundred different languages, on the very

* M. Seetzen, who passed through Jerusalem a few months before me, and who is yet travelling in Arabia, says, in a letter to M. Von Zack, that the inhabitants of the country did nothing but talk to him concerning the French armies.

spot where the apostles received from the Holy Ghost the gift of speaking in all the tongues of the earth.

At one o'clock I left the Holy Sepulchre, and we returned to the convent. The pacha's soldiers had taken possession of the hospital, as I have already related, and were living there at free quarters. Going along a corridor with Michael the drogman to my cell, I met two young spahis armed cap-a-pie, and making an uncommon noise: they were not very formidable, for, to the disgrace of Mahomet, they were so intoxicated that they could scarcely stand. As soon as they perceived me, they obstructed my passage, at the same time laughing heartily. I stood still to wait for the conclusion of this sport. So far no harm had been done; but presently one of these Tartars, stepping behind me, drew my head forcibly back, while his comrade, turning down the collar of my coat, struck me on the neck with the back of his drawn sabre. The drogman began to stammer. I disengaged myself from the hands of the spahis, and catching at the throat of him who had seized me by the head, with one hand I pulled his beard, and with the other throttled him against the wall, till he was as black as my hat; on which I let him go, having returned joke for joke, and insult for insult. The other spahi was too full of liquor, and too much astonished at my behaviour, to think of revenging the greatest affront that can be offered to a Turk, that of taking him by the beard. I retired to my chamber, and prepared myself for the worst. The superior was not displeased that I had bestowed a little correction on his persecutors; but he was fearful of some catastrophe. A humbled Turk is never dangerous, and we heard no more of the matter.

I dined at two o'clock, and went out again at three with the same little retinue as usual I visited the sepulchres of the kings, and proceeded thence on foot to make the circuit of the city. I stopped at the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, and Zachariah, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. I have observed, that the sepulchres of the kings were without the gate of Ephraim towards the north, at the distance of three or four musket shot from the grotto of Jeremiah. Let us now consider the monuments of Jerusalem.

These I divide into six classes: 1. The monument purely Hebrew; 2. The Greek and Roman monuments of pagan times; 2. The Greek and Roman monuments of the Christian ages;

4. The Arabic or Moorish; 5. The Gothic monuments under the French kings; 6. The Turkish monuments.

We will begin with the first. Of these no traces are now discoverable at Jerusalem, unless it be at the pool of Bethesda; for I reckon the sepulchres of the kings, and the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, and Zachariah, among the Greek and Roman monuments erected by the Jews.

It is difficult to form any precise idea of the first or even the second Temple, from the account given in the Old Testament, or the description of Josephus; but we may perceive two things; that the Jews had a taste for the sombre and the grand in their edifices, like the Egyptians; and that they were fond of minute details, and highly finished decorations, both in the engravings on stones, and in the ornaments of wood, bronze, and gold.

Of the first temple Josephus speaks in the following terms: "The length of the temple was sixty cubits, its height the same, and its breadth twenty cubits. Upon this edifice was erected another of the like dimensions, and thus the total height of the temple was one hundred and twenty cubits. It faced the east, and its porch was of the like height of one hundred and twenty cubits, twenty long, and six broad. Round the temple were thirty chambers in the form of galleries, and these served externally as buttresses to support it. You passed out of one into another, and each was twenty cubits in length, the same in breadth, and twenty in height. Above these apartments were two stories of others similar in all respects to those beneath. Thus the height of the three stories together, amounting to sixty cubits, was exactly equal to the height of the lower edifice of the temple just mentioned, and there was nothing above. All these apartments were covered with cedar, and each had a separate roof, in the manner of a pavilion: but they were connected by long and thick beams, to give them greater solidity; so that they formed altogether but one single body. Their ceilings were of cedar, highly polished, and enriched with gilded foliage, carved in the wood. The rest was likewise covered with cedar, so exquisitely wrought and gilded, that it was impossible to enter without being dazzled by its lustre. The whole of this magnificent edifice was of hewn stones, so smooth and so admirably fitted together that the joinings could not be perceived; but it seemed as

if nature had formed them thus of a single piece, without any assistance from art, or the instruments employed by skilful masters to embellish their works. In the body of the wall, on the east side, where there was no grand portal, but only two doors, Solomon caused a spiral staircase, of his own invention, to be constructed for the purpose of ascending to the top of the temple. Both within and without the building were vast planks of cedar fastened together with great and strong chains, for the purpose of giving it the greater firmness and solidity.

"When the whole of this extensive structure was finished, Solomon caused it to be divided into two parts; one of these denominated the Holy of Holies, or Sanctuary, was twenty cubits in length; it was consecrated, in an especial manner, to God; and no person was permitted to enter this place. The other division, being forty cubits long, was called the Holy Temple, and appropriated to the priests. These two parts were separated by large doors of cedar, of curious workmanship, and highly gilt, upon which hung veils of linen covered with various flowers of a purple, blue, and scarlet colour.

"Solomon employed, in all that I have described, an admirable workman, particularly skilful in works of gold, silver, and copper, named Chiram, whom he brought from Tyre. His father, of the name of Ur, though a native of Tyre, was of Israelitish extraction, and his mother was of the tribe of Naphthali. This same man also made him two columns of brass, which were four inches thick, eighteen cubits high, and twelve in circumference, at the top of which were cornices of brass, in the form of lilies, five cubits in height. These lilies were covered with foliage of gold, which entwined these columns, and from which hung, in two rows, two hundred pomegranates, also of brass. These columns were placed at the entrance of the porch of the temple; that on the right hand being called Jachin, and the other, on the left, Boaz.

"Out of this enclosure, Solomon built another kind of temple, of a quadrangular form; surrounded with large galleries, having four entrances; facing the east, west, north, and south, with great doors, gilt all over: but only those who were purified according to the law, and were resolved to observe the commandments of God, had permission to enter. The construction of this other temple was a work so worthy of admiration, as to be a thing

scarcely credible: for in order to obtain a level of sufficient magnitude on the top of the hill on which the temple is seated, it was necessary to fill up, to the height of four hundred cubits, a valley of such depth that it could not be looked at without fear. He caused this temple to be encompassed with a gallery supported by a double range of stone columns, each of one single piece, and these galleries, all the doors of which were silver, had ceilings of cedar."

From this description it is evident that the Hebrews, when they built the first temple, were unacquainted with the orders of architecture. The two columns of brass afford a sufficient proof of this: the capitals, and the proportions of these columns, have no resemblance to the early Doric, the only order, perhaps, at that time invented in Greece; but these same pillars, adorned with foliage, lilies, and pomegranates, remind you of the capricious decorations of the Egyptian column. Besides, the apartments, in the form of pavilions, the ceilings of cedar, gilt, and all those details imperceptible in large masses, demonstrate the truth of my observations respecting the taste of the first Hebrews.

Solomon's temple having been destroyed by the Syrians, the second temple, built by Herod, the Ascalonite, belonged to the class of those half Jewish and half Grecian works, of which I shall presently speak.

We have, therefore, now nothing left of the primitive architecture of the Jews at Jerusalem, except the pool of Bethesda. This is still to be seen near St. Stephen's Gate, and it bounded the temple on the north. It is a reservoir one hundred and fifty feet long, and forty wide. The sides are walled, and these walls are composed of a bed of large stones joined together by iron cramps; a wall of mixed materials run up on these large stones; a layer of flints stuck upon the surface of this wall; and a coating laid over these flints. The four beds are perpendicular with the bottom, and not horizontal: the coating was on the side next the water, and the large stones rested, as they still do, against the ground.

This pool is now dry, and half filled up. Here grow some pomegranate trees, and a species of wild tamarind of a bluish colour; the western angle is quite full of nopals. On the west

side may also be seen two arches, which probably led to an aqueduct that carried the water into the interior of the temple.

Josephus calls this pool *Stagnum Salomonis;* in scripture it is called Bethesda. Here the lambs destined for sacrifice were washed; and it was on the brink of this pool that Christ said to the paralytic man, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." Such is now all that remains of the Jerusalem of David and Solomon.

The monuments of Grecian and Roman Jerusalem are more numerous; they form a class perfectly new, and very remarkable in the arts. I shall begin with the tombs in the valley of Jehoshaphat and in the valley of Siloe.

Having passed the bridge over the brook Cedron, you come to the sepulchre of Absalom at the foot of the Mount of Offence. It is a square mass, measuring eight feet each way; composed of a single rock hewn from the neighbouring hill, from which it stands only fifteen feet detached. The ornaments of this sepulchre consist of twenty-four semi-columns of the Doric order, not fluted, six on each front of the monument. These columns form an integral part of the block, having been cut out of the same mass with it. On the capital is the frieze, with the triglyph, and above the frieze rises a socle, which supports a triangular pyramid too lofty for the total height of the tomb. The pyramid is not of the same piece as the rest of the monument.

The sepulchre of Zachariah very nearly resembles that just described. It is hewn out of the rock in the same manner, and terminates in a point, bending a little back, like the Phrygian cap, or a Chinese monument. The sepulchre of Jehoshaphat is a grot, the door of which, in a very good style, is its principal ornament. Lastly, the sepulchre in which St. James the apostle concealed himself, has a handsome portico. The four columns which compose it do not rest upon the ground, but are placed at a certian height in the rock, in the same manner as the colonnade of the Louvre rises from the first story of that palace.

Tradition, as the reader may see, assigns names to these tombs. Arculfe, in Adamannus; (*De Locis Sanctis*, lib. i. c. 10.;) Villalpandus; (*Antiquæ Jerusalem Descriptio;*) Adrichomius; (*Sententia de Loco Sepulchri Absalon;*) Quaresmius, (tom. ii. c. 4, 5.,) and several others, have treated of these names, and exhausted

historical criticism on the subject. But though tradition were not in this instance contradicted by facts, the architecture of these monuments would prove that their origin cannot date so far back as the earliest period of Jewish antiquity.

If I were required to fix precisely the age in which these mausoleums were erected, I should place it about the time of the alliance between the Jews and the Lacedæmonians, under the first Maccabees. The Doric order was still prevalent in Greece; the Corinthian did not supplant it till half a century later, when the Romans began to overrun the Peloponnese and Asia.*

But in naturalising at Jerusalem the architecture of Corinth and Athens, the Jews intermixed with it the forms of their peculiar style. The tombs in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and particularly those of which I shall presently speak, display a manifest alliance of the Egyptian and Grecian taste. From this alliance resulted a heterogeneous kind of monuments, forming, as it were, the link between the pyramids and the parthenon; monuments in which you discover a sombre, bold, and gigantic genius; and a pleasing, sober, and well regulated imagination.† A beautiful illustration of this truth will be seen in the sepulchres of the kings.

Leaving Jerusalem by the gate of Ephraim, and proceeding for about half a mile along the level surface of a reddish rock, with a few olive trees growing upon it, you arrive in the middle of a field at an excavation which bears a great resemblance to the neglected works of an old quarry. A broad road conducts you by an easy descent to the further end of this excavation, which you enter by an arcade. You then find yourself in an uncovered hall cut out of the rock. This hall is thirty feet long by twenty broad, and the sides of the rock may be about twelve or fifteen feet in height.

In the centre of the south wall you perceive a large square door, of the Doric order, sunk to the depth of several feet in the

* Thus we find at this latter period a Corinthian portico in the temple rebuilt by Herod, columns with Greek and Latin inscriptions, gates of Corinthian copper, &c. *Joseph.* (book vi. c. 14.)

† Thus under Francis I. the Greek architecture, blended with the Gothic style, produced some exquisite works.

rock. A frieze, rather whimsical, but exquisitely delicate, is sculptured above the door; it consists, first, of a triglyph, then comes a metope, adorned with a simple ring, and afterwards a bunch of grapes between two crowns and two palm branches. The triglyph is represented, and the line was doubtless carried in the same manner along the rock; but it is now effaced. At the distance of eighteen inches from this frieze runs a wreath of foliage intermixed with pine-apples, and another fruit which I could not make out, but which resembles a small Egyptian lemon. This last decoration followed parallel to the frieze, and afterwards descended perpendicularly down both sides of the door.

In the recess, and in the angle to the left of this great portico, opens a passage in which people formerly walked erect, but where you are now obliged to crawl on your hands and knees. Like that in the great pyramid, it leads, by a very steep descent, to a square chamber, hewn out of the rock. Holes six feet long and three broad are made in the walls, or rather in the sides of this chamber, for the reception of coffins. Three arched doors conduct from this first chamber into seven other sepulchral apartments of different dimensions, all excavated out of the solid rock; but it is a difficult matter to seize their plan, especially by the light of torches. One of these grots, which is lower than the others, having a descent of six steps, seems to have contained the principal coffins. These were generally ranged in the following manner: the most distinguished personage was deposited at the farther end of the grot, facing the entrance in the niche or case prepared for the purpose; and in either side of the door a small vault was reserved for the less illustrious dead, who thus seemed to guard those kings who had no further occasion for their services. The coffins, of which only fragments are to be seen, were of stone, and ornamented with elegant arabesques.

Nothing is so much admired in these tombs as the doors of the sepulchral chambers. These, as well as the hinges and pivots on which they turned, were of the same stone as the grot. Almost all travellers have imagined that they were cut out of the rock itself; but this is evidently impossible, as father Nau has clearly demonstrated. Thevenot assures us "that upon scraping away the dust a little, you may perceive the joinings of the stones.

placed there after the doors with their pivots were fixed in the holes." Though I scraped away the dust, I could perceive none of these marks at the lower part of the only door that remains standing; all the others being broken in pieces and thrown into the grots.

On entering these palaces of death, I was tempted to take them for baths of Roman architecture, such as those of the sibyl's cave, near Lake Avernus. I here allude only to the general effect, in order to make myself understood; for I well knew the purpose to which they had been appropriated. Arculfe, (*apud Adaman*,) who has described them with great accuracy, saw bones in the coffins. Several centuries afterwards Villamant found in them remains of the same kind, that are now sought in vain. Three pyramids, one of which still existed in the time of Villalpandus, marked externally the situation of this subterraneous monument. I know not what to think of Zuellard and Appart, who describe exterior buildings and vestibules.

One question occurs concerning these tombs denominated the sepulchres of the kings—what kings are meant? From several passages of scripture, we find that the tombs of the kings of Judah were in the city of Jerusalem: "And Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem."* David had his sepulchre on Mount Sion: besides, traces of the Greek chisel are discernible in the ornaments of the sepulchres of the kings.

Josephus, to whom we must have recourse, mentions three celebrated mausoleums. The first was the tomb of the Maccabees, erected by their brother Simon. "It was," says Josephus, in his Jewish antiquities, "of white and polished marble, so lofty that it could be seen at a very great distance. All around are vaults in the form of porticos; each of the columns which support them is of a single stone; and in commemoration of these seven persons he added seven pyramids of very great height and wonderful beauty.

The first book of the Maccabees gives nearly the same parti-

* The author seems to have been particularly unfortunate in his choice of this passage for the purpose of supporting the preceding assertion; since it is immediately added: "but they brought him not into the sepulchres of the Kings of Israel." *Translator.*

culars concerning this tomb; adding, that it was built at Modin, and "might be seen of all that sail on the sea." Modin was a town situated near Diospolis on a hill of the tribe of Judah. In the time of Eusebius, and even in that of St. Jerome, the monument of the Maccabees was still in existence. The sepulchres of the kings, at the gate of Jerusalem, notwithstanding their seven sepulchral chambers, and the pyramids with which they were crowned, cannot have belonged to the Asmonean princes.

Josephus afterwards informs us that Helena, queen of Adiabene, caused three funeral pyramids to be erected at the distance of two stadia from Jerusalem, and that her remains, and those of her son Izates, were there deposited by the care of Monabazes. The same historian, in his narrative of the Jewish war, tracing the limits of the Holy City, says, that the walls passed to the north opposite to the sepulchre of Helena. All this exactly applies to the sepulchres of the kings, which, according to Villalpandus, were adorned with three pyramids, and which are yet to be seen to the north of Jerusalem, at the distance specified by Josephus. St. Jerome also speaks of this sepulchre. The writers who have bestowed their attention on the monument under examination, have overlooked a curious passage in Pausanias:* but who would think of Pausanias in treating of Jerusalem! This passage is as follows:

"The second tomb was at Jerusalem. It was the burial-place of a Jewess, named Helena. The door of the tomb, which was of marble, as well as all the rest, opened of itself, on a certain day of the year, and at a certain hour, by means of a mechanical contrivance, and shut again soon after. At any other time, had you tried, you would sooner have broken it in pieces than opened it."

This door, which opened and shut of itself by a mechanical contrivance, might, setting aside the touch of the marvellous, almost apply to the extraordinary doors of the sepulchres of the kings. Suidas and Stephen of Bysantium speak concerning an itinerary of Phœnicia, and Syria, published by Pausanias. If we

* I have since found that it is mentioned by the abbé Guenée in the excellent memoirs of which I have already spoken. He says that he purposes to examine this passage in another memoir: he has not done so, which is much to be regretted.

had this work we should doubtless find it of great assistance in elucidating the subject before us.

The passages of the Jewish historian and the Greek traveller, taken together, would therefore seem to afford satisfactory evidence, that the sepulchres of the kings are no other than the tomb of Helena: but in this conjecture we are checked by the knowledge of the existence of a third monument.

Josephus mentions certain grottos, which, according to the literal translation, he denominates the royal caverns; but, unfortunately, he gives no description of them. He places them to the north of the holy city, quite close to the tomb of Helena.

It remains then to be ascertained, what prince it was who caused these caverns of death to be excavated; how they were decorated, and the remains of what monarchs were there deposited. Josephus, who enumerates with such care the works undertaken or completed by Herod the Great, has not included among these works the sepulchres of the kings. He even informs us that Herod, having died at Jericho, was interred with great magnificence at Herodium; consequently, the royal caverns were not the burial place of that prince. An expression, however, which has elsewhere dropped from the historian, may throw some light on this discussion.

Speaking of the wall which Titus erected to press Jerusalem still more closely than before, he says, that this wall, returning towards the north, enclosed the sepulchre of Herod. Now this is the situation of the royal caverns: these must, therefore, have been indiscriminately called the royal caverns and the sepulchre of Herod. In this case, this Herod could not be Herod the Ascalonite, but Herod the tetrarch. The latter prince was almost as magnificent as his father; he built two towns, Sephoris and Tiberias; and though he was exiled to Lyons by Caligula, he might nevertheless have prepared a tomb for himself in his native land. His brother Philip had furnished a model for these sepulchral edifices.

We know nothing of the monuments with which Agrippa embellished Jerusalem.

Such are the most satisfactory particulars that I have been able to meet with relative to this question. I have thought it right to enter into the discussion, because the subject has been rather

obscured than elucidated by preceding critics. The ancient pilgrims, who saw the sepulchre of Helena, have confounded it with the royal caverns. The modern travellers being unable to find the tomb of the queen of Adiabene, have given the name of that tomb to the sepulchres of the princes of the house of Herod. From all these accounts has resulted a strange confusion—a confusion increased by the erudition of the pious writers, who will have it that the royal grots are the burial place of the kings of Judah, and have not wanted authorities to produce in support of their opinion.

A critical consideration of the state of the arts, as well as historical facts, obliged us to class the sepulchres of the kings among the Greek monuments at Jerusalem. These sepulchres were extremely numerous, and the posterity of Herod very soon became extinct, so that many of these receptacles waited in vain for their tenants. Nothing more was wanting to convince me of all the vanity of our nature, than to behold the tombs of persons who were never born. For the rest, nothing can form a more singular contrast than the charming frieze wrought by the Grecian chisel over the door of these awful mansions, where once reposed the ashes of the Herods. The most tragic ideas are connected with the memory of these princes; we know little of them except from the murder of Mariamne, the massacre of the Innocents, the death of St. John Baptist, and the condemnation of Jesus Christ. Little would you then expect to find their tombs embellished with light garlands in the midst of the terrific site of Jerusalem, not far from that temple where Jehovah gave his tremendous oracles, and near the grotto where Jeremiah composed his Lamentations.

The other edifices of the time of the Romans at Jerusalem, such as the theatre and amphitheatre, the towers of Antonia, Hippicos, Phasael, and Spephima, no longer exist, or at least are nothing but shapeless masses of ruins.

We now proceed to the third class of the monuments of Jerusalem, to the monuments of Christianity prior to the invasion of the Saracens. Of these I have nothing more to say, since I have described them in my account of the sacred stations. I shall make but this remark, that as these monuments owe their origin to Christians who were not Jews, they display nothing of that

half-Egyptian, half-Grecian character, which I have observed in the works of the Asmonean princes, and of the Herods: they are merely Greek churches of the time of the decline of the arts

The fourth class of monuments at Jerusalem consists of those that belong to the period of the taking of the city by the caliph Omar, the successor of Abubeker, and the head of the race of the Ommiades. The Arabs, who had followed the banners of the caliph, made themselves masters of Egypt; thence advancing along the coast of Africa, they passed over into Spain, and occupied the enchanted palaces of Grenada and Cordova. It is, then, from the reign of Omar that we must date the origin of that Arabian architecture, of which the Alhambra is the master-piece, as the Parthenon is the miracle of the genius of Greece. The mosque of the temple, begun at Jerusalem by Omar, enlarged by Abdel-Malek, and rebuilt on a new plan by El-Oulid, is a very curious monument for the history of the arts among the Arabs. It is not yet known after what model were erected those fairy mansions, of which Spain exhibits the ruins. Perhaps the reader will not be displeased if I introduce a few words on a subject so new, and hitherto so little studied.

The first temple erected by Solomon having been destroyed six hundred years before the birth of Christ, it was rebuilt, after the seventy years' captivity, by Joshua, the son of Josedek and Zerubbabel, the son of Salathiel. Herod, the Ascalonite, wholly rebuilt this second temple. On his edifice he employed eleven thousand labourers for nine years; the works were prodigious, and were not completed till long after Herod's death. The Jews, having filled up precipices, and cut down the top of the mountain, at length formed that magnificent esplanade on which the temple was erected to the east of Jerusalem, above the vallyes of Siloe and Jehoshaphat.

Forty days after his birth, Christ was presented in this second temple, and here the Virgin was purified: here, too, at the age of twelve years, the Son of Man instructed the doctors; and hence he expelled the dealers. Here he was in vain tempted by the devil; here he remitted the sins of the adultress; here he delivered the parables of the good shepherd, the two sons, the labourers in the vineyard, and the marriage feast. It was this same temple into which he entered amidst branches of palms and olive

trees: lastly, here he pronounced the words, Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's, and bestowed an encomium on the widow's mite.

Titus having taken Jerusalem in the second year of Vespasian's reign, not one stone was left upon another of that temple where Christ had done such glorious things, and the destruction of which he had predicted. When Omar took Jerusalem, it appears that the site of the temple, with the exception of a very small part, had been abandoned by the Christians. Said-Eben-Batrik, an Arabic historian, relates that the caliph applied to the patriarch Sophronius, and inquired of him what would be the most proper place at Jerusalem for building a mosque. Sophronius conducted him to the ruins of Solomon's temple.

Omar, delighted with the opportunity of erecting a mosque on so celebrated a spot, caused the ground to be cleared, and the earth to be removed from a large rock where God is said to have conversed with Jacob. From that rock the new mosque took its name of Gameat-el-Sakhra, and became almost as sacred an object to the Mussulmans as the mosques of Mecca and Medina. The caliph Abd-el-Malek made additions to its buildings, and enclosed the rock with walls. His successor, the caliph El Louid, contributed still more to the embellishment of El Sakhra, and covered it with a dome of copper, gilt, taken from a church at Balbek. In the sequel, the crusaders converted the temple of Mahomet into a sanctuary of Christ; but when Saladin retook Jerusalem, he restored this edifice to its original use.

But of what nature is the architecture of this mosque, the type or primitive model, of the elegant architecture of the Moors? This is a question which it is very difficult to resolve. The Arabs, in consequence of their despotic and jealous habits, have reserved their decorations for the interior of their monuments; and the penalty of death was denounced against every Christian who should not only enter the Gameat-el-Sakhra, but merely set foot in the court by which it is surrounded. It is much to be regretted that Deshayes, the ambassador, out of a vain diplomatic scruple, refused to see this mosque, into which the Turks offered to introduce him. I shall describe the exterior as it appeared to me, and give such particulars of the interior as we have learned from various travellers and historians.

The great square of the mosque, formerly the great square of the temple, may be seen from a window in Pilate's house. This square forms a court, about five hundred paces in length, and four hundred and sixty in breadth. On the east and south, this court is bounded by the wall of the city, on the west by Turkish houses, and on the north by the ruins of prætorium of Pilot and Herod's palace.

Twelve porticos, placed at unequal distances, and perfectly irregular, like the cloisters of the Alhambra, form the entrances to this court. They are composed of three or four arches, and these, in some instances, support a second row, producing, as nearly as possible, the effect of a double aqueduct. The most considerable of these porticos corresponds with the ancient *Porta Speciosa*, known to the Christians by a miracle wrought by St. Peter. There are lamps under these porches.

In the midst of this court is a smaller, raised like a terrace, without balustrade, six or seven feet above the former. This second court is, according to the general opinion, two hundred paces long and one hundred and fifty broad; on each of the four sides there is an ascent to it by a flight of eight marble steps.

In the centre of this upper court stands the famous mosque of the Rock. Close to the mosque is a cistern, which receives its water from the ancient *Fons Signatus*, and at which the Turks perform their ablutions before they go to prayer. Some aged olive trees and cypresses are thinly scattered over both courts.

The temple itself is an octagon: a lantern, which has likewise eight sides, and a window in each, crowns the edifice. This lantern is covered with a dome, formerly of copper, gilt, but now of lead: a pinnacle, in a very good style, terminated by a crescent, rises at the top of the whole structure, which resembles an Arabian tent pitched in the middle of a desert. Father Roger gives thirty-two paces for the measure of each side of the octagon, two hundred and fifty-two for the external circumference of the mosque, and eighteen or twenty fathoms for the total height of the building.

The walls are lined externally with small tiles or bricks, painted with different colours: these bricks are covered with arabesques, and verses from the Koran, inscribed in letters of gold. The eight windows of the lantern are adorned with circular panes of

stained glass. Here we already discover some original features of the Moorish edifices in Spain: the light porticos of the court, and the painted bricks of the mosque, remind you of different parts of the generalif, the Alhambra, and the cathedral of Cordova.

Let us now proceed to the interior of this mosque, which I have not seen, and which it was impossible for me to see. I was strongly tempted to run every risk in order to gratify my love of the arts; but was deterred by the fear of involving all the Christians at Jerusalem in destruction.

The most ancient author that has described the mosque of the Rock, is William of Tyre; who could not fail to be well acquainted with it, since it had but just been wrested out of the hands of the Christians at the period when the sagacious archbishop wrote his history. He speaks of it in the following terms.

"We have said, at the beginning of this book, that Omar, the son of Caled, erected this temple; a circumstance which is evidently proved by the ancient inscriptions engraven both within and without this edifice." The historian then proceeds to the description of the court, and adds: In the angles of this court were extremely lofty towers, from the top of which the priests of the Saracens were accustomed, at certain hours, to summon the people to prayers. Some of these towers remain standing to this day, but the others have been destroyed by various accidents. No person was allowed to enter or remain in this court otherwise than with his feet uncovered and washed.

"The temple is built in the middle of the upper court; it is octagonal, and adorned both internally and externally, with squares of marble, and Mosaic work. The two courts, both the upper and the lower, are paved with white flag stones to catch, in winter, the rain water, which falls in great abundance from the buildings of the temple, and runs very clear, and without any mixture of mud, into the cisterns below. In the middle of the temple, between the inner range of columns, is a rock of no great height, and at the foot of it a grotto hewn out of the same stone. Upon this rock sat the angel, who, as a punishment for David's inconsiderate numbering of the people, slaughtered them till God commanded him to return his sword into the scabbard. This rock, previously to the arrival of our armies, was naked and uncovered, and in this state it remained for fifteen years; but those to whose

care this place was afterwards entrusted covered it again, and erected upon it a chapel and an altar, for the performance of divine worship."

These details are curious, because it is almost eight hundred years since they were written; but we learn from them very little respecting the interior of the mosque. The most ancient travellers, Arculfe in Adamannus, Willibald, Bernard the monk, Ludolph, Breydenbach, Sanuto, and others, speak of it only from hearsay, and apparently not always from the best authorities. The fanaticism of the Mussulmen was much greater in those remote ages than it is at present; and nothing could induce them to reveal to a Christian the mysteries of their temples. We must therefore pass on to modern travellers, and pause once more at Deshayes.

This ambassador of Louis XIII. to Palestine, refused, as I have observed, to enter the mosque of the Rock; but the Turks gave him a description of this temple.

"It has," says he, "a great dome, supported within by two ranges of marble columns, in the middle of which is a large stone, upon which, as the Turks believe, Mahomet ascended when he went to heaven. On this account they hold it in high veneration; and those who possess the ability, leave money to keep a person, after their death, to read the Koran near this stone on their behalf.

"The interior of this mosque is quite white, except in certain places, where the name of God is inscribed in large Arabic characters."

This account differs not much from that given by William of Tyre. Father Roger will furnish us with more information, for he seems to have found means to obtain admission into the mosque, at least, so we may judge from the following explanation.

"If a Christian were to gain access into the court of the temple, whatever prayers he might offer up in this place, (according to the notion of the Turks,) God would not fail to grant, were he even solicited to put Jerusalem into the hands of the Christians. For this reason, beside the prohibition issued against Christians not only to enter the temple, but even the court, upon pain of being burned alive, or turning Mahometans, they keep a

vigilant guard; that was, however, gained in my time by a stratagem, which I am not at liberty to mention, on account of the consequences which might attend the disclosure. I shall therefore confine myself to a notice of the remarkable things to be seen there."

From the description of the court he proceeds to that of the temple. "To enter the mosque, there are four doors, situated to the east, west, north, and south, each having its portal highly ornamented with mouldings, and six columns, with their pedestals and capitals all of marble and porphyry. The interior is wholly of white marble, the pavement itself is formed of large slabs of marble of different colours, the greater part of which, as well of the columns as of the marble and the lead, was taken by the Turks either from the church of Bethlehem, or from that of the Holy Sepulchre, and others which they demolished.

"In the temple there are thirty-two columns of gray marble in two rows: of these, sixteen large ones support the first vault, and the others the dome, each having its pedestal and capital. All round the columns are very beautiful works in iron and copper, gilt, made in the form of chandeliers, upon which are placed seven thousand lamps, that burn from sunset on Friday till Saturday noon, and every year for a month together; that is, at the season of Ramadan, which is their Lent.

"In the midst of the temple there is a small tower of marble, to which they ascend on the outside by eighteen steps. Here the cadi takes his station every Friday from twelve till two o'clock, the time occupied by their ceremonies, as well as their prayers as the expositions which he gives of the principal points of the Koran.

"Beside the thirty-two columns which support the vault and dome, there are two of smaller dimensions very near the west door, which are shown to foreign pilgrims, who are made to believe that if they can pass with ease between these columns they are predestined to share the joys of Mahomet's paradise. It is likewise said that if a Christian were to pass between these columns, they would close upon him, and crush him to death. I know, however, persons to whom this accident did not happen, though they were very good Christians.

"At the distance of three paces from these two columns there is a stone in the pavement, which appears to be black marble, about two feet and a half square, and raised a little above the pavement. In this stone are twenty-three holes, in which it seems as if there had formerly been nails, and indeed two are yet remaining. For what purpose these could be designed, I know not: the Mahometans themselves cannot tell, though they believe that it was on this stone the prophets set their feet when they alighted from their horses to go into the Temple, and that Mahomet also alighted upon it when he arrived from Arabia Felix, on his journey to Paradise to hold consultation with God."

This description is very circumstantial, and, probably, very faithful; it displays all the characteristics of truth. It suffices not, however, to prove that the interior of the mosque of Jerusalem bears any resemblance to the interior of the Moorish monuments in Spain. This absolutely depends on the manner in which the columns are arranged; and on that subject Father Roger is silent. Do they support small arches? are they coupled, grouped, detached, as at Cordova and Grenada? But if the exterior of this mosque exhibits so striking a resemblance to some parts of the Alhambra, may we not presume that the interior also displays the same style of architecture? I should be the more disposed to admit this conclusion, as the marble and columns of this edifice have been taken from Christian churches, and must present that mixture of orders and proportions observable in the cathedral of Cordova.

To these conjectures, let us subjoin one observation. The deserted mosque, which is to be seen near Cairo, appears to be of the same style as the mosque of Jerusalem: now, this mosque at Cairo is evidently the original of the mosque of Cordova. The latter was built by the last descendants of the family of the Omiades; and Omar, the head of that family, was the founder of the mosque of Jerusalem.

The genuine Arabian monuments belong, then, to the first dynasty of the caliphs, and to the genius of the nation in general. They are not, therefore, as has been hitherto believed, the result of a skill peculiar to the Moors of Andalusia, since I have discovered the models of these structures in the East.

This being proved, I shall go still farther. I think I can perceive in the Egyptian architecture, so heavy, so majestic, so vast, so durable, the germ of this Saracenic architecture, so light, so cheerful, so delicate, and so frail: the minaret is an imitation of the obelisk; the arabesques are raised hieroglyphics instead of engraved hieroglyphics. As to those forests of columns which compose the interior of the Arabic mosques, and support a flat roof, the temples of Memphis, Dendera, Thebes, Meroue, still exhibit patterns of this kind of building. Placed on the frontiers of Metzraim, the imagination of the descendants of Ishmael could not help being struck by the wonders of the Pharaohs: they borrowed nothing of the Greeks, with whom they were unacquainted, but they strove to copy the arts of a celebrated nation which they had continually before their eyes. Whether vagabonds, conquerors, or travellers, they imitated immutable Egypt in their course; they made themselves obelisks of gilded wood, and hieroglyphics of plaster, which they could remove with their tents upon the backs of their camels.

I am aware that this system, if it be one, is liable to some objections, and even to historical objections. I know that the palace of Zehra, built by Abdoulrahman, near Cordova, was erected after the plan of an architect of Constantinople, and that the columns of this palace were hewn in Greece; I know that there is an architecture which sprung up in the corruption of the art, and may aptly be denominated the Justinian, and that this architecture bears some resemblance to the works of the Moors; I know, moreover, that men of excellent taste and extensive knowledge, such as the worthy M. d'Agincourt, and M. de la Borde, author of the magnificent Travels in Spain, look upon every species of architecture as the offspring of Greece: but, be these difficulties ever so great, these authorities ever so powerful, I must confess that they are not capable of changing my opinion. A plan sent by an architect from Constantinople, columns hewn on the shores of the Bosphorus, Greek workmen rearing a mosque, prove nothing whatever; no general consequence can be deduced from a particular fact. I have seen the Justinian architecture at Constantinople: it has, I admit, some resemblance to the Saracenic monuments, as in the pointed arch; and at the same time it retains a regularity, a coldness, a solidity that is not to

be found in the Arabian imagination. Besides, this Justinian architecture itself seems to me to be nothing more than the reintroduction of the Egyptian architecture into that of Greece. This new invasion of the art of Memphis was produced by the establishment of Christianity: the recluses who peopled the deserts of Thebais, and whose opinions governed the world, introduced into churches, monasteries, and even palaces, those degenerate porticos, called cloisters, in which breathes the genius of the East. Let us remark, in support of this, that the real decline of the arts among the Greeks begins precisely at the period of the translation of the seat of the Roman empire to Constantinople; which proves that Grecian architecture was not the parent of the Oriental, but that the latter insinuated itself into Grecian architecture in consequence of the vicinity of places.

I am therefore inclined to consider all kinds of architecture, not excepting the Gothic, as being of Egyptian origin; for nothing ever came from the north, but the sword and devastation. But this Egyptian architecture has been modified according to the genius of different nations: it underwent scarcely any change among the early Hebrews, who merely excluded its monsters and idolatrous deities. In Greece, where it was introduced by Cecrops and Inachus, it was purified, and became the model of every species of beauty. It was conveyed to Rome by the Tuscans, an Egyptian colony: here it preserved its grandeur, but never attained perfection as at Athens. Apostles from the East carried it among the barbarians of the north; without losing its religious and sombre character among these nations, it raised itself upon the forests of Gaul and Germany; it exhibited the singular combination of strength, majesty, and heaviness in the whole together, and of the most extraordinary lightness in the details. Finally, among the Arabs it assumed the features of which we have already spoken, the architecture of the desert, enchanted as its oases, magical as the stories narrated beneath the tent, but liable to be carried away by the winds, with the sand which at first served it for a foundation.

In support of my opinion I could adduce a million historical facts; I could demonstrate that the first temples of Greece, such as that of Jupiter at Onga near Amyclæ, were genuine Egyptian

temples; that the sculpture itself, of Argos, of Sparta, of Athens, in the time of Dædalus, and in the heroic ages, was Egyptian. But I fear that I have already extended this digression too far; and it is high time to proceed to the Gothic monuments at Jerusalem.

These consist of a few tombs. The monuments of Godfrey and Baldwin are two stone coffins supported by four little pillars. The epitaphs, which the reader has seen in the description of Deshayes, are inscribed on these coffins in Gothic letters. In all this, separately considered, there is nothing very particular; yet I was exceedingly struck by the appearance of these tombs on entering the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Their strange forms, in a strange land, were indicative of other men, other manners, other countries: I fancied myself transported into one of our ancient monasteries; I was like the native of Otaheite when he discovered, in France, a tree of his country. I contemplated with veneration these Gothic mausoleums containing the ashes of French chevaliers, who from pilgrims had become kings, and who are the heroes of the *Jerusalem Delivered*. I recollected the words which Tasso puts into the mouth of Godfrey;

Chi sia di noi, ch'esser sepulto schivi,
Ove' i membri di Dio fur gia sepulti?

As to the Turkish monuments, the last witnesses that attest the revolutions of empires at Jerusalem, they are not worth notice: I have mentioned them merely as a hint that the works of the Tartars must by no means be confounded with the productions of the Moors. It would, in fact, be more correct to assert that the Turks know absolutely nothing of architecture; the utmost they have done has been to disfigure the Greek and Arabic structures, by crowning them with massive domes and Chinese pavilions. Some bazars and oratories of santons are all that the new tyrants of Jerusalem have added to that unfortunate city, with the different monuments of which the reader is now acquainted.

On returning from my visit to the sepulchres of the kings, which have furnished occasion for the preceding descriptions, I passed through the valley of Jehoshaphat: the sun was setting behind Jerusalem: he gilded with his last rays this mass of ruins and the mountains of Judea. I sent back my companions by the gate of

St. Stephen, keeping nobody but the janissary with me. Seating myself at the foot of the tomb of Jehoshaphat, with my face towards the temple, I took a volume of Racine from my pocket, and read Athaliah. At these first verses:

Oui, je viens dans son temple adorer l'Eternel, &c.

it is impossible for me to express what I felt. I fancied that I could hear the song of Solomon, and the voices of the prophets; ancient Jerusalem rose to my view; the shades of Joad, Athaliah, and Josabeth, issued from the tomb; and it seemed as if I had been incapable till that moment of appreciating the genius of Racine. What poetry! since I thought it worthy of the place where I was. 'Tis impossible to conceive the effect of Athaliah, read upon the tomb of the "holy king Jehoshaphat," on the banks of the brook Cedron, and before the ruins of the temple. But what has become of this temple, "adorned in every part with magnificent festoons?"

Comment en un plomb vil l'or pur s'est-il changé,
Quel est dans ce lieu saint, ce pontife égorgé?
Pleure, Jerusalem, pleure, cité perfide,
Des prophetes divins malheureuse homicide;
De son amour pour toi ton Dieu s'est depouillé;
Ton encens à ses yeux est un encens souillé.

Ou menez-vous ces enfans et ces femmes?
Le Seigneur a détruit la reine des cités;
Ses prêtres sont captifs, ses rois rejettés;
Dieu ne vient plus qu'on vienne à ses solennités;
Temple, renverse-toi; cédres, jetez des flammes.
Jerusalem, objet de ma douleur.

Quelle main en un jour t'a ravi tous tes charmes?
Qui changera mes yeux en deux sources de larmes
Pour pleurer ton malheur?

Azarias.—O saint temple!
Josabeth.—O David!
La Chaur.—Dieu de Sion, rappelle.
Rappelle en sa faveur tes antiques bontés.

The pen drops from my fingers: one feels ashamed to scribble any more after a man has written such verses.

I spent part of the 9th in the convent, to collect some particulars respecting private life at Jerusalem: having seen every thing of consequence within and without the city, except Nehemiah's

well, in which the sacred fire was concealed at the time of the captivity, the sepulchres of the judges, and some other places. These I visited in the evening of the 9th; but as there is nothing remarkable about them but their names, it is not worth while to detain the reader's attention with them.

I shall therefore proceed to those little details which excite curiosity in proportion to the renown of the places that are treated of. Who could figure to himself, that people live at Athens and Sparta in the same manner as in his own country? Jerusalem, above all, whose name awakens the recollection of so many mysteries, overawes the imagination: it seems as if every thing must be extraordinary in that extraordinary city. Let us see how far this is really the case, and begin with the description of the convent of the Latin fathers.

You reach it by a covered way, which leads to another passage of considerable length, and very dark. At the end of this passage you come to a court formed by the wood house, cellar, and pantry of the convent. In this court you perceive, to the right, a flight of twelve or fifteen steps, ascending to a cloister, which is immediately over the cellar, wood house, and pantry, and consequently overlooks the court by which you enter. At the east end of this cloister opens a vestibule that communicates with the church, which is very pretty. It has a choir fitted up with stalls, a nave lighted by a dome, an altar, in the Roman style, and a small organ; but all comprised in a space only twenty feet by twelve.

Another door, at the west end of the above-mentioned cloister, leads to the interior of the convent. "This convent," says a pilgrim (Doubdan) in his description, not less distinguished for accuracy than simplicity, "is very irregular, built in the antique style, consisting of several parts, high and low, the offices small, and concealed from view, the apartments poor and dark, several little courts, two small gardens, the largest of which may be about fifteen or sixteen perches, and adjoining to the ramparts of the city. Towards the west end is another court, and some small rooms for pilgrims. All the recreation to be found in this place is to ascend to the terrace of the church, where you enjoy a view of the whole city, which goes down hill all the way to the valley of Jehoshaphat: you see the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the

court of Solomon's Temple, and farther off, but likewise towards the east, the Mount of Olives; to the south, the castle of the city, and the road to Bethlehem; and to the north, the grotto of Jeremiah. Such, in a few words, is the plan and description of this convent, which partakes very much of the simplicity and poverty of Him who, though he was rich, yet, on this very spot, for our sakes, became poor."

The apartment which I occupied is called the Pilgrims' Great Room. It looks upon a solitary court, enclosed on all sides with walls. The furniture consisted of a hospital bed, with curtains of green serge, a table, and a box: my servants had two cells at a considerable distance from me. A pitcher of water, and a lamp, in the Italian fashion, completed my establishment. The room, of large size, was dark, having but one window, which opened into the court that I have just mentioned. Thirteen pilgrims had inscribed their names on the door, in the inside of the room. The first was Charles Lombard, who was at Jerusalem in 1669, and the last, John Gordon, the date of whose visit is 1804.* I found only three French names among these thirteen travellers.

The pilgrims do not eat with the fathers as at Jaffa. A separate provision is made for them, and they go to what expense they please. If they are poor they are supplied with food; if rich, they pay for such things as are bought for them: so that the convent gets by them not one single farthing. Lodging, bed, linen, light, and fire, are always furnished gratis, as a tribute due to hospitality.

A cook was placed at my disposal. I scarcely ever dined before dark, on my return from my excursions. Lentil soup, dressed with oil, was the first dish; then came veal, stewed with cucumbers or onions, broiled kid, or mutton boiled with rice. Beef is never eaten here, and buffalo's flesh has a strong taste. Of roast, I had pigeons, and sometimes partridges, of the white species, called partridges of the desert. Game is very common in the plain of Ramah, and in the mountains of Judea: it consists of partridges woodcocks, hares, wild boars, and antelopes. The quail of Arabia, which fed the Israelites, is almost unknown in Jerusalem; though it is sometimes met with in the valley of the Jordan. The

* Probably the same Mr. Gordon whose analysis of a bottle of the water of the Dead Sea is noticed in the preceding part of this work.

only vegetables ever brought to my table, were lentils, beans, cucumbers, and onions.

The wine of Jerusalem is excellent; it has the colour and taste of the wines of Rousillon. It is still furnished by the hills of Engaddi, near Bethlehem. As to fruits, I ate, as at Jaffa, large grapes, dates, pomegranates, water melons, apples, and figs, of the second season; those of the sycamore, or Pharaoh's fig-tree, were over. The bread made at the convent was good, and well tasted.

Let us now proceed to the prices of these different eatables.

The quintal of Jerusalem is composed of one hundred rolts; the rolt, of nine hundred drachms. The rolt is equal to two oques and a quarter, which make very near eight French pounds.

Mutton sells at two piastres ten paras the rolt. The Turkish piastre, the value of which is continually fluctuating at the pleasure of the beys and pachas of Egypt, does not amount in Syria to more than thirty-three *sous* four *deniers*, and the para to more than ten deniers;* consequently, the rolt being very near eight pounds, a pound of mutton sells at Jerusalem for nine sous four deniers and a half (between fourpence halfpenny and fivepence English.)

Veal costs only a piastre the rolt, a large sheep ten or fifteen piastres, a goat six or eight.

The price of a measure of wheat varies from eight to nine piastres.

Oil sells for three piastres the rolt.

Vegetables are very dear; they are brought to Jerusalem from Jaffa and the neighbouring villages.

This year (1806) grapes for making wine sold for twenty-seven piastres per quintal.

A person who would not choose to put up at the kans, or to live with the fathers of the Holy Land, might hire one or more rooms in a private house at Jerusalem, but there his life would not be safe. According to the small or large size, the wretchedness or the opulence of the house, each room would cost from two to twenty piastres per month. A whole house, containing

*According to this calculation, a piastre is equivalent to between one shilling and fourpence halfpenny, and one shilling and fivepence; and a para to not quite a farthing in English money.—*Translator.*

one pretty large apartment, and twelve or fifteen holes, called rooms, would let for five thousand piastres a year.

A master workman, a mason, a cabinet maker, a carpenter, receives two piastres a day, and his food; but a journeyman is paid only one piastre a day.

There is no fixed measure for land: it is most commonly bought from personal inspection of the piece you wish to purchase; and the value of it is calculated by the quantity of fruit, corn, or grapes, which it is capable of producing.

The plough has no wheels; the share, which is very small, scarcely grazes the ground; it is drawn by oxen.

The crops raised are barley, wheat, doura, maize, and cotton. Sesamum is sown in the same field in which cotton is cultivated.

A mule costs from one to two hundred piastres, according to its beauty: an ass is worth from fifteen to fifty. Eighty or one hundred piastres are given for an ordinary horse, which is in general less valued than an ass or a mule: but a horse, of a well known Arabian breed, will fetch any price. Abdallah, pacha of Damascus, had just given three thousand piastres for one. The history of a horse is frequently the topic of general conversation. When I was at Jerusalem, the feats of one of these wonderful steeds made a great noise. The Bedouin, to whom the animal, a mare, belonged, being pursued by the governor's guards, rushed with her from the top of the hills that overlook Jericho. The mare scoured at full gallop down an almost perpendicular declivity, without stumbling, and left the soldiers lost in admiration and astonishment. The poor creature, however, dropped down dead on entering Jericho, and the Bedouin, who would not quit her, was taken, weeping over the body of his companion. This mare has a brother in the desert, who is so famous, that the Arabs always know where he has been, where he is, what he is doing, and how he does. Ali Aga religiously showed me, in the mountains near Jericho, the footsteps of the mare that died in the attempt to save her master: a Macedonian could not have beheld those of Bucephalus with greater respect.

Let us now say something concerning the pilgrims. The modern accounts have rather exaggerated the wealth which the pilgrims are supposed to diffuse in their travels in the Holy Land. But, in the first place, to what pilgrims do they allude? Not to

Latin pilgrims, for there are none now; and this is generally admitted. During the last century the fathers of St. Saviour have not seen, perhaps, two hundred Catholic travellers, including the religious of their orders, and the missionaries in the Levant. That the Latin pilgrims have never been numerous, may be proved from a thousand circumstances. Thevenot relates, that in 1656 he was the twenty-second person who had visited the Holy Sepulchre. Very often the number of pilgrims did not amount to twelve, since it was found necessary to take some of the religious to make up that number at the ceremony of foot-washing on Maundy Thursday.* In fact, in 1589, sixty-seven years before Thevenot, Villamont found only six European pilgrims at Jerusalem.† If in 1589, when religion was so flourishing, no more than seven Latin pilgrims were to be found in Palestine, I leave the reader to judge how many there might have been in 1806. My arrival at the convent of St. Saviour was considered as an extraordinary event. M. Seetzen, who was there at Easter, the same year, that is, seven months before me, says that he was the only Catholic.

As the riches swallowed up by the Holy Sepulchre are not brought to Jerusalem by Catholics, they must consequently be derived from Jewish, Greek, and Armenian pilgrims: In this case even, I think the calculations much overrated.

The greatest expense of the pilgrims consists in the duties which they are obliged to pay to the Turks and Arabs, either for admission into the holy places, or for *caffari*, or passports. Now the sum total of all these amounts to no more than sixty-five piastres twenty-nine paras. If the piastre be taken at its maximum, at fifty French sous; and the para at fifteen deniers, this will make one hundred sixty-four livres, six sous, three deniers:‡ but if we calculate the piastre at its minimum, that is, at thirty-three sous four deniers, and the para at ten deniers, we shall have one hundred and eight livres, nine sous, six deniers.§ Here is the statement as I received it from the procurator of the convent of St. Saviour. I leave it in Italian, which is now understood by every body, with the proper names of the Turks, &c. original characteristics which attest its authenticity.

* Theven. chap. xlii. p. 391.

† Liv. ii. c. 19. p. 150.

‡ *About* 6*l.* 17*s. English money.*

§ *About* 4*l.* 10*s.* 5*d. English.*

*Spesa solita che fa un pelerino en la sua intrata da Giaffa sin a Gerusaleme, e nel ritorno a Giaffa.**

		Piast.	Par.
Cafarri	In Giaffa doppo il suo sbarco Cafarro	5	20
	In Giaffa prima del imbarco al suo ritorno	5	20
Cavalcatura sin a Rama, e portar al Aravo† che accompannas in a Gerusaleme		1	20
Pago al Aravo che accompagna — 5 —		10	30
Al vilano che accompagna da Gerasma — 5 30			
Cavalcatura per venire da Rama ed altra per ritornare		10	—
Cafarri nella strada		1	16
Intrata nel SSmo. Sepulcro Al Meheah governatore. E stader del tempio		26	38
Intrata nella citta Ciohadari del cadi e governatore, sbirro e portinaro		—	15
Primo e secundo drogomano		3	30
		65	29

If the pilgrim goes to the Jordan, the sum of twelve piastres must be added to the above amount.

It appears to me that, in a discussion of facts, there may be readers who would like to see a statement of my own expenses at Jerusalem. If it be considered that I had horses, janissaries, and escorts, at my command; that I lived, in regard to eating and drinking, as I might at Paris; that I was continually visiting the Holy Sepulchre at unusual hours; that I went to see the same places ten times over, and ten times over paid the duties, the *caffari*, and a thousand other exactions of the Turks, the wonder will be that I was quit for so small a sum. I subjoin a copy of the original account, with all the orthographical errors of Michael, the drogman: it is so far curious, as it retains, in some measure, the air of the country. The reader may there trace all my motions, and find the proper names of several persons, the prices of various articles, &c. Lastly, these accounts are faithful witnesses of the veracity of my narrative. They will likewise show, that in the latter I have omitted to notice many things, and

* *The following accounts differ a little in their sume total, because the value of the piastre is daily fluctuating in Syria, while that of the para remains stationary: for which reason the piastre is at different times composed of a different number of paras.*

† *Aravo, instead of Arabo—a substitution of one letter for another, very common in the Frank language, in modern and in ancient Greek.*

that I have examined Jerusalem with much greater attention than I have asserted.

EXPENSES AT JAFFA.

	Piast.	Par.
Per un messo a Gerusalemme	7	20
Altro messo a Rama	3	—
Altro per avisari agli Aravi	1	20
Orso in Rama per gli cavalli	—	2
Per il cavallo del servitore di Giaffa in Rama	2	20
Gaffaro alli Aravi	2	36
Al cavaliero che adato il govre di Rama	15	—
Per il cavallo che porto sua Ecca a Gerusalemme	15	—
Regallo alli servitori degli cavalli	3	—
Regallo al Mucaro Menum	5	—
Tutto Ps.	57	16

EXPENSES AT JERUSALEM.

Spesa fatta per il Sige. del giorno del suo arriva a Gerusalemme ali 4 di Ottobre, 1806.

Il giorno del suo arrivo per cavaliera da Rama a Gerusalemme	15	—
Compania per li Arabi, 6 isolote per testa	13	20
Cadi, a 10 Mi.	—	30
Al muccaro.	1	20
Cavalcatura per Michele andari, e ritornar da Rama.	8	20
4 Cavalli per andarre a Betlemme, e al Giordano.	80	—
Al portinaro della citta	1	25
Apertura del Smo. Sepolcro.	1	25
Regallo alli portinari de Smo. Sepolcro 7 persone.	30	—
Alli figlio che Chiamano li Turchi per aprire la porto.	1	25
Al Chavas del governatore per avere accompagniato il signe. dentro della citta, e fuori a cavallo.	8	—
Item. A un dalati cioe guardia del Zambarakgi Pari.	4	—
Per 5 cavalli per andare al Monte Olibete, e altri luoghi, e seconda volte al Potzodi Jeremia, e la madona.	16	30
Al genisero per companiare il sige. a Betlemme.	3	20
Item. Al genisero per avere andato col sige. per la citta.	1	—
22 Ottobre. per la apertura del Smo. Sepolcro.	1	35
	189	10

Spesa fatte da Michele per ordine del Sige. in vari luoghi.

	Piast.	Par.
In tabaco per li villani e la compania nel viagio per il Giordano, e per li villani di Sn. Saba.	6	20
In candella par Sn. Saba e servitori.	6	—
Per li sacristani greci e altri.	6	20
Regallo nella casa della Madona, e serolio, e nella casa di Simione, e nel convento dell Suriani; e nel spitale di Sta. Elena, e nella casa de Anas, e nella siugoga delli Ebrei.	9	10
Item. Regallo nel convento delli Armeni di Sr. Giacomo, alli servitori, sacrestine, e genisari.	28	—
Regallo nel Sepolcro della Madona, alli sacrestani, e nel Monte Olibette.	8	10
Al servitore del governatore il negro, e nel castello.	8	20
Per lavare la robba del Sige. e suoi servitori.	3	—
Alli poveri in tutto il giro.	6	95
Regallo nel convento delli Greci in chiesa al sacrestano, alli servitori, e alli geniseri.	18	—
4 cavalcature per il sige. suo drogomany, e Michele da Gierusalemme fino a Giaffa, e quella di Michele per andare e ritornare la seconda velta.	46	—
Compania a 6 insolote, ogni persona delli sigri.	13	20
Villano.	3	—
Cafarro.	4	24
Regallo alli geniseri.	20	—
Regallo a volti di Sr. Geremia.	50	—
Regallo alli dragomani.	30	—
Regallo alli communiere.	10	—
Al Portinaro Malia.	5	—
Al Spenditare.	5	—
In Betlemme una cavalcatura per la provisione del Giordano, orzo 4 Arahi, due villani; regallo alli capi e servitori.	172	—
Ali Agha figlio d'Abugiahfar.	150	—
Item. Zbirri, poveri e guardiel ne calare al Smo. Sepolcro, l'ultimo giorno.	10	—
	804	29
A Michele Casar 80—Alcusnaro 20.	100	—
	904	29

We must then, in the first place, reduce this great number of pilgrims, at least as far as regards the Catholics, to a very small matter, or to nothing at all; for seven, twelve, twenty, thirty, nay, even a hundred pilgrims are not worth reckoning.

But if this dozen of pilgrims, who, for the last century or two, have annually visited the Holy Sepulchre, were poor travellers, the fathers of the Holy Land could scarcely enrich themselves with what they left behind. Let us hear what honest Doubdan says:

"The religious who live there, (at the convent of St. Saviour,) subject to the rule of St. Francis, keep up a very strict poverty, and subsist entirely upon the alms and benefactions transmitted to them from Christendom, and the presents made them by the pilgrims, according to their respective abilities: but as the latter are far from their own country, and know not what great expenses they may incur during their return, their alms are inconsiderable; but this does not prevent their being received and treated with great kindness."

Thus the pilgrims to the Holy Land, who are said to leave treasures behind them in Jerusalem, cannot be Catholic pilgrims; consequently, that part of these treasures which falls to the share of the convents, does not come into the hands of the Latin monks. If these religious receive alms from Europe, these alms, so far from enriching them, are not sufficient for the preservation of the holy stations, which are everywhere crumbling in ruins, and must soon be forsaken for want of support. The poverty of these religious is, therefore, proved by the unanimous testimony of travellers. I have already spoken of their sufferings: were other proofs wanting, here they are:

"As it was a French monk," says father Roger, "who gained possession of the holy places at Jerusalem, so the first of the religious who suffered martyrdom was a Frenchman, named Limin, of the province of Touraine, who was beheaded at Grand Cairo. Some time after, brother James and brother Jeremiah were put to death without the gates of Jerusalem. Brother Conrad d'Alis Barthelemy, of Monte Politiano, in the province of Tuscany, was sawed in two from the head downwards, in Grand Cairo. Brother John d'Ether, a Spaniard of the province of Castile, was cut in pieces by the bashaw of Casa. Seven religious were decapitated by the Sultan of Egypt, and two were flayed alive in Syria.

"In the year 1637 the Arabs martyred the whole community of friars who were on the sacred mount of Sion, to the number of twelve. Some time afterwards, sixteen religious, both ecclesiastics and laics, were carried from Jerusalem and imprisoned at Damascus, (this was at the time when Cyprus was taken by the king of Alexandria,) and there remained five years, till one after another perished for want. Brother Cosmo was killed by the

Turks at the door of the Holy Sepulchre, where he preached the doctrines of Christianity. Two other friars, at Damascus, received so many strokes of the bastinado, that they died on the spot. Six religious were put to death by the Arabs one night whilst at matins in the convent built at Anathot, in the house of the prophet Jeremiah, which they afterwards burned. It would be abusing the patience of the reader to enter into the particulars of all the sufferings and persecutions which our poor religious have endured since they have had the care of the holy places. These have kept increasing since the year 1627, when our religious settled there, as will be seen from what follows," &c.*

Deshayes, the ambassador, speaks in the same terms of the persecutions experienced by the fathers of the Holy Land from the hands of the Turks.

"The poor religious who attend these places are also reduced sometimes to such extremities, for want of assistance from Christendom, that their condition is truly deplorable. Their whole revenue consists in the alms which are sent them; and which are not sufficient to cover one half of the expenses which they are obliged to incur; for, exclusively of their subsistence, and the great number of lights which must be kept up, they are forced to be continually giving to the Turks, if they would live in peace; and when they possess not the means of satisfying their avarice they must go to prison.

"Jerusalem is at such a distance from Constantinople, that the king's ambassador, resident there, cannot receive information of the oppressions practised upon them till long afterwards. Meanwhile they suffer and endure, if they have not money to redeem themselves; and very often the Turks, not content with persecuting them in their persons, likewise convert their churches into mosques."†

I could fill whole volumes with similar testimonies, contained in the works of travellers in Palestine: I will produce only one more, but that shall be unanswerable.

This testimony I find in a monument of iniquity and oppression, perhaps without any parallel in the world; a monument of the greater authority, as it was designed to remain in everlasting oblivion.

The fathers had permitted me to examine the library and the

*Descript. de la Terre Sainte, p. 436. †Voyage du Levant, p. 409.

archives of their convent. Unfortunately, these archives and this library were dispersed near a century ago; a pacha threw the religious in irons, and carried them prisoners to Damascus. Some papers escaped the devastation; in particular the firmans, which the fathers had obtained either from the Porte, or the rulers of Egypt, to defend themselves against the oppressions of the people and their governors.

This curious document is entitled:

Registro delli Capitolazioni, Cattiscerifi, Baratti, Comandamenti, Oggetti, Attestazioni, Sentenzi, Ordini des Bascia, Giudici e Polizze, che si trovano nell archivio di questa procura-generale di Terra Santa.

Under the letter H, No. 1, p. 369, we read:

"Instrumento del re saraceno Muzafar, contiene: che non sia dimandato del vino da i religiosi franchi. Dato alli 13 della luna di Regeb dell anno 414."

Under No. 2, is the following:

"Instrumento del re saraceno Matamad contiene: che li religiosi franchi non siano molestati. Dato alli 2 di Sciaval dell anno 501."

Under No. 5, page 370:

"Instrumento con la sua copia del re saraceno Amed Ciakmak contiene: che li religiosi franchi non paghino a quei ministri, che non vengono per gli affari dei frati—possino sepelire i loro morti, possino fare vino, provizione—non siano obligati a montre cavalli per forza in Rama—non diano visitate loro possessioni—che nessuno pretenda d'esser drogloromanno, se non alcuno appoggio. Dato alli 10 di Sefer 609."

Several of the firmans begin thus:

"Copia autenticata d'un commendamento ottenuto ad instanza dell ambasciadore di Francia," &c.

We see, then, the unfortunate fathers, the guardians of the tomb of Christ, solely occupied for several centuries in defending themselves day by day against every species of tyranny and insult. We see them obliged to obtain permission to subsist, to bury their dead, &c. Sometimes they are forced to ride without occasion, that they may be necessitated to pay the duties; at others, a Turk proclaims himself their drogman in spite of them, and demands a salary from the community. The most absurd

inventions of Oriental despotism are exhausted against these hapless monks.* In vain do they obtain for exorbitant sums, orders which apparently secure them from all this ill usage: these orders are not obeyed; each successive year witnesses a new oppression, and requires a new firman. The equivocating governor, and the prince, ostensibly their protector, are two tyrants who concert together, the one to commit an injustice before the law is enacted, the other to sell, at an enormous price, a law that is not issued till after the commission of the crime. The register of the firmans of the fathers is a valuable record, worthy in every respect of the library of those apostles, who, in the midst of tribulations, adhere with invincible constancy to the tomb of Christ. The fathers were not aware of the value of this evangelical catalogue; they had no idea that it could interest me; they saw nothing curious in it; to suffer is to them so natural that my astonishment actually astonished them. Great, indeed, and sincere was my admiration of their courageous endurance of so many afflictions; but deeply too was I affected on finding frequent repetitions on this head: *Copy of a firman, obtained on the solicitation of the French ambassador.* Honour be to a country which, from the midst of Europe, extends her care to the unfortunate in the remote regions of Asia, and protects the weak against the strong! Never, O land of my nativity, didst thou appear to me greater and more glorious than when I discovered the acts of thy beneficence concealed at Jerusalem in the register in which are inscribed the unknown sufferings of a few oppressed religious, and the unheard-of iniquities of the basest of oppressors!

How is it possible to conceive that a man of talents, who prides himself on independent ideas, can have taken a pleasure in calumniating the unfortunate! There is a something superior to all opinions—that is justice. If a philosopher of the present day were to write a good book; if he were to do what is still better, to perform a good action; if he displayed noble and elevated sentiments, I, who am a Christian, would applaud him without reserve. And why should not a philosopher act in the same manner towards a Christian! because a man wears a mo-

* Two of the religious narrowly escaped being put to death at Jerusalem, because a cat had fallen into the cistern of the convent.—*Roger*, p. 330.

nastic habit, a long beard, a cord girdle, must we allow him no merit for any sacrifice? For my part, I would go to the end of the world in quest of a virtue in a votary of Vishnou or the Grand Lama, that I might enjoy the happiness of admiring it. Generous actions are now-a-days too rare for us not to honour them under whatever habit they may be discovered, and to make such nice distinctions between the robe of a priest and the mantle of a philosopher.

Very early in the morning of the 10th, I sallied forth from Jerusalem by the gate of Ephraim, accompanied as usual by the faithful Ali, with a view to examine the fields of battle immortalized by Tasso. Proceeding to the north of the city, when I was between the grotto of Jeremiah and the Royal Sepulchres, I opened the *Jerusalem Delivered*, and was immediately struck with the accuracy of the poet's description:

On two unequal hills the city stands,
A vale between divides the higher lands.
Three sides without, impervious to the foes;
The northern side an easy passage shows,
With smooth ascent; but well they guard the part,
With lofty walls and labour'd works of art.

The city, lakes and living springs contains,
And cisterns to receive the falling rains:
But bare of herbage is the country round;
Nor springs nor streams refresh the barren ground,
No tender flower exalts its cheerful head:
No stately trees at noon their shelter spread;
Save where, two leagues remote, a wood appears,
Embrown'd with noxious shade, the growth of years.

Where morning gilds the city's eastern side
The sacred Jordan pours its gentle tide.
Extended lie against the setting day
The sandy borders of the midland sea:
Samaria to the north, and Bethel's wood,
Where to the golden calf the altar stood:
And on the rainy south, the hallow'd earth
Of Bethlem, where the Lord receiv'd his birth.*

Nothing can be more clear, more precise, more explicit, than this description; had it been composed on the spot, it could not

* This, and all the succeeding quotations from Tasso, are taken from Hoole's translation of the Jerusalem Delivered.—*Translator.*

be more exact. The wood, placed at the distance of six miles from the camp, on the Arabian side, is no poetical invention: William of Tyre speaks of the wood where Tasso has laid the scenes of so many enchantments. Here Godfrey procured timber for the construction of his military engines. It will be seen how closely Tasso had studied the originals, when I come to quote the historians of the Crusades.

E'l capitano
Poi ch'intorno ha mirato, a i suoi discende.

From the hills descends
The Christian chief, and joins his warlike friends.
The city view'd, he deems th' attempt were vain
O'er craggy rocks the steepy pass to gain.
Then on the ground that rose with smooth ascent,
Against the northern gate he pitch'd his tent;
And thence proceeding to the corner tower,
Encamp'd at length the remnant of his power:
But could not half the city's walls enclose,
So wide around the spacious bulwarks rose.
But Godfrey well secures each several way
That might assistance to the town convey.

You are absolutely transported to the spot. The camp extends from the gate of Damascus to the corner tower at the source of the brook Cedron and the entrance of the valley of Jehoshaphat. The ground between the city and the camp is exactly as Tasso has represented it, very level and well adapted for a field of battle, at the foot of the walls of Solima. Aladine is seated with Erminia in a tower situated between two gates, whence they survey the combat in the plain, and the camp of the Christians. This tower is still standing, with several others, between the gate of Damascus and that of Ephraim.

In the episode of Olindo and Sophronia, in the second book, we meet with two extremely correct local descriptions:

Nel tempio de Cristiani occulto giace, &c.

An altar by the Christian stands immur'd
Deep under ground from vulgar eyes secur'd;
The statue of their goddess there is show'd,
The mother of their human, buried god.

This church, now denominated the Sepulchre of the Virgin, stands in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and has been described in a

preceding page. Tasso, by a license granted to poets, places this church within the walls of Jerusalem.

The mosque, in which the image of the Virgin is set up, agreeably to the advice of the sorcerer, is evidently the mosque of the Temple.

Io là donde riceve
L'alta vostra meschita e l'aura e'l die, &c.

Where the high dome receives the air and light,
I found a passage, favoured by the night.

The first onset of the adventurers, the single combats of Argantes, Otho, Tancred, and Raymond of Toulouse, take place before the gate of Ephraim. When Armida arrives from Damascus, she enters, says the poet, at the extremity of the camp. It was in reality near the gate of Damascus, on the west side, that the last tents of the Christians must have stood.

I place the admirable scene of Erminia's flight towards the northern extremity of the valley of Jehoshaphat. When Tancred's lover had passed the gate of Jerusalem with her faithful squire, we are told that she

went
Obliquely winding down the hill's descent.

She could not therefore have left the city by the gate of Ephraim, for the road leading from that gate to the camp of the crusaders passes over perfectly level ground; she chose rather to make her escape by the eastern gate, which was less liable to suspicion, and guarded with less vigilance.

Erminia arrives in *solitaria ed ima parte*, in a deep and solitary recess; she directs her attendant to go and speak to Tancred. This deep and solitary recess is distinctly marked at the upper end of the valley of Jehoshaphat, before you turn the northern angle of the city. There Erminia might await in safety the return of her messenger: but unable to conquer her impatience, she ascends the eminence, and descries the distant tents. In fact, on leaving the channel of the brook Cedron, and proceeding northward, a person must have perceived the camp of the Christians on the left. Then follow those admirable stanzas:

Now was the night in starry lustre seen,
And not a cloud obscur'd the blue serene:
The rising morn her silver beams display'd,
And deck'd with pearly dew the dusky glade,
With anxious soul th' enamour'd virgin strays
From thought to thought in love's perplexing maze;
And vents her tender plaints and breathes her sighs
To all the silent fields and conscious skies.

Then, fondly gazing on the camp, she said;
Ye Latian tents, by me with joy survey'd!
From you methinks the gales more gently blow,
And seem already to relieve my wo!
So may kind Heaven afford a milder state
To this unhappy life, the sport of fate!
As 'tis from you I seek t' assuage my care,
And hope alone for peace in scenes of war!
Receive me then, and may my wishes find
That bliss which love has promis'd to my mind;
Which e'en my worst of fortune could afford,
When made the captive of my dearest lord!
I seek not now, inspir'd with fancies vain,
By you my regal honours to regain;
Ah no! be this my happiness and pride,
Within your shelter humbly to reside!

So spoke the hapless fair, who little knew
How near her sudden change of fortune drew;
For, pensive while she stood, the cloudless moon
Full on th' unheedful maid with splendor shone;
Her snow-white vesture caught the silver beam;
Her polish'd arms return'd a trembling gleam;
And on her lofty crest, the tigress rais'd,
With all the terrors of Clorinda blaz'd.

When lo! (so will'd her fate) a numerous band
Of Christian scouts were ambush'd near at hand,
These Polyphernes and Alcander guide.

Alcander and Polyphernes must have been stationed somewhere near the Royal Sepulchres. It is to be regretted that Tasso has given no description of these subterraneous monuments, for the delineation of which his genius peculiarly qualified him.

It is not so easy to determine the spot where the fugitive Erminia meets with the shepherd on the bank of the river; but as there is but one river in this country, and as Erminia has left Jerusalem by the eastern gate, it is probable that Tasso meant to place this charming scene on the shore of the Jordan. In

this case, I acknowledge it to be an unaccountable circumstance that he has not mentioned the name of the river; but it is certain that this great poet has not adhered so closely as he ought to have done to scriptural records, from which Milton had elicited so many beauties.

As to the lake and castle in which the enchantress Armida confines the knights whom she has seduced, Tasso himself informs us that the lake here meant is the Dead Sea:

> At length we drew to where, in dreadful ire,
> Heaven rain'd of old on earth a storm of fire,
> T' avenge the wrongs which Nature's laws endur'd
> On that dire race to wicked deeds inur'd;
> Where once were fertile lands and meadow's green,
> Now a deep lake with sulph'rous waves was seen.

One of the finest passages in the poem is the attack of the Christian camp by Solyman. The sultan marches in the night amid the thickest darkness, for, according to the sublime expression of the poet,

> A deeper gloom exulting Pluto made,
> With added terrors from th' infernal shade,

The camp is assailed on the west side. Godfrey, who commands the centre of the army towards the north, is not apprised till late that the right wing is engaged. Solyman has been prevented from attacking the left wing, though nearest to the desert, because there were deep ravines in that quarter. The Arabs, concealed during the day in the valley of Turpentine, sally from it at night to attempt the deliverance of Jerusalem.

Solyman, being discomfited, pursues alone the way to Gaza. He is met by Ismeno, the magician, who conveys him in an enchanted chariot, enveloped in a cloud, through the camp of the Christians, to Mount Sion, in Jerusalem. This episode, admirable on other accounts, is accurate in localities, as far as the exterior of the castle of David, near the gate of Jaffa or Bethlehem; but there is an error in what follows. The poet has confounded, or perhaps chosen to confound, the tower of David with that of Antonia; the latter stands at a considerable distance from the former,

in the lower part of the city, at the northern angle of the Temple.

When on the spot, you may fancy that you behold Godfrey's troops setting out from the gate of Ephraim, turning to the east, descending into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and proceeding like pious and peaceable pilgrims to pray to the Almighty on the Mount of Olives. Be it here remembered that this Christian procession strongly reminds us of the pomp of the Panathenæa celebrated at Eleusis in the midst of the troops of Alcibiades. Tasso, who had read every thing, who incessantly imitates Virgil, Homer, and the other poets of antiquity, has here given, in beautiful verses, one of the finest scenes of the story. It may likewise be added that this procession is moreover a historical fact, related by the anonymous writer, Robert the monk, and William of Tyre.

We now come to the first assault. The engines are planted before the north wall. Tasso is here most scrupulously accurate;

> Non era il fosso di palustre limo
> (Che nol consento in loco) o d'acqua molle.

This is strictly true. The ditch on the north is a dry ditch, or rather a natural ravine, like the other ditches of the city.

In the circumstances of the first assault the poet has followed his own genius without adhering to historical fact; and as his plan would not allow him to keep pace with the chronicler, he represents the principal engine of the besiegers as having been burned by the infidels, which rendered it necessary to begin the work again. It is certain that the besieged set fire to one of the towers of the assailing army. Tasso has extended this accident as much as his plot required.

Next follows the terrible combat between Tancred and Clorinda, the most pathetic fiction that ever sprung from the imagination of a poet. The scene of action may easily be ascertained. Clorinda being unable to regain the Dorean gate with Argantes, is consequently below the temple in the valley of Siloé. Tancred pursues her; the battle begins; the expiring Clorinda solicits baptism. Tancred, more unfortunate than his victim, fetches water from a neighbouring stream, and by this the spot is determined:

Not distant far, adown the mossy hill,
In gentle murmurs roll'd a crystal rill.

This is the fountain of Siloe, or rather Mary's Fountain, which thus springs from the foot of Mount Sion.

I know not whether the picture of the drought, delineated in the thirteenth book, be not the most exquisite passage of the whole poem. Here Tasso equals Homer and Virgil. It is a highly finished piece of composition, and is distinguished by an energy and purity of style in which the other parts of the work are sometimes deficient:

The sun ne'er rises cheerful to the sight,
But sanguine spots distain his sacred light:
Pale hovering mists around his forehead play,
The sad forerunners of a fatal day;
His setting orb in crimson seems to mourn,
Denouncing greater woes at his return;
And adds new horrors to the present doom,
By certain fear of evils yet to come.

All nature pants beneath the burning sky:
The earth is cleft, the lessening streams are dry:
The barren clouds, like streaky flames divide,
Dispers'd and broken through the sultry void,
No cheerful object for the sight remains;
Each gentle gale its graceful breath retains:
Alone the wind from Lybia's sands respires,
And burns each warrior's breast with secret fires.
Nocturnal meteors blaze in dusky air,
Thick lightnings flash, and livid comets glare.
No pleasing moisture nature's face renews;
The moon no longer sheds her pearly dews,
To cheer the mourning earth; the plants and flowers
In vain require the soft and vital showers.

Sweet slumber flies from every restless night,
In vain would men his balmy pow'r invite;
Sleepless they lie; but far above the rest,
The rage of thirst their fainting souls oppress'd;
For, vers'd in guile, Judea's impious king
With poisonous juice had tainted every spring;
Whose currents now with dire pollution flow,
Like Styx and Acheron in realms below.

The slender stream where Siloa's gentle wave
Once to the Christians draughts untainted gave,
Now scarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,
And yields their fainting host a small supply.

forts against the corner tower, which afterwards assumed the name of Tancred's tower.

Tasso likewise follows the chronicles in the circumstances and the result of the assault. Ismeno, accompanied by two magicians, is killed by a stone hurled from an engine: two sorceresses actually met that fate on the walls, at the taking of Jerusalem. Godfrey looks up, and beholds celestial warriors fighting for him on every side. This is a fine imitation of Homer and Virgil; but it is also a tradition from the times of the crusades. "The dead," says father Nau, "entered with the living: for several distinguished crusaders, who died before their arrival, and, among the rest, Ademar, the virtuous and zealous bishop of Puy, in Auvergne, appeared upon the walls; as if the glory which they enjoyed in the heavenly Jerusalem required the accession of that to be derived from visiting the terrestrial one, and adoring the Son of God upon the scene of his ignominy and sufferings, as they worshipped him on the throne of his majesty and power.

The city was taken, as the poet relates, by means of bridges, which were projected from engines, and fell upon the ramparts. Godfrey and Gaston de Foix had furnished the plan of these machines, which were constructed by Pisan and Genoese sailors. The whole account of this assault, in which Tasso has displayed the ardour of his chivalrous genius, is true, except what relates to Rinaldo; that hero being a mere fiction of the poet, his actions must also be imaginary. There was no warrior of the name of Rinaldo d'Este at the siege of Jerusalem; the first Christian that scaled the walls was not a knight named Rinaldo, but Letolde, a Flemish gentleman, of Godfrey's retinue. He was followed by Guicher, and Godfrey himself. The stanza, in which Tasso describes the standard of the cross overshadowing the towers of Jerusalem delivered, is truly sublime:

> The conquering banner to the breeze unroll'd
> Redundant streams in many a waving fold:
> The winds with awe confess the heavenly sign,
> With purer beams the day appears to shine:
> The swords seem bid to turn their points away,
> And darts around it innocently play;
> The sacred mount the purple cross adores,
> And Sion owns it from her topmost towers.

All the historians of the crusades record the piety of Godfrey, the generosity of Tancred, and the justice and prudence of the count de St. Gilles. Anna Comnena herself speaks with commendation of the latter: the poet has therefore adhered to history, in the delineation of his heroes. When he invents characters, he at least makes them consistent with manners. Argantes is a genuine Mameluke:

> The other chief from fair Circassia came
> To Egypt's court, Argantes was his name:
> Exalted midst the princes of the land,
> And first in rank of all the martial band;
> Impatient, fiery, and of rage unquell'd,
> In arms unconquer'd, matchless in the field;
> Whose impious soul contempt of heaven avow'd,
> His sword his law, his own right hand his god.

In Solyman is faithfully portrayed a sultan of the early times of the Turkish empire. The poet, who fails not to avail himself of every historical recollection, makes the sultan of Nice an ancestor of the great Saladin; and it is obvious that he meant to delineate Saladin himself in the character of his progenitor. Should the work of Dom Bertheleau ever be laid before the public, we shall be better acquainted with the Mahometan heroes of Jerusalem. Dom Bertheleau translated the Arabian authors who have written the history of the crusades. This valuable performance was intended to form part of the collection of French historians.

I am not able to fix the exact spot where the ferocious Argantes is slain by the generous Tancred; but it must be sought in the vallies between the west and north. It cannot be placed to the west of the corner tower which Tancred assaulted; for, in this case, Erminia could not have met the wounded hero as she was returning from Gaza with Vafrino.

The last action of the poem, which in reality took place near Ascalon, Tasso has laid with exquisite judgment under the walls of Jerusalem. Historically considered, this action is of little importance; but, in a poetical point of view, it is a battle superior to any in Virgil, and equal to the grandest of Homer's combats.

I shall now give the siege of Jerusalem, extracted from our old chronicles, so that the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the poem with history.

Of all the historians of the crusades, Robert the monk is most frequently quoted. The anonymous writer in the collection entitled "*Gesta Dei per Francos*," is more ancient; but his narrative is too dry. William of Tyre falls into the contrary defect. For these reasons Robert is consulted in preference; his style is affected; he copies the turns of the poets; but on this very account, notwithstanding his points and his puns,* he is less barbarous than his contemporaries; he has, moreover, a certain degree of taste, and a brilliant imagination.

"The army encamped in this order about Jerusalem. The counts of Flanders and Normandy pitched their tents on the north side, not far from the church† erected on the spot where Stephen, the first martyr, was stoned. Godfrey and Tancred placed themselves on the west; and the count de St. Gilles took a position to the south, on Mount Sion,‡ round about the church of Mary, the mother of our Saviour, formerly the house in which the Lord held the last supper with his disciples. The tents being thus disposed, while the troops, fatigued with their march, rested themselves, and constructed the machines necessary for the attack, Raimond Pilet,§ and Raimond de Turenne, proceeded from the camp with several others to reconnoitre the neighbouring country, lest the enemy should fall upon the crusaders before they were prepared. They met by the way with three hundred Arabs; they killed many of them, and took thirty horses. The second day of the third week, June 13th, 1099, the French attacked Jerusalem, but they could not take it that day. Their efforts, however, were not wholly useless: they threw down the outer wall, and set up ladders against the principal one. Had they but possessed a sufficient number of them, this first attempt

* *Papa Urbanus urbano sermone peroravit*, &c. *Vallis spaciosa et speciosa*, &c. Our old hymns are full of these plays upon words. *Quo carne carnis conditor*, &c.

† The text has, *juxta ecclesiam*: which I have translated, *not far from the church*; because this church is not to the north, but to the east of Jerusalem; and all the other historians of the crusades relate, that the counts of Normandy and Flanders placed themselves between the east and the north.

‡ The text says: *scilicet in monte Sion*. This proves that the city, built by Adrian, did not include the whole of Mount Sion, and that the site of Jerusalem at that time was exactly the same as it is at present.

§ *Piletus*, or, as he is elsewhere called, *Pilitus* and *Pelez*.

had been the last. Those who ascended the ladders maintained a long conflict against the enemy with swords and spears. Many of our people fell in this assault, but the loss of the Saracens was much more considerable. Night put an end to the action, and gave rest to both sides. The failure of this first attempt certainly occasioned our army much toil and trouble, for our troops were without bread for ten days, till our ships arrived in the port of Jaffa. They moreover suffered exceedingly from thirst; the fountain of Siloe, at the foot of Mount Sion, could scarcely supply the troops, and they were obliged to send the horses and other animals, attended by a numerous escort, six miles from the camp to water.

"Though the fleet which arrived at Jaffa furnished the besiegers with provisions, they still suffered as much as ever from thirst. So great was the drought during the siege, that the soldiers dug holes in the ground, and pressed the damp clods to their lips; they licked the stones wet with dew; they drank the putrid water which had stood in the fresh hides of buffaloes and other animals; and many abstained from eating, in the hope of mitigating, by hunger, the pangs of thirst.

"Meanwhile the generals caused large pieces of timber to be brought from a great distance for the construction of engines and towers. When these towers were finished, Godfrey placed his on the east side of the town; and the count de St. Gilles erected one exactly like it to the south. These arrangements being made, on the fifth day of the week the crusaders fasted, and distributed alms among the poor. On the sixth day, which was the 12th of July, the sun rose with brilliancy; the towers were manned with chosen troops, who threw up ladders against the walls of Jerusalem. The bastard inhabitants of the holy city were filled with consternation,* when they found themselves besieged by so vast a multitude. But as they were on all sides threatened with their last hour, as death impended over their heads; certain of falling, they thought only how to sell the rest of their lives as dearly as

* *Stupent et contremiscunt adulterini cives urbis exercitus.* The expression is not less beautiful than true; for the Saracens were not only, as foreigners, the bastard citizens, the illegitimate children, of Jerusalem, but they might likewise be termed *adulterini*, on account of their mother Hagar, and in reference to the legitimate posterity of Abraham by Sarah.

possible. Meanwhile, Godfrey posted himself at the top of his tower, not as a foot soldier, but as an archer. The Lord guided his hand in the combat, and all the arrows discharged by him pierced the enemy through and through. Near this warrior were two brothers, Baldwin and Eustace, like two lions beside another lion: they received terrible blows from stones and darts, which they returned to the foe with usury.

"While they were thus engaged on the walls of the city, a procession was made round those same walls with the crosses, relics, and sacred altars.* The victory remained uncertain during part of the day; but at the hour when the Saviour of the world gave up the ghost, a warrior named Letolde, who fought in Godfrey's tower, leaped the first upon the ramparts of the city. He was followed by Guicher, that Guicher who had vanquished a lion; Godfrey was the third, and all the other knights rushed on after their chief. Throwing aside their bows and arrows, they now drew their swords. At this sight the enemy abandoned the walls, and ran down into the city; whither the soldiers of Christ, with loud shouts, pursued them.

"The count de St. Gilles, who on his part was endeavouring to bring up his machines to the walls, heard the clamour. 'Why,' said he to his men, 'do we linger here? The French are masters of Jerusalem; they are making it resound with their voices and their blows.' Quickly advancing to the gate near the castle of David, he called to those who were in the castle, and summoned them to surrender. As soon as the Emir knew that it was the count de St. Gilles, he opened the gate, and committed himself to the faith of that venerable warrior.

"But Godfrey, with the French, was resolved to avenge the Christian blood spilt by the infidels in Jerusalem, and to punish them for the railleries and outrages to which they had subjected the pilgrims. Never had he in any conflict appeared so terrible, not even when he encountered the giant on the bridge of Antioch. Guicher, and several thousands of chosen warriors, cut the Saracens in two from the head to the waist, or severed their bodies in the middle. None of our soldiers showed timidity, for they met with no opposition. The enemy sought only to escape; but

* *Sacra altaria.* This would seem to be applicable only to a pagan ceremony; but it is probable that the Christians had portable altars in their camp.

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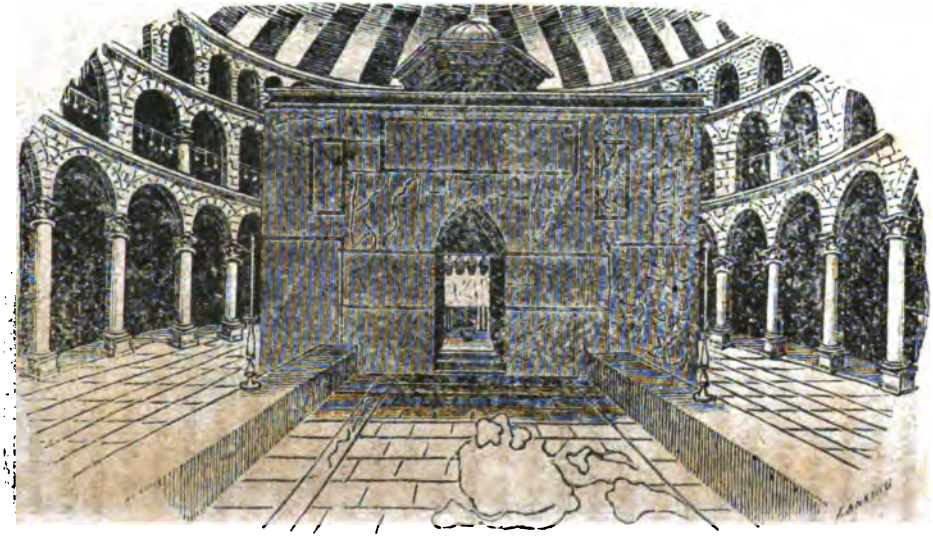

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

to them flight was impossible; they rushed along in such crowds that they embarrassed one another. The small number of those who contrived to escape, took refuge in Solomon's temple, and there defended themselves a considerable time. At dusk our soldiers gained possession of the temple, and in their rage put to death all whom they found there. Such was the carnage, that the mutilated carcasses were hurried by the torrents of blood into the court; dissevered arms and hands floated in the current, that carried them to be united to bodies to which they had never belonged."

In concluding the description of the places celebrated by Tasso, I feel happy in having had an opportunity of being the first to pay to an immortal poet the same honour which others before me had rendered to Homer and Virgil. Whoever has a relish for the beauty, the art, the interest of a poetic composition; for richness of detail, for truth of character, for generosity of sentiment, should make the Jerusalem Delivered his favourite study. It is in a particular manner the poem of the soldier; it breathes valour and glory; and as I have elsewhere observed, it seems to have been written upon a buckler in the midst of camps.

I spent about five hours in examining the theatre of the battles described by Tasso. This theatre occupies very little more than half a league of ground; and the poet has so strongly discriminated the various scenes of action, that they may be discovered at a single glance.

As we were returning to the city by the valley of Jehoshaphat, we met the pacha's cavalry coming back from its expedition. It is impossible to conceive the joyous and triumphant aspect of these troops after their victory over the sheep, goats, asses, and horses of a few poor Arabs on the banks of the Jordan.

This is the proper place to say something concerning the government of Jerusalem. There is, in the first place:

1. A mosallam, or sangiack, the commander of the military.

2. A moula cadi, or minister of police.

3. A mufti, the chief of the santons and lawyers. When this mufti is a fanatic, or a bad man, like him who held that office when I was at Jerusalem, he has it in his power to tyrannize over the Christians more than any of the other authorities.

4. A moutenely, or collector of the duties at the mosque of Solomon.

5. A soubachi, or sheriff of the city.

These subaltern tyrants are all, with the exception of the mufti, dependent on a principal tyrant, and this is the pacha of Damascus.

Jerusalem is comprehended in the pachalik of Damascus, for what reason I know not, unless it be a result of that destructive system which is naturally, and, as it were, instinctively pursued by the Turks. Cut off from Damascus by mountains, and still more by the Arabs, who infest the deserts, Jerusalem cannot always prefer its complaints to the pacha, when oppressed by its governors. It would be much more natural to make it dependent on the pachalik of Acre, which lies near it; the Franks and the Latin fathers might then place themselves under the protection of the consuls residing in the ports of Syria; and the Greeks and Turks would be able to make known their grievances. But this is the very thing that their governors are desirous of preventing; they would have a mute slavery, and not insolent wretches who dare complain of the hand that oppresses them.

Jerusalem is, therefore, at the mercy of an almost independent governor: he may do with impunity all the mischief he pleases, if he be not afterwards called to account for it by the pacha. It is well known that in Turkey every superior has a right to delegate his authority to an inferior; and this authority extends both to property and life. For a few purses a janissary may become a petty aga, and this aga may, at his good pleasure, either take away your life, or permit you to redeem it. Thus executioners are multiplied in every town of Judea. The only thing ever heard in this country, the only justice ever thought of, is: *Let him pay ten, twenty, thirty purses—Give him five hundred strokes of the bastinado—Cut off his head.* One act of injustice renders it necessary to commit a still greater. If one of these petty tyrants plunders a peasant, he is absolutely obliged to plunder his neighbour also; for, to escape the hypocritical integrity of the pacha, he must procure, by a second crime, sufficient to purchase impunity for the first.

It may perhaps be imagined that the pacha, when he visits his government, corrects these evils, and avenges the wrongs of

the people. So far from this, however, the pacha is himself the greatest scourge of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. His coming is dreaded like that of a hostile chief. The shops are shut up; the people conceal themselves in cellars; they feign to be at the point of death on their mats, or withdraw to the mountains.

The truth of these facts I am able to attest, since I happened to be at Jerusalem at the time of the pacha's visit. Abdallah is sordidly avaricious, like almost all the Mussulmen: in the capacity of commander of the caravan of Mecca, and under the pretext of raising money for the better protection of the pilgrims, he thinks that he has a right to multiply his extortions; and he is always devising new ways of fleecing the people. One of the methods which he most frequently employs is to fix a very low maximum for all kinds of provisions. The people are delighted, but the dealers shut up their shops. A scarcity commences; the pacha enters into a secret negotiation with the shop-keepers, and, for a certain number of purses, grants them permission to sell at any price they please. These men are of course desirous to recover the sums which they have given the pacha: they raise the price of necessaries to an extraordinary height, and the people, dying a second time for want, are obliged to part with their last rag to keep themselves from starving.

I have seen this same Abdallah practise a still more ingenious vexation. I have observed that he sent his cavalry to pillage the Arabian farmers beyond the Jordan. These poor people, who had paid the *miri*, and who knew that they were not at war, were surprised in the midst of their tents and of their flocks. They were robbed of two thousand two hundred sheep and goats, ninety-four calves, a thousand asses, and six mares of the purest blood: the camels alone escaped,* having followed a shieck who called them at a distance. These faithful children of the desert carried their milk to their masters in the mountains, as if they had known that these masters were bereft of every other species of nourishment.

A European could scarcely guess what the pacha did with his booty. He put more than twice as high a price upon each animal as it was worth, rating each goat and sheep at twenty piasters, and each calf at eighty. The beasts, thus appraised,

* Of these, however, twenty-six were taken.

were sent to the butchers, and different persons in Jerusalem, and to the chiefs of the neighbouring villages, who were obliged to take them, and pay for them at the pacha's price, upon pain of death. I must confess that, had I not been an eye witness of this double iniquity, I should have thought it absolutely incredible. As to the asses and horses, they became the property of the soldiers; for, according to a singular convention between these robbers, all the beasts with the cloven hoof, taken in such expeditions, belong to the pacha, and all the other animals fall to the share of the troops.

Having exhausted Jerusalem, the pacha departs; but in order to save the pay of the city guards, and to strengthen the escort of the caravan of Mecca, he takes the soldiers along with him. The governor is left behind with about a dozen men, who are insufficient for the police of the city, much less for that of the adjacent country. The year before my visit, he was obliged to conceal himself in his house, to escape the pursuit of a band of robbers, who entered Jerusalem, and were on the point of plundering the city.

No sooner is the pacha gone, than another evil, the consequence of his oppression, begins to be felt. Insurrections take place in the plundered villages; they attack each other, mutually intent on wreaking hereditary revenge. All communication is interrupted; agriculture perishes; and the peasant sallies forth at night to pillage his enemy's vine, and to cut down his olive tree. The pacha returns the following year; he demands the same tribute from a country whose population is diminished. In order to raise it, he is obliged to redouble his oppressions, and to exterminate whole tribes. The desert gradually extends; nothing is to be seen but here and there habitations in ruins, and near them cemeteries which keep continually increasing: each succeeding year witnesses the destruction of a house, the extinction of a family, and soon nothing is left but this cemetery to mark the spot where once stood a village.

Returning to the convent, at ten in the morning, I completed my examination of the library. Beside the collection of firmans already mentioned, I found an autograph manuscript of the learned Quaresmius. This Latin manuscript, like all the printed works of the same author, relates to the Holy Land. Some

other volumes contained Turkish and Arabic papers relative to the affairs of the convent, Letters of the Congregation, Miscellanies, &c. I saw likewise some treatises by fathers of the church, several pilgrimages to Jerusalem, the abbé Mariti's work, and Volney's excellent Narrative of his Travels. Father Clement Pérès having discovered, as he thought, some slight errors in the latter, had noted down his observations on some loose papers, of which he made me a present.

I had seen every thing at Jerusalem. I was acquainted with the interior and exterior of that city, and better acquainted with them than with the interior of Paris and its vicinity: I began, therefore, to think of my departure. The fathers of the Holy Land determined to confer on me an honour which I had neither solicited nor deserved. In consideration of the feeble services which, as they said, I had rendered to religion, they requested me to accept the order of the Holy Sepulchre. This order, of high antiquity in Christendom, though its origin may not date so far back as the time of St. Helena, was formerly very common in Europe. At present it is scarcely ever met with except in Spain and Poland: the superior of the Latin convent, as guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, has alone the right to confer it.

We left the convent at one o'clock, and repaired to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. We went into the chapel belonging to the Latin fathers; the doors were carefully shut, lest the Turks should perceive the arms, which might cost the religious their lives. The superior put on his pontifical habits; the lamps and tapers were lighted; all the brethren present formed a circle round me, with their hands folded upon their breasts. While they sung the *Veni Creator* in a low voice, the superior stepped up to the altar, and I fell on my knees at his feet. The spurs and sword of Godfrey de Bouillon were taken out of the treasury of the Holy Sepulchre: two of the religious, standing one on each side of me, held the venerable relics. The superior recited the accustomed prayers, and asked me the usual questions; he then put the spurs on my heels, and struck me thrice over the shoulders with the sword, on which the religious began to sing the *Te Deum*, while the superior pronounced this prayer over my head:

"Lord God Almighty, bestow thy grace and thy blessing on this thy servant," &c.

All this is but a shadow of the days that are past. But if it is considered that I was at Jerusalem, in the church of Calvary, within a dozen paces of the tomb of Jesus Christ, and thirty from that of Godfrey de Bouillon; that I was equipped with the spurs of the deliverer of the Holy Sepulchre; and had touched that sword, both long and large, which so noble and so valiant an arm had once wielded; if the reader bears in mind these circumstances, my life of adventure, my peregrinations by land and sea, he will easily believe that I could not remain unmoved. Neither was this ceremony, in other respects, without effect. I am a Frenchman; Godfrey de Bouillon was a Frenchman; and his ancient arms, in touching me, communicated an increased ardour for glory and for the honour of my country.

My certificate, signed by the guardian, and sealed with the seal of the convent, was delivered to me. With this brilliant diploma of knighthood, I received my humble passport of a pilgrim. I preserve them as a record of my visit to the land of the ancient traveller, Jacob.

Now that I am about to bid farewell to Palestine, I must request the reader to accompany me once more beyond the walls of Jerusalem, to take a last survey of this extraordinary city.

Let us first pause at the Grotto of Jeremiah, near the royal sepulchres. This is a spacious cavern, the roof of which is supported by a pillar of stones. Here, as we are told, the prophet gave vent to his lamentations, which seem as though they had been composed within sight of modern Jerusalem, so accurately do they portray the state of this desolate city:

"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!

"The ways of Sion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts: all her gates are desolate: her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.

"All ye that pass by, behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

"The Lord hath purposed to destroy the wall of the daughter of Sion: he hath bent his bow like an enemy; he hath not

withdrawn his hand from destroying; therefore, he made the rampart and the wall to lament; they languished together.

"Her gates are sunk into the ground; he hath destroyed and broken her bars; her kings and her princes are among the Gentiles; the law is no more; her prophets also find no vision from the Lord.

"Mine eyes do fail with tears; my bowels are troubled; my liver is poured upon the earth, for the destruction of the daughter of my people; because the children and the sucklings swoon in the streets of the city.

"What thing shall I liken to thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? what shall I equal to thee?

"All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying: Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty; the joy of the whole earth?"

When seen from the Mount of Olives, on the other side of the valley of Jehoshaphat, Jerusalem presents an inclined plane descending from west to east. An embattled wall, fortified with towers and a Gothic castle, encompasses the city all around; excluding, however, part of Mount Sion, which it formerly enclosed.

In the western quarter, and in the centre of the city, towards Calvary, the houses stand very close; but in the eastern part, along the brook Cedron, you perceive vacant spaces; among the rest, that which surrounds the mosque erected on the ruins of the Temple, and the nearly-deserted spot where once stood the castle of Antonio, and the second palace of Herod.

The houses of Jerusalem are heavy square masses, very low, without chimneys or windows; they have flat terraces or domes on the top, and look like prisons or sepulchres. The whole would appear to the eye one uninterrupted level, did not the steeples of the churches, the minarets of the mosques, the summits of a few cypresses, and the clumps of nopals, break the uniformity of the plan. On beholding these stone buildings, encompassed by a stony country, you are ready to inquire if they are not the confused monuments of a cemetery in the midst of a desert.

Enter the city, but nothing will you there find to make amends for the dulness of its exterior. You lose yourself among narrow unpaved streets, here going up hill, there down, from the inequality of the ground, and you walk among clouds of dust or loose stones. Canvass stretched from house to house increases the gloom of this labyrinth; bazars, roofed over, and fraught with infection, completely exclude the light from the desolate city. A few paltry shops expose nothing but wretchedness to view, and even these are frequently shut, from apprehension of the passage of a cadi. Not a creature is to be seen in the streets, not a creature at the gates, except now and then a peasant gliding through the gloom, concealing under his garments the fruits of his labour, lest he should be robbed of his hard earnings by the rapacious soldier. Aside, in a corner, the Arab butcher is slaughtering some animal suspended by the legs from a wall in ruins: from his haggard and ferocious look, and his bloody hands, you would rather suppose that he had been cutting the throat of a fellow creature than killing a lamb. The only noise heard from time to time in this deicide city is the galloping of the steed of the desert: it is the janissary who brings the head of the Bedouin, or returns from plundering the unhappy Fellah.

Amid this extraordinary desolation, you must pause a moment to contemplate two circumstances still more extraordinary. Among the ruins of Jerusalem two classes of independent people find in their religion sufficient fortitude to enable them to surmount such complicated horrors and wretchedness. Here reside communities of Christian monks, whom nothing can compel to forsake the tomb of Christ, neither plunder, nor personal ill treatment, nor menaces of death itself. Night and day they chant their hymns around the Holy Sepulchre. Stripped in the morning by a Turkish governor, they are found at night at the foot of Calvary, in prayer, on the spot where Christ suffered for the salvation of mankind. Their brows are serene, their lips wear an incessant smile. They receive the stranger with joy. Without power, without soldiers, they protect whole villages against iniquity. Driven by the cudgel and the sabre, women, children, flocks, and herds, seek refuge in the cloisters of these recluses. What prevents the armed oppressor from pursuing his prey, and overthrowing such feeble ramparts? The charity of

the monks: they deprive themselves of the last resources of life to ransom their suppliants. Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Christian schismatics, all throw themselves under the protection of a few indigent religious, who are incapable of defending themselves. Here we cannot forbear acknowledging with Bossuet, "that hands raised towards heaven disperse more battalions than hands armed with javelins."

While the new Jerusalem thus rises from the desert, resplendent in brightness, cast your eyes between the temple and Mount Sion; behold another petty tribe cut off from the rest of the inhabitants of this city. The particular objects of every species of degradation, these people bow their heads without murmuring; they endure every kind of insult without demanding justice; they sink beneath repeated blows without sighing; if their head be required, they present it to the scimetar. On the death of any member of this proscribed community, his companion goes at night and inters him by stealth in the valley of Jehoshaphat, in the shadow of Solomon's temple. Enter the abodes of these people, you will find them, amidst the most abject wretchedness, instructing their children to read a mysterious book, which they in their turn will teach their offspring to read. What they did five thousand years ago, these people still continue to do. Seventeen times have they witnessed the destruction of Jerusalem, yet nothing can discourage them, nothing can prevent them from turning their faces towards Sion. To see the Jews scattered over the whole world, according to the word of God, must doubtless excite surprise: but to be struck with supernatural astonishment, you must view them at Jerusalem; you must behold these rightful masters of Judea living as slaves and strangers in their own country; you must behold them expecting, under all oppressions, a king who is to deliver them. Crushed by the cross that condemns them and is planted on their heads, skulking near the temple, of which not one stone is left upon another, they continue in their deplorable infatuation. The Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, are swept from the earth; and a petty tribe, whose origin preceded that of those great nations, still exists unmixed among the ruins of its native land. If any thing among nations wears the character of a miracle, that character, in my opinion, is here legibly impressed.

What can appear more wonderful, even to the philosopher, than this spectacle of ancient and modern Jerusalem at the foot of Calvary? the former, overwhelmed with affliction at the sight of the sepulchre of the risen Jesus; the latter, exulting before the only tomb which will have no deposite to render up at the consummation of ages.

I thanked the fathers for their hospitality; I wished them most sincerely a happiness which they indeed never expect to enjoy here below; and when on the point of leaving them, I was overcome with heart-felt grief. I know no sufferings that can be compared with those endured by these unfortunate religious; the state in which they live resembles that which prevailed in France during the reign of terror. I was about to return to my country, to embrace my relatives, to behold my friends again, to enjoy once more the sweets of life: and these fathers, who had relations, friends, and country, as well as I, remained exiled in this land of servitude. All possess not the strength of mind which renders man insensible to privations: I have myself heard expressions of regret, which convinced me of the magnitude of the sacrifice. Did not Christ on this same spot find the cup bitter? and yet he drank it up to the very dregs.

On the 12th of October, I mounted my horse, with Ali Aga, John, Julian, and Michael the drogman. We left the city by the Pilgrims' Gate on the west, and passed through the pacha's camp. Before we descended into the valley of Turpentine, I stopped once more to survey Jerusalem. I discerned above the walls the dome of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Never will it again be saluted by the pilgrim, for it no longer exists, and the tomb of Christ is now exposed to the inclemency of the air. The time has been that all Christendom would have eagerly contributed to rebuild the sacred monument: at the present day nobody thinks of such a thing, and the smallest sum expended for this meritorious purpose would appear an absurd superstition. Having contemplated Jerusalem for some time, I pursued my way among the mountains. It was twenty-nine minutes past six when I lost sight of the holy city: 'tis thus that the navigator marks the moment when he ceases to discern a distant region which he shall never again behold.

m of the valley of Turpentine we found Abou
, the chiefs of the Arabs of Jeremiah, waiting
l at Jeremiah about midnight. Abou Gosh
aking of a lamb which he had provided
im some money, which he refused, and only
would send him two *cafs* of Damietta rice when
ve in Egypt. This I cheerfully promised, and yet I
collected my promise till the moment I was embarking
nis. As soon as our communication with the Levant is re-
ored, Abou Gosh shall certainly receive his Damietta rice; he
shall see, that though the memory of a Frenchman may fail him,
yet he never fails to keep his word. I am in hopes that the little
Bedouins of Jeremiah will mount guard over my present, and
that they will yet say, "Forward! march!"

On the 13th, at noon, I arrived at Jaffa.

FIFTH PART.

EGYPT.

On my return to Jaffa, I found myself in an awkward predicament; there was not a vessel of any kind in the harbour. I wavered between two plans; the first of which was to proceed to St. John d'Acre, and there embark, and the second to travel to Egypt by land. I should have given a decided preference to the latter, but it was impracticable. Five armed parties were then disputing the possession of the banks of the Nile: Ibrahim Bey, in Upper Egypt; two other independent beys, the pacha of the Porte at Cairo, a body of Albanian rebels, and Elfi Bey, in Lower Egypt. These different parties infested the roads; and the Arabs, taking advantage of the confusion, completely intercepted all communication.

From this dilemma I was providentially relieved. The second day after my arrival at Jaffa, as I was preparing to set out for St. John d'Acre, a saick from Tripoli, in Syria, entered the harbour. This vessel was in ballast, and in quest of a cargo. The fathers sent for the captain, who agreed to carry me to Alexandria for four hundred and eighty piasters, and we had soon concluded our bargain.

It was not without sincere regret that I quitted my venerable hosts on the 16th of October. One of the fathers gave me letters of recommendation for Spain; as it was my intention, after I had seen Carthage, to conclude my peregrinations with the ruins of the Alhambra. Thus these religious, who remained exposed to every species of outrage, were anxious to be serviceable to me beyond the seas, and in their native land.

John and Julian having carried our baggage on board, I embarked on the 16th, at eight in the evening. The sea was rough and the wind unfavourable. I continued upon deck as long as I could perceive the lights of Jaffa. I felt, I must own, a certain

emotion of pleasure in reflecting that I had now accomplished a pilgrimage which I had so long meditated. I hoped soon to conclude this holy adventure, the most hazardous part of which I had, in my opinion, surmounted. When I considered that I had traversed, almost alone, the continent and seas of Greece: that I was again alone in a small vessel at the remotest corner of the Mediterranean, after visiting the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and Jerusalem, I looked upon my return through Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, as the easiest matter in the world. I was, however, mistaken.

I retired to the captain's cabin, when we had lost sight of the lights of Jaffa, and I had for the last time saluted the shores of the Holy Land; but next morning, at day-break, we again discovered the coast of Gaza, for the captain had steered to the south. With the dawn a fine breeze sprung up from the east, the sea became smooth, and we turned the ship's head to the west. Thus I was pursuing the very same track which Ubald and the Dane had followed in their voyage to deliver Rinaldo. My vessel could scarcely be larger than that of the two knights, and, like them, I was guided by fortune. My voyage from Jaffa to Alexandria lasted but four days, and never had I a more agreeable or a quicker passage. The sky was constantly serene, the wind fair, and the sea brilliant. The sails were not once shifted. The crew of the saick consisted of five hands, including the captain; they were not so merry as my Greeks of the island of Tino, but apparently better seamen. Fresh provisions, excellent pomegranates, Cyprus wine, coffee of the best quality, supplied us with abundance, and cheered our spirits. The excess of my prosperity ought to have excited apprehensions; but had I possessed the ring of Polycrates, I should have taken good care not to throw it into the sea, to become the prey of a ravenous sturgeon.

There is in the seaman's life something adventurous, which wins and delights us. This continual transition from calm to storm, this rapid change of lands and skies, keep the imagination of the navigator awake. He is, in his fortunes, the image of man here below; always promising himself to remain in port, and always spreading his sails anew; seeking enchanted islands, at which he scarcely ever arrives, and of which, if he does touch at them, he soon grows weary; talking only of rest, and delighting only in

"Next day Lucius Lentulus, who knew nothing of what had passed, because he was upon his voyage from Cyprus, arrived upon the Egyptian shore, and, as he was coasting along, saw the funeral pile, and Philip, whom he did not yet know, standing by it. Upon which he said to himself, 'Who has finished his days, and is going to leave his remains upon this shore?' adding, after a short pause, with a sigh, 'Ah Pompey the Great! perhaps thou mayest be the man.' Lentulus soon after went on shore, and was taken and slain.

"Such was the end of Pompey the Great. As for Cæsar, he arrived not long after in Egypt, which he found in great disorder. When they came to present the head, he turned from it, and the person that brought it, as a sight of horror. He received the seal, but it was with tears. The device was a lion holding a sword. The two assassins, Achillas and Photinus, he put to death: and the king, being defeated in battle, perished in the river. Theodotus, the rhetorician, escaped the vengeance of Cæsar, by leaving Egypt; but he wandered about, a miserable fugitive, and was hated wherever he went. At last Marcus Brutus, who killed Cæsar, found the wretch in his province of Asia, and put him to death, after having made him suffer the most exquisite tortures. The ashes of Pompey were carried to Cornelia, who buried them in his lands near Alba."

On the 19th, at noon, after having been two days without seeing land, we perceived a promontory, called Cape Brulos, which forms the northernmost point of the Delta. I have already remarked, on occasion of the Granicus, the prodigious illusion which names are capable of creating. Cape Brulos exhibited merely the appearance of a small sand-hill, but it was the extremity of the fourth continent, the only one that I had still to explore, it was a corner of Egypt, the cradle of the sciences, the mother of religions and laws; and, therefore, I could not turn my eyes from it for a moment.

The same evening we descried some palm-trees in the south west, that seemed to rise out of the sea, for we could not discern the land on which they grew. To the south appeared a dark confused mass, accompanied with a few detached trees: it was the ruins of a village, a melancholy token of the fate of Egypt.

On the 20th, at five in the morning, I perceived upon the green and ruffled surface of the sea, a line of froth, beyond which the water was pale and placid. The captain came up, and tapping me on the shoulder, said, in the Frank language, *Nilo!* It was not long before we entered that celebrated river, whose water I tasted, and found it salt. Some palm-trees and a minaret indicated the site of Rosetta, but the land itself was still invisible. This coast resembles the savannahs of Florida: its appearance is totally different from that of the shores of Greece and Syria, and strongly reminds you of the effect of a tropical horizon.

At ten o'clock we at length discovered, below the tops of the palm-trees, a line of sand running westward to the promontory of Aboukir, which we should have to pass in our way to Alexandria. We were then exactly facing the mouth of the Nile at Rosetta, and were going to cross the Bogaz. The water of the river, in this place, was red, inclining to violet, of the colour of a moor in autumn. The Nile, whose inundation was over, had been for some time falling. About twenty gerbs, or vessels, belonging to Alexandria, were lying at anchor in the Bogaz, waiting for a favourable wind to pass the bar, and sail up to Rossetta.

Continuing to steer to the west, we reached the extremity of the mouth of this immense sluice. The boundary line of the waters of the river and that of the sea were not blended, but perfectly separate and distinct; they foamed when they met, and seemed mutually to serve as a barrier to each other.

At five in the evening the aspect of the coast, which we still had on our left, was considerably changed. The palm-trees ran in right lines along the shore, like the avenues that often adorn the country seats of our gentry: thus Nature delights to renew the ideas of civilization in the land where that civilization originated, and where ignorance and misery have now erected their throne. Having doubled Cape Aboukir, the wind lulled by degrees, so that we could not reach the port of Alexandria before night. It was eleven o'clock when we came to an anchor in the commercial harbour, in the midst of the vessels lying before the city. I would not go on shore, but waited for daylight on the deck of our saick.

ful if we are fettered upon earth. I found nothing worthy of these superb plains but the memorials of the glory of my native land. I beheld the remains of the monuments* of a new civilization brought by the genius of France to the banks of the Nile; I considered at the same time that the lances of our chevaliers, and the bayonets of our soldiers, had twice reflected the rays of so brilliant a sun: with this difference, that the manes of our chevaliers, who fell on the unfortunate day of Massoura, were avenged by our soldiers at the battle of the Pyramids. For the rest, though I was delighted with the appearance of a wide river and verdant plains, I was not much surprised; for it was an absolute picture of my rivers of Louisiana, and my American savannas. Fain would I also have beheld the forests where I cherished the first illusions of my life.

M. Saint Marcel, the French consul at Rosetta, received us with great politeness; and M. Caffe, a French merchant, and one of the kindest of men, resolved to accompany us to Cairo. We made a bargain with the master of a large vessel, hired his best cabin, and, for the greater safety, admitted an Albanian chief into our society. M. de Choiseul has accurately described these soldiers of Alexandria:

"These fierce Albanians," says he, "would still be heroes, if they had a Scanderbeg at their head: but they are now mere banditti, whose very look indicates ferocity. They are tall, active, and muscular. Their dress consists of very wide trowsers; a short petticoat; a waistcoat covered with plates, chains, and several rows of large balls of silver. They wear buskins, fastened with thongs of leather, which sometimes come up to the knees, to keep on the calves of the legs, plates which assume their form, and preserve them from rubbing against the horse. Their cloaks, bordered and laced with different colours, render their dress still more picturesque. They have no other covering for the head than a red cap, and this they throw off when they are going to battle."†

The two days which we passed at Rosetta were spent in surveying that pretty Arabian town, its gardens, and its wood of

* Several buildings, erected by command of the emperor, are still to be seen in Egypt.

† The dress of the Albanians is white, trimmed with red lace.

palm-trees. Savary has somewhat exaggerated the charms of this place; but he has not deviated so far from the truth as has been asserted. The pathos of his descriptions has proved detrimental to his authority as a traveller; but it is no more than justice to assert, that his style is more deficient in truth than his narrative.

On the 26th, at noon, we went on board our vessel, which carried a considerable number of Turkish and Arab passengers. We set sail, and began to ascend the Nile. On our left, a verdant marsh extended as far as the eye could reach; on our right the river was lined with a cultivated border, beyond which were seen the sands of the desert. Palm-trees, thinly scattered here and there, indicated the sites of villages, like the trees planted about the cottages in the plains of Flanders. The houses of these villages are built of earth, and raised on artificial mounts: a useless precaution, since there is very often not a creature in these houses to be saved from the inundations of the Nile. Part of the Delta is a waste; thousands of Fellahs have been slaughtered by the Albanians, and the rest have removed to Upper Egypt.

Impeded by contrary winds, and the rapidity of the current, we were seven tedious days in our progress from Rosetta to Cairo. Sometimes our sailors towed us along with a rope; at others we advanced by the aid of a northerly breeze, which blew but for a moment. We frequently stopped to take Albanians on board: as early as the second day of our voyage we had four of these people, who took possession of our cabin; we were obliged to put up with their brutality and insolence. At the least noise, they ran up on the deck, seized their muskets, and like madmen seemed ready to make war on absent enemies. I have seen them take aim at children who ran along the bank of the river asking charity: the little unfortunates ran and hid themselves behind the ruins of their huts, as if accustomed to these horrid diversions. During this time, our Turkish merchants went on shore, squatted quietly on their heels, turned their faces towards Mecca, and cut a kind of religious caper in the middle of the fields. Our Albanians, half Mussulmen and half Christians, ejaculated: "Mahomet!" and "Virgin Mary!" took their beads from their pockets, repeated obscene words in French, swallowed

large pitchers of wine, fired their muskets in the air, and insulted both Christians and Mahometans.

Is it then possible that the laws can make such a distinction among men? Can those hordes of Albanian banditti, those stupid Mussulmen, those Fellahs so cruelly oppressed, inhabit the same places where once lived a people so industrious, so peaceable, so wise—a people of whose manners and customs Herodotus and Diodorus in particular have left us such a pleasing description. Is there in any poem a finer picture than the following?

"In the early ages the kings of Egypt did not conduct themselves like those of other nations, where they do whatever they please, without being obliged to follow any rule, or to take any advice; every thing was prescribed them by the laws, not only in regard to the government of the kingdom, but also in relation to their private conduct. They could not have purchased slaves, or even such as were born in their residences, to wait upon them; but the sons of the principal priests, always above the age of twenty years, and the best educated persons in the whole nation, were given them for this purpose; that the monarch, seeing himself night and day surrounded by the most distinguished of the Egyptian youth, might do nothing mean or unbecoming his rank. In fact, if princes so easily plunge into all sorts of vice, it is because they find ministers ever ready to be the tools of their passions. There were, in particular, certain hours of the day and night when the king could not dispose of his time as he pleased, but was obliged to perform duties specified by the laws. At daybreak he was required to read the letters addressed to him by his subjects, that, being acquainted from his own knowledge with the wants of his kingdom, he might supply them all, and correct all abuses.—Having bathed, he put on a splendid robe, and other insignia of royalty, to go and sacrifice to the gods. When the victims had been led to the altar, the high priest, standing, and in the presence of all the people, prayed aloud to the gods to preserve the king, and to bestow on him all sorts of prosperity, because he governed his subjects with justice. He then enumerated in his prayer all the virtues befitting a sovereign, continuing in these words: 'Because he is master of himself, magnanimous, beneficent, kind to others, an enemy to falsehood, his punishments are

not equal to his crimes, and his rewards surpass the services for which they are conferred.' Having said several things of this kind. he condemned the errors into which the king had fallen through ignorance. It is true, he exculpated the monarch himself, but he loaded with execrations the flatterers, and all those who had given him bad counsel. The high priest adopted this method, because advice mingled with praise is often more efficacious than severe reproof, for inspiring sovereigns with the fear of the gods and the love of virtue. After this, the king having sacrificed and consulted the entrails of the victim, the reader of the sacred books read to him some remarkable actions or words of great men; in order that the head of the commonwealth, having his mind imbued with excellent principles, might put them in practice on such occasions as should present themselves."

It is greatly to be regretted that the illustrious archbishop of Cambray, instead of delineating an imaginary Egypt, had not borrowed this picture, working it up with such colours as his exquisite genius would have suggested. Faydit is right on this single point, if it be possible for that man to be right who is totally destitute of decorum, honesty, and taste. But still, Fenelon should have retained, at any rate, the ground-work of the adventures of his own invention, and related them in the most ancient style; the episode of Thermosiris alone is equivalent in value to a long poem.

"I advanced into a gloomy forest, where I all at once perceived an old man holding a book in his hand This old man had a large forehead, bald, and somewhat wrinkled; a white beard descended to his waist; his person was tall and majestic, and his complexion still fresh and ruddy. His eyes were lively and piercing, his voice mild, his words simple and amiable. Never did I behold such a venerable old man; his name was Thermosiris."

We passed through the canal of Menouf, which prevented me from seeing the fine wood of palm-trees on the great western branch; but the Arabs then infested the west bank of that branch which borders on the Lybian desert. On leaving the canal of Menouf, and continuing to ascend the river, we perceived on our left the ridge of Mount Mokattam, and on our right the high sandy downs of Lybia. In the intermediate space between these

two chains of mountains, we soon descried the tops of the Pyramids, from which we were yet upwards of ten leagues distant. During the remainder of our voyage, which took us near eight hours, I remained upon deck to contemplate these tombs; which seemed to increase in magnitude and height as we approached. The Nile, which then resembled a little sea; the mixture of the sands of the desert, and the freshest verdure; the palm-trees, the sycamores, the domes, the mosques, and the minarets of Cairo; the distant Pyramids of Sakkarah, from which the river seemed to issue as from its immense reservoirs, altogether formed a scene to which the world cannot produce a parallel. "But, in spite of all the efforts of men," says Bossuet, "their insignificance is invariably apparent; these Pyramids were tombs! Nay, more; the kings by whom they were erected had not the satisfaction of being interred in them, and, consequently, did not enjoy their sepulchre."

I confess, however, that at the first sight of the Pyramids, the only sentiment I felt was admiration. Philosophy, I know, can sigh or smile at the reflection that the most stupendous monument ever erected by the hand of man is a tomb; but why should we behold in the Pyramid of Cheops nothing but a heap of stones and a skeleton? It was not from a sense of his nothingness that man reared such a sepulchre, but from the instinct of his immortality. This sepulchre is not the boundary that marks the termination of the career of a day, but the entrance of a life without end; 'tis an everlasting gate erected on the confines of eternity. "All these people," (of Egypt,) says Diodorus Siculus, "considering the duration of life as a very short period, and of little importance, are, on the other hand, extremely solicitous about that long memory which virtue leaves behind it. For this reason they give to the habitations of the living the name of inns, where they sojourn only for a short time, but that of eternal abodes to the tombs of the dead, which they are never more to quit. Accordingly, the kings have manifested a certain indifference in regard to the construction of their palaces, and bestowed all their attention on that of their tombs."

It is insisted, at the present day, that all monuments had a physical utility, and it is not considered that there is a moral utility for nations of a much higher order, which was studied by the

legislators of antiquity. Is, then, nothing to be learned from the sight of a tomb? If any lesson is taught by it, why should we complain that a king resolved to render that lesson perpetual? Majestic monuments constitute an essential part of the glory of every human society. Unless we maintain that it is a matter of indifference whether a nation leaves behind it a name or no name in history, we cannot condemn those structures which extend the memory of a people beyond its own existence, and make it contemporary with the future generations that fix their residence in its forsaken fields. Of what consequence is it then whether these edifices were amphitheatres or sepulchres? Every thing is a tomb, with a nation that no longer exists. When man is gone, the monuments of his life are still more vain than those of his death: his mausoleum is at least serviceable to his ashes; but do his palaces retain any particle of his pleasures?

Most certainly, if we would be strict, a little grave is sufficient for all, and six feet of ground, as Matthew Molé observes, will always do justice to the greatest man in the world. God may be adored under a tree, as beneath the dome of St. Peter's; and a man may live in a cottage as well as in the Louvre. The error of this mode of reasoning consists in transferring one order of things into another. Besides, a nation is not more happy when it lives in ignorance of the arts, than when it leaves behind striking evidences of its genius. People have ceased to believe in the existence of those communities of shepherds who pass their days in innocence, and beguile the delicious hours with rambling in the recesses of forests. Full well we know that these honest pastors make war upon each other, that they may feast upon the sheep of their neighbours. Their bowers are neither shaded with vines, nor embalmed with the perfume of flowers; you are suffocated in their habitations with the smoke, and stifled with the stench of milk. In poetry, and in philosophy, a petty half-barbarous tribe may enjoy every earthly blessing; but merciless history subjects them to the same calamities as the rest of mankind. Are they who so loudly exclaim against glory—are they, I would ask, totally regardless of renown? For my part, so far from considering the monarch who erected the great Pyramid as a madman, I look upon him to have been a sovereign of a magnanimous disposition. The idea of vanquishing time by a tomb, of surviving

generations, manners, laws, and ages, by a coffin, could not have sprung from a vulgar mind. If this be pride, it is at least a grand pride. Such a vanity as that which produced the great Pyramid, that has withstood the ravages of three or four thousand years, must certainly, in the end, be accounted as something.

For the rest, these Pyramids reminded me of less pompous monuments, though they were likewise sepulchres: I mean those edifices of turf, which cover the remains of the Indians on the banks of the Ohio. When I visited these, I was in a very different state of mind from that in which I contemplated the mausoleums of the Pharaohs: I was then beginning my journey, and now I am finishing it. The world, at these two periods of my life, wore to me precisely the appearance of the two deserts in which I have seen these two species of tombs; a smiling wilderness, and barren sands.

We landed at Boulak, where we hired horses and asses to carry us to Cairo. This city, commanded by the ancient castle of Babylon and Mount Mokattam, forms a very picturesque view, from the great number of palm-trees, sycamores, and minarets, which rise from the midst of it. We entered it by a ruined suburb, and lay-stalls, where vultures were devouring their prey. We alighted in the quarter of the Franks, a street without any thoroughfare, the entrance of which is shut up every night, like the exterior cloisters of a convent. We were received by Monsieur ———,* whom M. Drovetti had entrusted with the English agency at Cairo. He took us under his protection, and sent to acquaint the pacha with our arrival; he at the same time caused the five French mamelukes to be apprised of the circumstance, that they might attend us in our excursions.

These mamelukes were in the service of the pacha. Large armies always leave behind them some stragglers; ours lost, in this manner, two or three hundred men, who remained dispersed in Egypt. They followed the fortunes of different beys, and soon became renowned for their valour. It was universally admitted, that if these deserters, instead of espousing opposite inte-

* By the greatest of accidents the name of my host is effaced in my journal, and I fear that my memory has not retained it correctly, for which reason I cannot venture to insert it. I should not forgive myself for such a mischance if my memory were as treacherous in regard to the services, attentions, and civilities of my host, as it has proved in respect to his name.

rests, had united, and appointed a French bey, they might have made themselves masters of the whole country. Unfortunately, they wanted a leader, and almost all perished in the pay of the masters whom they had chosen. When I was at Cairo, Mohamed Ali Pacha was still deploring the death of one of these brave fellows. This soldier, who was at first a drum-boy in one of our regiments, had fallen by the chance of war into the hands of the Turks; before he had arrived at manhood he enlisted himself among the troops of the pacha. Mohamed, to whom he was a stranger, seeing him charge a whole host of enemies, cried out: "Who is that man? he must be a Frenchman"—and a Frenchman he actually proved to be. From that moment he became a favourite with his master, and nothing was talked of but his intrepidity. He was killed shortly before my arrival in Egypt, in an action in which the other five mamelukes lost their horses.

These men were natives of Gascony, Languedoc, and Picardy: their chief acknowledged that he was the son of a shoemaker of Toulouse. The next in authority to him acted as interpreter for his comrades. He spoke Turkish and Arabic very fluently, and always said in French *j'etions, j'alliont, je fashions.* A third, a tall young man, very slender and pale, had lived a long time in the desert with the Bedouins, and exceedingly regretted that way of life. He told me that when he found himself alone in the midst of sands, upon a camel, he was seized with such transports of joy that he was unable to restrain them. The pacha esteemed these men so highly, that he preferred them to the rest of his spahis: they alone equalled, and even surpassed the intrepidity of those formidable horse destroyed by the emperor at the battle of the Pyramids. We live in an age of wonders; every Frenchman now seems to be summoned to perform an extraordinary part: five soldiers out of the lowest ranks of our army were, in 1806, all but masters of Cairo. Nothing could be a more amusing and singular spectacle than to see Abdallah of Toulouse take the strings of his caftan, lay them about the faces of the Arabs and Albanians who annoyed him, and thus clear a wide passage for us through the most populous streets. For the rest, these kings, by exile, had, after the example of Alexander, adopted the manners of the conquered: they wore long vests of silk, fine white turbans, and superb arms; they kept a harém, slaves, and horses of the

highest blood: things which their fathers in Gascony and Picardy knew nothing at all about. But among the mats, the carpets, the divans which I saw in their house, I remarked a relic of their native land; it was a uniform which exhibited sabre cuts in different places, and covered the foot of a bed made up in the French fashion. Abdallah perhaps reserved these honourable tatters for the conclusion of the dream, like the shepherd raised to the station of prime minister:

> Le coffre étant ouvert, on y vit des lambeaux,
> L'habit d'un gardeur de troupeaux,
> Petit chapeau, jupon, panetiere, houlette,
> Et, je pense, aussi sa musette.

November first, the day after our arrival at Cairo, we went up to the castle to examine Joseph's Well, the mosque, &c. The pacha's son then resided in this castle. We paid our respects to his excellency, who might be about fourteen or fifteen years old. We found him seated on a carpet in a ruinous apartment, surrounded by a dozen flatterers, eager to gratify all his caprices. Never did I behold a more disgusting spectacle. The father of this boy was scarcely master of Cairo, and possessed neither Upper nor Lower Egypt. It was in this state of things that twelve miserable savages fed with the vilest adulation a young barbarian shut up for safety in a dungeon. Such was the master to whom the Egyptians looked forward after so many calamities!

While they were thus engaged, in one corner of the castle, in corrupting the mind of a boy who was destined to govern men; in another part they were busily coining money of the baseat alloy: and that the inhabitants of Cairo might receive without a murmur both the adulterated coin and the depraved chief that were preparing for them, the guns were pointed against the city.

I was much better pleased to expatiate abroad with my eye, and to admire from the top of the castle the immense picture presented in the distance by the Nile, the cultivated district, the desert, and the Pyramids. Though four leagues from the latter, we seemed to be quite close to them. I could perfectly distinguish with my naked eye the courses of stones, and the head of the Sphynx rising above the sand; with a telescope I counted the steps at the angles of the great Pyramid, and discerned the

eyes, mouth, and ears of the Sphynx: so prodigious are these masses.

In the plains which extend from the other side of the Nile to the desert where the Pyramids rear their lofty heads, once stood the city of Memphis.

"These happy plains," says Diodorus, "reported to be the abode of the just after death, are, in fact, no other than the beautiful country in the vicinity of the lake Acherusia, near Memphis, composed of fields and ponds covered with corn or the lotos. It is not without foundation that the dead have been said to reside here, for here terminate the funeral ceremonies of most of the Egyptians, when their bodies, having been conveyed across the Nile and the lake Acherusia, are finally deposited in tombs constructed under the surface of these plains. The ceremonies yet practised in Egypt correspond with all the notions of the Greeks respecting the infernal regions, as to the boat in which the body is transported; the piece of money that must be given to the ferryman, named, in the Egyptian language, Charon; the temple of the gloomy Hecate, situate at the entrance of hell; the gates of the Cocytus and Lethe, turning on brazen hinges; and other gates, which are those of Virtue and of Justice, who is without a head.

On the second we went to Djize, and the island of Roda. We examined the Nilometer in the midst of the ruins of the house of Mourad Bey. We had thus advanced a good deal nearer to the Pyramids. At this distance they seemed to be of immense height: towering above the verdant rice-fields, the current of the river, the tops of the palms and aycamores, they appeared, in this point of view, like colossal structures erected in a magnificent garden. The beams of the sun, of admirable softness, coloured the sterile chain of Mokattam, the sands of Lybia, the horizon of Sakkarah, and the plain of the tombs. A brisk wind drove the light white clouds towards Nubia, and ruffled the expanded surface of the Nile. I thought Egypt the finest country in the world; I love the very deserts which border it, and which open to the imagination the field of immensity.

On our return from this excursion, we saw the deserted mosque which I have mentioned in treating of that of Jerusa-

lem, and which appeared to me to be the model of the cathedral of Cordova.

I spent five days more at Cairo, in the hope of visiting the sepulchres of the Pharaohs; but this was impossible. Most unluckily, the waters of the Nile had not yet sufficiently subsided, to allow of my going on horseback to the Pyramids, and were not high enough to admit of approaching them in a boat. We sent out people to sound the fords, and explore the country; but all the Arabs agreed in reporting that it would be necessary to wait at least three weeks or a month before the journey could be undertaken. Such a delay might have kept me all the winter in Egypt, for the westerly winds were just beginning to blow; and this would not have agreed either with my object or my finances. I had already lingered too long on my journey, and by resolving upon this excursion to Cairo, I ran the risk of never more revisiting France. I was therefore obliged to yield to my fate, to return to Alexandria, and to be content with having beheld the Pyramids with my eyes, as I could not touch them with my hands I requested M. Caffe, on the first opportunity, to inscribe my name, according to custom, on these prodigious tombs: for I like to fulfil all the little duties of a pious traveller. Are we not gratified when we read, on the relics of Memnon's statue, the names of the Romans who heard it sigh when gilded by the first beams of the rising sun? These Romans were strangers, like ourselves, in the land of Egypt, and like them we shall also pass away.

For the rest, I could easily have reconciled myself to a residence at Cairo; it is the only place that I have seen which at all comes up to the idea we usually form of an oriental city. Accordingly, it figures in the Arabian Nights. It still retains many traces of the visit of the French: the women show themselves with less reserve than formerly; you are at perfect liberty to go in and out whenever and wherever you please; and the European dress, instead of being an object of insult, is a claim to protection. There is a very pleasant garden having circular alleys planted with palm-trees, which serves for a public walk; this was the work of our soldiers.

Before I left Cairo, I made Abdallah a present of a double-barrelled gun, of Le Page's manufacture, which he promised to

make use of on the first opportunity. I bade adieu to my host and my amiable fellow travellers, and proceeded to Boulak, where I embarked with M. Caffe for Rosetta. We were the only passengers in the vessel, and we got under weigh at seven in the evening of the 8th of November.

We fell down the river by the branch of Menouf. On the morning of the 10th, just as we had cleared that channel, and were again entering the great branch of Rosetta, we perceived the west bank of the river occupied by a camp of Arabs. In spite of all our efforts the current drove us to that side, and obliged us to keep near the shore. A sentinel, concealed behind an old wall, called to the master to land. The latter replied that he was in a hurry to reach the place of his destination, and that, besides, he was not an enemy. During this dialogue we had approached within pistol shot of the shore, and the current ran in this direction for the space of a mile. The sentinel, seeing that we pursued our course, fired upon us: this first ball narrowly missed the man at the helm, who returned it with his carbine. The whole camp, taking the alarm, hastened to the water's edge, and we were exposed to the fire of the whole line. We proceeded very slowly, for the wind was contrary, and, to crown our ill luck, we grounded for a moment. We were unarmed: I had given my piece, as I have related, to Abdallah. I would have persuaded M. Caffe, whose kindness to me had brought him into this disagreeable adventure, to go below; but though the father of a family, and advanced in years, he insisted on remaining upon deck. I remarked the extraordinary agility of an Arab, who fired, charged his piece as he ran, fired again, and that without suffering the vessel to gain upon him a single step. The current at length carried us towards the opposite bank; but, in so doing, it threw us into a camp of Albanian rebels, from whom we were in much greater danger than from the Arabs, for they were provided with cannon, and a single ball might have sunk us. We perceived a bustle on shore; but, luckily, night came on. We kindled no fire, and maintained profound silence. Providence conducted us, without farther accident, amid these hostile parties, to Rosetta, where we arrived on the 11th, at ten in the morning.

I there spent two days with M. Caffe and M. de Saint Marcel, and set out on the 13th for Alexandria. On quitting Egypt, I saluted it in these beautiful lines of M. Esmenard, in his poem entitled, *La Navigation*.

Mère antique des arts et des fables divines,
Toi, dont la gloire assise au milieu des ruines,
Etonne le génie et confond notre orgueil,
Egypte vénérable, où, du fond du cercueil,
Ta grandeur colossale insulte à nos chimères;
C'est ton peuple qui sut, à ces barques légères
Dont rien ne dirigeoit le cours audacieux,
Chercher des guides sûrs dans la voûte des cieux.
Quand le fleuve sacré qui féconde tes rives
T'apportoit en tribut ses ondes fugitives,
Et sur l'email des prés égarant les poissons,
Du limon de ses flots nourissoit tes moissons,
Les hameaux dispersés sur les hauteurs fertiles,
D'un nouvel Océan sembloit former les îles;
Les palmiers ranimés par la fraicheur des eaux,
Sur l'onde salutaire abaissoient leurs rameaux;
Par les feux du Cancer Syène poursuivie,
Dan ses sables brûlans sentoit filtrer la vie;
Et des murs de Péluse aux lieux où fut Memphis,
Mille canots flottoient sur la terre d'Isis.
Le foible papyrus, par des tissus fragiles,
Formoit les flancs etroits de ces barques agiles,
Qui des lieux séparés conservant les rapports,
Reunissoient l'Egypte en parcourant ses bords.
Mais lorsque dans les airs la Vierge triomphante
Ramenoit vers le Nil son onde decroissante,
Quand les troupeaux belans et les épis dorés
S'emparoient à leur tour des champs désaltérés,
Alors d'autres vaisseaux, à l'active industrie,
Ouvroient des aquilons l'orageuse patrie,
Alors mille cités que décoroient les arts,
L'immense pyramide, et cent palais épars,
Du Nil enorgueilli couronnoient le rivage.
Dans les sables d'Ammon le porphyre sauvage,
En colonne hardi élancé dans les airs,
De sa pompe étrangère étonnoit les déserts.

O grandeur des mortels! O temps impitoyable!
Les destins sont comblés: dans leur course immuable,
Les siècles ont détruit cet éclat passager
Que la superbe Egypte offrit à l'étranger,

The same day, the 13th, at seven in the evening, I arrived at Alexandria.

M. Drovetti had hired me an Austrian vessel for Tunis. She carried one hundred and twenty tons, and was commanded by a Ragusan. The mate, named Francis Dinelli, was a young Venetian, of great skill in his profession. The necessary preparations for the voyage, and stormy weather, kept us in the harbour for ten days, which interval I employed in looking about me at Alexandria.

We find in Strabo the most satisfactory details respecting ancient Alexandria; thanks to M. de Volney, the modern city is equally well known, that traveller having given a most complete and faithful picture of it. I refer the reader to the account of that traveller, which, as a descriptive piece, has not, perhaps, its superior in our language. As to the monuments of Alexandria, Pococke, Norden, Shaw, Thevenot, Paul Lucas, Tott, Niebuhr, Sonnini, and a hundred others, have examined, enumerated, and measured them. I shall therefore merely introduce here the inscription on Pompey's pillar. I believe I am the first traveller that has brought it to France.

For the possession of this piece of antiquity, the learned world is indebted to some English officers, who covered the inscription with plaster, and thus obtained an impression of the characters which compose it.

Pococke copied some of the letters: several other travellers had perceived it, and I myself made out with my naked eye several syllables, among the rest this commencement of a word, ΔΙΟΚ, which is decisive. The impressions on plaster furnished these four lines:

ΤΟ....ΩΤΑΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ
ΤΟΝ ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΝ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΙΑΣ
ΔΙΟΚ....Η....ΙΑΝΟΝΤΟΝ....ΤΟΝ
ΠΟ....ΕΠΑΡΧΟΣ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΥ.

To this inscription it will be necessary to prefix the word ΠΡΟΣ. The first break must be filled up with ΝΣΟΦ; the second with Α; the third with Τ; the fourth with ΑΥΤΟΥΣ, and the fifth with ΛΛΙΟΝ. It will be perceived that there is nothing arbitrary here except the

word ΑΥΤΟΥΣΤΟΝ, which, however, is not of much consequence. With these additions it will read as follows:

ΤΟΝ ΣΦΩΤΑΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ
ΤΟΝ ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΝ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΙΑΣ
ΔΙΟΚΛΗΤΙΑΝΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΓΟΥΣΤΟΝ
ΠΟΛΛΙΩΝ ΕΠΑΡΧΟΣ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΥ.

"To the very wise emperor, the protector of Alexandria, Diocesian Augustus, Pollio, prefect of Egypt."

Thus all doubts relative to Pompey's pillar are cleared up.* But is history silent on this subject? I think I recollect reading, in the life of one of the fathers of the Desert, written in Greek by a contemporary, that, during an earthquake which happened at Alexandria, all the columns were overthrown except Diocesian's.

M. Boissonade proposes to suppress the word ΠΡΟΣ in my reading, which is prefixed merely to govern the accusatives, and whose place is not marked on the base of the column. He conceives that, in this case, as in a great number of inscriptions recorded by Chandler, Wheeler, Spon, &c. the word ἐτίμησε, *honoravit*, is understood. M. Boissonade, who is destined to console us for the loss, or the old age, of so many illustrious scholars, is evidently right.

At Alexandria I enjoyed one of those little gratifications of vanity which authors are so fond of, and which had before made me so proud at Sparta. A rich Turk, a traveller and astronomer, whose name was Ali Bey el Abassy, having heard my name mentioned, declared that he was acquainted with my works. I paid him a visit with the consul. *Ah! mon cher Atala, et ma chère René!* exclaimed he, as soon as he saw me. At that moment Ali Bey seemed worthy of being a descendant of the great Saladin. I am likewise inclined to believe, that he is the most learned and polished Turk in the world, though he is not perfectly acquainted with the genders of nouns in French; but *non ego paucis offendar maculis.*

If I had been enchanted with Egypt, I thought Alexandria, on the contrary, the most dreary and desolate place in the world.

* That is to say, as far as relates to the inscription; for the column itself is of much higher antiquity than this dedication.

From the terrace of the consul's house I could perceive nothing but a naked sea, breaking against the low and still more naked coast; harbours almost empty, and the Lybian deserts stretching to the south as far as the eye could reach. This desert seemed, as it were, an extension of the yellow and level surface of the deep. You might imagine that you had before you but one single sea, one half of which was agitated and turbulent, and the other half silent and motionless. Modern Alexandria everywhere mingling its ruins with the ruins of the ancient city; an Arab galloping among them upon an ass: a number of half starved dogs devouring the carcasses of the camels on the beach; the flags of European consuls waving over their habitations, and displaying hostile colours in the midst of tombs—such was the spectacle here presented to my view.

Sometimes I took a ride with M. Drovetti to the old town, to Necropolis, or to the desert. The plant which yields soda scarcely covered the dry sand; the jackals fled at our approach; a species of cricket chirped with a shrill and disagreeable voice, painfully reminding you of the villager's cot, in this solitude, where no rural smoke ever calls you to the tent of the Arab. This place has become still more dreary since the English inundated the spacious hollow which served Alexandria for a garden. Nothing meets the eye but sand, water, and Pompey's eternal pillar.

On the platform of his house, M. Drovetti had built an aviary, in the shape of a tent, where he kept quails and partridges of various kinds. We spent whole hours in walking to and fro in this aviary, and talking of France. The conclusion of all our conversations was, that we ought to seek, as speedily as possible, for some humble retreat in our native land, and there bury our long-cherished hopes. One day, after a long argument on the subject of repose, I turned towards the sea, and pointed to the ship in which I was soon to embark, battered by the winds. Not but that, after all, the desire of repose is natural to man; but the object which to us appears the most humble, is not always the most easily attained, and very often the cottage and the palace alike elude our wishes.

The sky was overcast during my whole stay at Alexandria, and the sea gloomy and tempestuous. I went to sleep, and awoke

amidst the continual roaring of the billows, which broke almost at the foot of the consul's house. I might have applied to myself the reflections of Eudore, if an author be allowed to quote his own work:

"The dismal murmur of the sea was the first sound that greeted my ear on coming into the world: upon how many shores have I since beheld these same billows breaking, which I here contemplate! Who would have supposed, a few years since, that I should hear those waves, which I saw sporting on the fine sands of Messina, roaring on the coasts of Italy, on the shores of the Batavi, of the Bretons, and of Gaul? Where will be the end of my peregrinations? Happy should I have been had death overtaken me before I set out on my travels through the world, and when I had yet no adventures to relate."*

During my compulsory stay at Alexandria, I received several letters from M. Caffe, my brave companion in the voyage up and down the Nile. I shall give an extract from one, dated Rosetta, November 14th, 1806, as it contains a few particulars relative to the affairs of Egypt at that period:

"Mohamed Aga,† the present treasurer of Mohamed Ali, pacha of Cairo, arrived here about noon: it is reported that he demands a contribution of five hundred purses upon the new rice. So you see things get worse and worse.

"The village where the mamelukes defeated the Albanians, and which both of them plundered, is called Nekle: the name of that where we were attacked by the Arabs is Saffi."

On the 23d of November, at noon, the wind having become favourable, I went on board with my French servant. I took leave of M. Drovetti on the shore, and we once more promised each other remembrance and friendship. Our ship lay at anchor in the great harbour of Alexandria, where Christian vessels are now admitted as well as Turkish: a revolution owing to our arms. I found on board a rabbi from Jerusalem, a native of Barbary, and two poor Moors of Morocco, perhaps descendants of the Abencerrages, returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca. They begged their passage of me as a charity. I received the children

* Les Martyrs.

† Mohamed Aga, the chief of the Albanians, struck with the lustre of a great name, has added that of the emperor to his own.

of Israel and Mahomet in the name of Jesus Christ. In reality, I could claim no great merit on this account, for I took it into my head that these poor creatures would bring me good luck.

At two o'clock we weighed anchor. A pilot steered us out of the port. We had but very little wind, and that from the south. We continued three days within sight of Pompey's pillar, which we perceived at the horizon. At length, on the third day, the evening gun of the port of Alexandria seemed to give the signal for our final departure; a breeze sprung up from the north, and we made sail to the west. We first attempted to cross the great gulf of Lybia, but the wind, which before was not very favourable, shifted to the northwest on the 29th of November, and we were obliged to stand out between Crete and the coast of Africa.

On the 1st of December, the wind settling in the west, completely obstructed our farther progress. It got round by degrees to the southwest, and increased to a tempest, which lasted till our arrival at Tunis. The remainder of our voyage was but a kind of incessant shipwreck, for the long space of forty-two days. On the 3d we took in all the sails, and began to scud before the sea. In this manner we were carried with prodigious violence to the very coast of Caramania: there, for four whole days I had abundant leisure to survey the dreary and elevated summits of the Cragus, enveloped in clouds. We kept beating about, and endeavouring, on the slightest variation of the wind, to get out to sea. We had, for a moment, some thoughts of going into the harbour of Chateau Rouge; but the captain, who was extremely timorous, durst not trust himself in those roads. The night of the eighth was very trying: a sudden squall from the south drove us towards the Island of Rhodes: the sea ran so high as to strain the ship exceedingly. We descried a small Greek felucca half under water, to which we could afford no assistance. She passed within a cable's length of our stern. The crew, consisting of four men, were on their knees upon deck: they had hung a lantern to their mast, and their lamentable cries were wafted to us by the winds. Next morning we saw nothing of this felucca.

The wind having shifted to the north, we hoisted the foresail, and endeavoured to keep to the southward of Rhodes. We made the island of Scarpanto. On the 10th the wind again changed to

the west, and we lost all hopes of being able to pursue our course. I wished the captain to relinquish his design of crossing the gulf of Lybia, and to bear away for the Archipelago, where we might expect to meet with other winds; but he was afraid to venture among the Islands. We had already been seventeen days at sea. I employed myself in writing out and arranging the notes for these travels; and at night I walked the deck with the mate. The nights passed on the bosom of the deep, in a ship battered by the tempest, are not barren for the mind; exalted ideas spring from grand objects. The stars, which appear for a moment between the fleeting clouds; the billows sparkling around you; the hollow sound returned by the sides of the vessel to the dashing waves, all proclaim that you are out of the power of man, and dependent on the will of the Almighty alone. The uncertainty of your future prospects reduces objects to their true value; and the world, contemplated amidst a tempestuous sea, resembles life considered by a man on the brink of eternity.

After twenty times ploughing the same billows, we again found ourselves, on the 12th, off the Island of Scarpanto. This Island, formerly called Carpathos, and, by Homer, Crapathos, gave its name to the Carpathian sea. A few lines of Virgil now constitute all its celebrity.

> Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates
> Cæruleus Proteus, &c.
>
> In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
> The shepherd of the seas, a prophet, and a god!
> High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides,
> His azure car and finny coursers guides;
> Proteus his name; to his Pallenian port
> I see from far the weary god resort.
> Him not alone we river gods adore,
> But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
> With sure foresight, and with unerring doom,
> He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
> This Neptune gave him when he gave to keep
> His scaly flocks that graze the wat'ry deep.*

I should not go, if I could, to reside in the Island of Proteus, notwithstanding the fine verses of the Georgics. I can still figure

* Georg. IV. translated by Dryden.

to myself the miserable villages of Anchinates, Horo, and St. Helia, which we descried with our glasses in the mountains of the island. I have not, like Menelaus and Aristæus, lost my kingdom or my bees; I have nothing to expect from the future, and I leave to the son of Neptune secrets which cannot interest me.

On the 12th, at six in the evening, the wind turning to the south, I persuaded the captain, with some difficulty, to steer to leeward of the island of Crete. At nine he said, according to custom, *Ho paura!* and retired to bed. M. Dinelli resolved to attempt the channel formed by the islands of Scarpanto and Coxo. We entered it with a violent southwest wind. At dawn of day we found ourselves among an archipelago of islets, and surrounded with breakers. We resolved to put into the harbour of the island of Stampalia, which was ahead of us.

This dull port had neither ships upon its waters nor houses upon its shores. We perceived only a village, perched as usual on the summit of a rock. We came to an anchor, and I went on shore with the captain. While he proceeded to the village, I explored the interior of the island. I saw nothing but heaths, rills of water running over moss, and the sea breaking against the rocks which girded the coast. The ancients, nevertheless, gave to this island the appellation of Θεῶν τράπεζα, the table of the gods, on account of the flowers with which it was enamelled. It is better known by the name of Astypalæ, and contained a temple consecrated to Achilles. In the wretched hamlet of Stampalia there are, in all probability, very happy people—people who, perhaps, have never been out of their native isle, and never heard of our revolutions. I asked myself if I should have wished for their felicity; but I was already an old mariner, incapable of answering this question in the affirmative, and whose dreams are the offspring of the winds and tempests.

Our crew took on board a supply of water, and the captain returned with some fowls and a live hog. A Candiot felucca entered the harbour; and no sooner had she come to an anchor by our side, than the crew set up a dance about the helm. *O Græcia vana!*

The wind still continuing to blow from the south, we got under weigh on the 16th, at nine A. M. We passed to the southward of the island of Nanfia, and at sunset descried the coast of Crete.

The following day, the 17th, steering north northwest, we discovered Mount Ida. Its summit, covered with snow, resembled an immense cupola. We made for the island of Cerigo, and were so fortunate as to pass it on the 18th. On the 19th, I once more beheld the coasts of Greece, and saluted Tænarium. To our great joy, a gale sprung up from the southwest, and in five days we arrived in the sea of Malta. We descried that island on Christmas eve; but the next day the wind shifting to west northwest, drove us to the south of Lampedosa. For eighteen days we lay off the east coast of the kingdom of Tunis, suspended between life and death. Never while I live shall I forget the 28th. We were in sight of Pantalaria; at noon we were overtaken by a profound calm; a lurid light illumined the gloomy and threatening atmosphere. About sunset, so thick was the darkness that enveloped us, as to justify, in my opinion, the beautiful expression of Virgil: *Ponto nox incubat atra.* A tremendous uproar ensued. A hurricane burst upon the vessel, and whirled her round like a feather on a basin of water. In a moment the sea was agitated to such a degree, that its surface exhibited one continued sheet of foam. The ship, which no longer obeyed the helm, was like a black spot upon the whitened ocean; the violence of the wind seemed to raise her out of the water; she turned round in every direction, plunging her head and stern alternately in the waves. The return of light showed us the extent of our danger. We were almost close to the Island of Lampedosa. In the same hurricane two English ships of war perished at Malta, as was stated in the newspapers of the time. M. Dinelli, considering the loss of the ship as inevitable, wrote upon a slip of paper: "F. A. de Chateaubriand, wrecked on the island of Lampedosa, the 28th of December, 1806, on his return from the Holy Land." This paper I corked up in an empty bottle, with the intention of throwing it into the sea at the last moment.

Providence was pleased to save us. A slight variation of the wind enabled us, at noon, to clear Lampedosa, and we found ourselves once more in the open sea. The wind getting round again to the north, we ventured to hoist a sail, and bore away for the Lesser Syrtis. The bottom of this Syrtis keeps gradually rising to the shore, so that, by paying attention to the soundings as you approach, you may anchor in any depth of water you

please. From the shallowness of the water, the sea is calm here in the violent winds, and this gulf, so dangerous to the barks of the ancients, is a sort of port in the open sea for modern vessels.

We cast anchor off the island of Kerkeni, close to the line of the fishery. I was so heartily tired of this long passage, that I would gladly have landed at Sfax, and thence proceeded to Tunis by land; but the captain durst not put into the harbour of Sfax, the entrance of which is really dangerous. We lay at anchor eight days in the Lesser Syrtis, and here I passed the first day of the year 1807. Under how many stars, and in what a variety of situations had I already witnessed the renewal of the years, which either glide away so swiftly, or seem so tedious! How far were flown those days of infancy, when, with a heart throbbing for joy, I received the parental benediction and presents! With what impatience was this first day of the year always expected! But now, on board of a foreign ship, in the midst of the sea, in sight of a barbarous region, this day fled without pleasure, without the embraces of relatives, without any of those tender wishes of felicity which a mother forms with such sincerity for her son. This day, sprung from the bosom of tempests, sprinkled nought but cares, regrets, and gray hairs upon my brow.

We nevertheless thought it right to celebrate this day, not to do honour to an agreeable host, but out of regard for an old acquaintance. We slaughtered the remainder of our poultry, with the exception of a cock, our faithful time-keeper, which had never ceased to watch and crow in the midst of the greatest perils. The rabbis, the Barbaresco, and the two Moors, came from the ship's hold to partake of our banquet. This was my treat. We drank success to France: we were not far from the island of the Lotophagi, where the companions of Ulysses forgot their country; but I know not any fruit so delicious as to make me forget mine.

We were almost close to the Kerkeni islands, the Cercinæ of the ancients. In the time of Strabo, there was a fishery off these islands, as at present. The Cercinæ witnessed two extraordinary reverses of fortune; they beheld Hannibal and Marius successively pass them as fugitives. We were very near Africa, *(Turris Annibalis,)* where the first of these two great men was obliged to embark, to escape the ingratitude of the Carthaginians. Sfax is a

modern town, which, according to Dr. Shaw, derives its name from the word Fakouse, on account of the great quantity of cucumbers which grow in its vicinity.

On the 6th of January, 1807, the tempest having at length abated, we quitted the Lesser Syrtis, proceeded northward along the coast of Tunis for three days, and on the 10th doubled Cape Bon, the object of all our wishes. On the 12th we came to an anchor before Goletta, the harbour of Tunis. The boat was despatched to the shore, and I sent a letter to the French consul, M. Devoise. I was apprehensive of being obliged to perform another quarantine, but M. Devoise obtained permission for me to land on the 18th. It was with sincere joy that I left the ship. I hired horses at Goletta, made the circuit of the lake, and at five in the evening reached the house of my new host.

SIXTH PART.

TUNIS, AND RETURN TO FRANCE.

At the house of Monsieur and Madame Devoise I found the most generous hospitality, and the most agreeable society: they had the kindness to keep me six weeks in their family, and at length I enjoyed a repose of which I had the greatest need. The carnival approached, and we thought of nothing but to be merry, in spite of the Moors. The ashes of Dido and the ruins of Carthage were treated with the tones of a French violin. We cared not for Scipio, nor Hannibal, nor Marius, nor Cato of Utica, whose mouth would have been stopped with some good wine (for he was fond of wine) had he taken it into his head to come and find fault with our mirth. St. Louis alone would have been respected as a Frenchman; but the good and great king would not have taken it amiss of his subjects to amuse themselves in the very place where he suffered so much.

The national character cannot be extinguished. Our seamen have a saying, that in founding new colonies, the Spaniards begin with building a church, the English a tavern, and the French a fort, and, I would add, a ball room. When I was in America, on the frontiers of the country of the savages, I was informed that in the next day's journey I should meet with a countryman of mine among the Indians. On my arrival among the Cayougas, a tribe belonging to the Iroquois nation, my guide conducted me into a forest. In the midst of this forest stood a kind of barn, in which I found about a score of savages of both sexes, bedaubed like conjurers, with their bodies half naked, their ears cut into figures, raven's feathers on their heads, and rings passed through their nostrils. A little Frenchman, powdered and frizzed in the old fashion, in a pea-green coat, a drugget waistcoat, muslin frill, and ruffles, was scraping away on his kit, and making these Iroquois dance to the tune of *Madelon Friquet*. M. Violet, for

that was his name, followed the profession of dancing-master among the savages, by whom he was paid for his lessons in beaver skins and bears' hams. He had been a scullion in the service of General Rochambeau, during the American war; but remaining at New-York after the return of the French army, he resolved to give the Americans instruction in the fine arts. His views having enlarged with his success, the new Orpheus resolved to introduce civilization even among the roving hordes of the new world. In speaking to me of the Indians, he always styled them, *Ces messieurs Sauvages*, and *Ces dames Sauvages*. He bestowed great praise on the agility of his scholars, and, in truth, never did I witness such gambols in my life. M. Violet, holding his fiddle between his chin and his breast, tuned the fatal instrument: he then cried out in Iroquois, *To your places!* and the whole troop fell a capering like a band of demons. Such is the genius of nations!

We danced, too, on the ruins of Carthage. Having lived at Tunis exactly as in France, I shall no longer follow the dates of my journal, but treat of subjects in a general manner, and in the order in which they occur to my memory. But, before I proceed to Carthage and its ruins, let me take some notice of the different persons with whom I became acquainted in Barbary. Besides the French consul, I frequently saw M. Lessing, the Dutch consul; his brother-in-law, M. Humberg, a Dutch officer of engineers, commanded at Goletta. It was with the latter I visited the ruins of Carthage, and I had infinite reason to be pleased with his attention and politeness. I also met with Mr. Lear, the consul of the United States. I had formerly been recommended, in America, to General Washington. Mr. Lear then held a situation under that great man, and he had the kindness, in memory of my illustrious patron, to provide me a passage in an American schooner, which landed me in Spain, as I shall hereafter relate. Lastly, I saw at Tunis, both at the consul's house and in the city, several young Frenchmen, to whom my name was not absolutely unknown. I must not omit to mention also the remains of the interesting family of M. Adanson.

If the multiplicity of materials puzzles the writer who would treat, at the present day, of Egypt and Judea, he is thrown into the very contrary dilemma, in regard to the antiquities of Africa,

by the scarcity of documents. Not that there is any want of Travels in Barbary; I know of at least thirty accounts of the kingdoms of Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis, but all of them are unsatisfactory. Among the older travels, Grammaye's *Africa Illustrata*, and Shaw's learned work, deserve particular notice. The *Missions* of the fathers of the Trinity and the fathers of Mercy record miracles of charity; but they do not, neither should they, contain any discussions respecting the Romans and Carthaginians. The memoirs subjoined to Paul Lucas's Travels comprehend nothing but a narrative of a civil war at Tunis. Shaw might have supplied the deficiency, had he extended his researches to history; but, unfortunately, he considers the subject only in its geographical relations. He scarcely touches, in the slightest manner, upon ancient history: Carthage, for instance, occupies no greater space in his observations than Tunis. Among the more modern travellers, Lady M. W. Montague, the abbé Poiret, and M. Desfontaines, say a few words concerning Carthage, but without entering into any details. In 1806, the same year in which I travelled, a work was published at Milan with this title: *Ragguaglio di alcuni Monumenti di Antichita ed Arti, raccolti negli ultimi Viaggi d'un Dilettante.* This book, as I believe, relates to Carthage, but I met with the note of it too late to procure it from Italy. It may therefore be asserted that the subject which I am about to treat is new: I will lead the way, and others of superior abilities will doubtless follow.

Before we proceed to Carthage, which is here the only interesting object, let us, in the first place, get rid of Tunis. This city retains its ancient name, with a very slight alteration. The Greeks and Latins called it Tunes, and Diodorus gives it the epithet of *White*, Λευκὸν, because it is built upon a chalky hill. It stands about twelve miles from Carthage, and near the banks of a salt-water lake, which communicates with the sea by means of the channel called the Goletta. This channel is defended by a fort. Merchant ships come to moorings before this fort, where they lie in security behind the mole of the Goletta, on payment of a considerable anchorage duty.

The lake of Tunis served for a port for the fleets of the ancients; at present, one of our light barks can scarcely sail across it without grounding. Care must be taken to follow the principal

channel, which is marked by poles driven into the mud. Abulfeda notices an island in this lake, which is now appropriated to the purpose of a lazaretto. Travellers have mentioned the flamingoes which enliven this otherwise dull expanse of water. When these beautiful birds fly against the sun, stretching out their necks before and their legs behind, they look like arrows tipped with rose-coloured feathers.

In going from the banks of the lake to Tunis, you cross a spot which serves as a promenade for the Franks. The city is walled, and about a league in circumference, including the exterior suburb, denominated Bled-el-Hadrah. The houses are low, the streets narrow, the shops poor, and the mosques mean. The inhabitants, who do not appear much abroad, have something wild and ferocious in their looks. Under the gates of the city you find people styled *Siddi*, or *Sainte*; who are blacks of both sexes, stark naked, devoured by vermin, wallowing in their own excrements, and insolently eating the bread of charity. These filthy wretches are under the immediate protection of Mahomet. European merchants, Turks belonging to Smyrna, degenerate Moors, renegados, and captives, compose the rest of the population.

The country round is pleasant: it exhibits extensive plains sown with corn, and bordered by hills, studded with olive and carob trees. A modern aqueduct, producing a good effect, crosses a valley in the rear of the city. At the extremity of this valley is seated the bey's country-house. The hills which I have just mentioned may be perceived from Tunis itself. To the east you discover the mountains of Mamelife—mountains singularly rent, and of the strangest shapes, at the foot of which are situated the hot springs known to the ancients. To the west and north appear the sea, the Goletta, and the ruins of Carthage.

The Tunisians are, however, less cruel, and more civilized, than the people of Algiers. They received among them the Moors of Andalusia, who inhabit the village of Tub-urbo, six leagues from Tunis, on the Me-jerdah.* The present bey is a man of abilities, and is striving to shake off his dependence on Algiers, to which Tunis has been subject ever since it was conquered by the Algerines, in 1757. This prince speaks Italian, is

* The Bagrada of antiquity, on the banks of which Regulus killed the famous serpent.

intelligent in conversation, and understands European politics much better than most of the Orientals. It is well known that Tunis was attacked by St. Louis, in 1270, and taken by Charles V., in 1535. As the death of the former is connected with the history of Carthage, I shall speak of it in another place. As to Charles V., he defeated the famous Barbarossa, and replaced the king of Tunis on his throne, obliging him, however, to pay tribute to Spain. On this subject Robertson's work may be consulted.* Charles V. retained the fortress of the Goletta, but the Turks retook it in 1574.

I shall say nothing concerning the Tunis of the ancients, because we shall presently see what a figure it makes in the wars between Rome and Carthage.

I was presented at Tunis with a manuscript which treats of the present state of the kingdom, its government, commerce, revenue, military force, and caravans. I have not availed myself of the information furnished by this manuscript; I am ignorant of its author; but, whoever he may be, it is just that he should receive the honour due to his performance. I shall give this excellent memoir in the Appendix. Now let us proceed to the history and ruins of Carthage.

In the year 883, before the Christian era, Dido, forced to flee from her native soil, landed on the coast of Africa. Carthage, founded by the consort of Sichæus, owed its origin to one of those tragical adventures that occur among infant nations, and are in some measure the germ and presage of calamities, the earlier or later fruits of all human society. Every reader is acquainted with the happy anachronism of the Æneid. Such is the privilege of genius, that the poetical misfortunes of Dido have become part of the glory of Carthage. When you survey the ruins of this city, the eye seeks the flames of the funeral pile; the ear listens to catch the imprecations of a deserted woman; we admire those powerful illusions which can absorb the imagination, in places teeming with the grandest historical recollections. When, indeed, an expiring queen summons to the walls of Carthage the deities inimical to Rome, and the gods, the avengers of violated hospitality; when Venus, deaf to the prayers of love, listens to the voice of hatred; when she refuses Dido a descendant by

* History of Charles V., book v.

Æneas, and gives her Hannibal: such an extraordinary story, told in an extraordinary language, cannot possibly be passed over in silence. History then takes her place among the Muses, and fiction assumes the dignity of truth.

After the death of Dido, the new colony adopted a government, the laws of which are extolled by Aristotle. Powers nicely balanced between the two chief magistrates, the nobles and the people, were attended with this remarkable circumstance, that they subsisted unimpaired for seven centuries, and almost unshaken by popular commotions and some conspiracies of the great. As civil wars, the sources of public crimes, are nevertheless the parents of private virtues, the republic gained more than it lost by these storms. If its career was not destined to be so long as that of its rival, at least the liberties of Carthage were not extinguished but with Carthage itself.

But, as those nations which are the most free are also the most passionate, we find the Carthaginians engaged, previously to their first struggle with Rome, in various disgraceful contests. They enslaved the people of Bœtia, whose virtue was not saved by their courage; they formed an alliance with Xerxes, and lost a battle against Gelon, the same day that the Lacedæmonians fell at Thermopylæa. Mankind, notwithstanding their prejudices, have such a veneration for generous sentiments, that they think nothing of eighty thousand Carthaginians slaughtered on the plains of Sicily, while the whole world still extols the three hundred Spartans who devoted themselves to death, in obedience to the sacred laws of their country. 'Tis the greatness of the cause, and not of the means, that leads to genuine fame; and honour has in all ages constituted the most solid part of glory.

Having been successively engaged with Agathocles in Africa, and Pyrrhus in Sicily, the Carthaginians came to blows with the Roman republic. The cause of the first Punic war was trivial, but this war brought Regulus to the gates of Carthage.

The Romans, unwilling to interrupt the tide of victory which attended that great man, or to send the consuls, Fulvius and Marcus Emilius, in his stead, ordered him to remain in Africa in quality of proconsul. He complained of these honours, and wrote to the senate, requesting to be immediately superseded in the command of the army. An affair of great importance, in the opinion

of Regulus, required his presence in Italy. He possessed a field of seven acres at Pupinium: the farmer of this field was dead, and his servant had absconded with the oxen and the implements of agriculture; Regulus represented to the senators, that, if his farm remained untilled, it would be impossible for him to find subsistence for his wife and children. The senate immediately decreed, that the field of their general should be cultivated at the public expense; that the treasury should advance the sum necessary to replace the things that had been stolen; and that the wife and children of Regulus should, during his absence, be supported at the charge of the Roman people. In just admiration of this simplicity, Livy exclaims: "O how far preferable is virtue to riches! These pass away with their possessors; but the poverty of Regulus is still held in veneration!"

Regulus, proceeding from victory to victory, soon made himself master of Tunis. The fall of that town filled the Carthaginians with consternation; they begged peace of the proconsul. This husbandman of Rome proved that it is much easier to guide the plough, after gaining splendid victories, than to direct with a steady hand the brilliant car of prosperity. The truly great man is more particularly fitted to shine in adversity; he seems bewildered with success, and appears, as it were, a stranger to fortune. Regulus proposed such hard terms to his enemies, that they found themselves under the necessity of continuing the war.

During these negotiations, fate conducted across the sea a man who was destined to change the face of affairs. A Lacedæmonian, named Xanthippus, appeared to defer the fate of Carthage: he gave battle to the Romans under the walls of Tunis, destroyed their army, and took Regulus himself prisoner; after which he again embarked and disappeared, without leaving behind in history any farther traces of his existence.*

Regulus, being conducted to Carthage, underwent the most inhuman treatment: he was made to expiate the cruel triumphs of his country. Could they, who with such arrogance dragged at their chariot wheels monarchs whom they had precipitated from their thrones, women and children in tears—could they hope for indulgence in captivity to a citizen of Rome?

* Some writers accuse the Carthaginians of having caused him to be put to death, from jealousy of his glory; but there is no proof of this.

Fortune again declared in favour of the Romans. Carthage once more sued for peace; she sent ambassadors to Italy, and Regulus accompanied them. His masters exacted from him a promise that he would return to his fetters, if the negotiations should not terminate according to their wishes; hoping that he would spare no exertion to bring about a peace, by which he would be restored to his country.

Regulus, on his arrival at the gates of Rome, refused to enter the city. There was an ancient law prohibiting any stranger to introduce the ambassadors of a hostile nation to the senate; and Regulus, considering himself as an envoy of the Carthaginians, caused the obsolete custom to be revived on this occasion. The senators were, in consequence, obliged to assemble without the walls of the city. Regulus declared that he came, by order of his masters, to solicit of the Roman people either peace or an exchange of prisoners. The ambassadors of Carthage having explained the object of their mission, withdrew. Regulus would have followed them, but the senators requested him to remain during their deliberations.

Being pressed to give his opinion, he strongly represented all the reasons which Rome had for continuing the war with Carthage. The senators, admiring his magnanimity, were desirous of saving such a citizen; and the *pontifex maximus* maintained that he might be released from the oaths which he had taken. "Follow the advice which I have given you," said the illustrious captive, in a tone which astonished the assembly, "and forget Regulus: never will I dwell in Rome, after having been the slave of Carthage. I will not draw down upon you the indignation of the gods; I have promised our enemies to place myself again in their hands, if you reject their proposals; and I will not violate my oath. Jupiter cannot be deluded with vain expiations; the blood of bulls and sheep cannot wash away the guilt of perjury, and sacrilege is sooner or later overtaken by certain punishment. I am not ignorant of the fate which awaits me; but a crime would contaminate my soul, while torments can affect only my body. Besides, there are no evils for him who knows how to endure them; if they surpass the powers of nature, death delivers us from them. Conscript fathers, cease to pity me; my resolution is taken, and nothing can induce me to

change it. I shall return to Carthage; I will do my duty, and leave the rest to the gods."

To diminish the interest that was taken in his fate, and to escape the condolence of unavailing compassion, Regulus crowned his magnanimity by informing the senators that the Carthaginians had forced him to drink a slow poison before they released him from confinement. "Thus," added he, "you lose me but for a few moments, which are not worth purchasing at the price of perjury." He rose, and withdrew from Rome without uttering another word, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, and repulsing his wife and children, who went to meet him: either fearing lest he should be too deeply affected at parting from them, or under the idea that, as a slave of the Carthaginians, he was unworthy of the embraces of a Roman matron. He ended his days in the most cruel tortures, unless the silence of Polybius and Diodorus be supposed to invalidate the testimony of the Latin historians. Regulus was a memorable example of the influence of the obligation of an oath, and the love of country, on a courageous soul. If even pride had some share in the resolution of his undaunted mind, still, by thus punishing himself for having been vanquished, he proved that he was worthy of the victory.

After twenty-four year's fighting, a treaty of peace put an end to the first Punic war. The Romans were no longer a nation of husbandmen, governed by a senate of kings, erecting altars to moderation and mediocrity; they were men who felt themselves formed to command, and whom ambition incessantly impelled to injustice. Under a frivolous pretence, they invaded Sardinia, and exulted in having made a conquest from the Carthaginians in time of profound peace. They knew not that the avenger of violated faith was already at the gates of Saguntum, and that he would soon appear on the hills of Rome. Here commences the second Punic war.

Hannibal appears to me to have been the greatest general of antiquity: if he does not win more love than any other, he, at least, excites higher admiration. He possessed neither the heroism of Alexander, nor the universal genius of Cæsar; but, as a military man, he surpassed them both. It is, in general, the love of country, or of glory, that conducts heroes to great achievements. Han-

nibal alone was guided by hatred. Inflamed with this spirit of a new kind, he sets out from the extremities of Spain, with an army composed of the people of twenty different countries. He passes the Pyrenees, marches through Gaul, subdues hostile nations by the way, crosses rivers, and arrives at the foot of the Alps. These trackless mountains, defended by barbarians, in vain oppose the career of Hannibal. He falls from their icy summits upon Italy, annihilates the first consular army on the banks of Tacinus, strikes a second blow at Trebia, a third at Thrasymene, and with the fourth seems to immolate Rome in the plain of Cannæ. For sixteen years he prosecuted the war, unaided, in the midst of Italy; and in sixteen years he committed only one of those errors which decide the fate of empires, and which appear so foreign to the nature of a great man, that they may easily be attributed to a design of Providence.

Unappalled by dangers, inexhaustible in resources, subtle, ingenious, eloquent, nay, even learned, and the author of various works, Hannibal possessed all the distinctions which belong to superiority of genius and strength of character; but he was destitute of the fine qualities of the heart. Cold, cruel, unfeeling, born to overthrow and not to found empires, in magnanimity he was far inferior to his rival.

Scipio Africanus is one of the most illustrious names in history. The friend of the gods, the generous protector of distress and beauty, Scipio has some traits of resemblance to our ancient chevaliers. With him commenced that Roman urbanity which adorned the characters of Cicero, Pompey, and Cæsar, and which, in those illustrious citizens, superseded the coarseness of Cato and Fabricius.

Hannibal and Scipio met in the plains of Zama; the one celebrated for his victories, the other renowned for his virtues: both worthy of representing their great nations, and of disputing the empire of the world.

At the departure of Scipio's fleet, for Africa, the coast of Sicily was lined with an immense concourse of people, and a great number of soldiers. Four hundred transports, and fifty triremes, covered the road of Lilybæum. The galley of Lælius, the admiral of the fleet, was distinguished by three lights; the other ships carried one or two, according to their size. The eyes of the

world were fixed on this expedition, planned for the purpose of obliging Hannibal to leave Italy, and finally deciding the fate of Rome and Carthage. The fifth and sixth legions, who had been present at the battle of Cannæ, burned with impatience to lay waste the country of their conqueror. The general attracted particular attention; his piety to the gods, his exploits in Spain, where he had avenged the death of his father and his uncle, the plan of carrying the war into Africa—a plan which he alone had conceived, and which was disapproved by the great Fabius; lastly, that favour which mankind are accustomed to grant to bold enterprises, to glory, beauty, and youth, gained Scipio the good wishes and the hearts of all.

The day of departure at length arrived. With the morning's dawn Scipio appeared on the stern of Lælius's galley, in sight of the fleet and the multitudes that covered the eminences on the shore. A herald raised his sceptre, and commanded silence.

"O gods and goddesses of the earth," cried Scipio, "and ye divinities of the sea, grant a prosperous issue to this enterprise! May my plans turn out to my glory, and to the glory of the Roman people. May we, on some future day, return joyfully to our homes, laden with the spoils of the enemy; and may Carthage experience the calamities with which she threatened my country!"

With these words a victim was slain: Scipio threw the reeking entrails into the sea; the sails were hoisted at the sound of the trumpet, and a fair wind wafted the whole fleet from the shores of Sicily.

The day after their departure the Romans descried the continent of Africa and the promontory of Mercury; night came on, and the fleet was obliged to cast anchor. At sunrise, Scipio perceiving the coast, inquired the name of the promontory nearest the vessel. "It is Good Cape," replied the pilot. On hearing this name of happy omen, the general, saluting the fortune of Rome, ordered the prow of his galley to be turned towards the place pointed out by the gods.

The landing was effected without molestation. Consternation pervaded both the cities and the country; the roads were covered with fugitives, men, women, and children, with their flocks: you would have taken it for one of those great migrations, when whole

nations, by the wrath or will of the gods, forsake the tombs of their ancestors. Terror seized Carthage: its citizens ran to arms; the gates were shut, and soldiers stationed on the walls, as if the Romans were already preparing for the assault.

Meanwhile Scipio, having sent his fleet towards Utica, marched himself, by land, to that town, with the intention of besieging it, and was joined by Masinissa, with two thousand cavalry. This king of Numidia, at first the ally of the Carthaginians, had made war against the Romans in Spain; having, by a series of extraordinary events, several times lost and recovered his kingdom, he was again a fugitive when Scipio landed in Africa. Syphax, prince of the Getuli, who had married Sophonisba, the daughter of Asdrubal, had recently made himself master of the dominions of Masinissa, who now threw himself into Scipio's arms, and to his co-operation the Romans partly owed their subsequent successes.

After some engagements, which terminated in his favour, Scipio laid siege to Utica. The Carthaginians, commanded by Asdrubal and Syphax, formed two separate camps in sight of that of the Romans. Scipio contrived to set fire to these two camps, the tents of which were formed of mats and reeds, after the Numidian manner. Thus perished forty thousand men in one single night. The conqueror, who on this occasion took a prodigious quantity of arms, ordered them to be burned in honour of Vulcan.

The Carthaginians were not disheartened: they directed great levies to be raised. Syphax, moved by the tears of Sophonisba, continued faithful to the cause of the vanquished, and again exposed himself for the native country of a woman to whom he was passionately attached. Still favoured by heaven, Scipio routed the hostile armies, took the towns dependent on them, made himself master of Tunis, and threatened Carthage with utter destruction. Impelled by his fatal love, Syphax ventured once more to face the victors, with a courage worthy of a better fate. Deserted by his troops in the field of battle, he rushed alone among the Roman squadrons: he hoped that his men, ashamed of having abandoned their king, would return and die with him; but the cowards continued their flight, and Syphax, whose horse was killed by a pike, fell alive into the hands of Masinissa.

To this latter prince it was a subject of great triumph to make prisoner the man who had deprived him of his crown. Some

time afterwards the fortune of war threw Sophonisba, the wife of Syphax, also into the power of Masinissa. She fell at the feet of the conqueror. "I am thy prisoner," said she: "so the will of the gods, and fortune, favouring thy courage, have decreed: but, by thy knees, which I embrace, by thy triumphant hand, which thou permittest me to touch, I supplicate thee, O Masinissa! keep me for thy slave, preserve me from the horrors of falling a prey to a barbarian. Alas! it is but a moment since, like thyself, I was surrounded with the majesty of kings. Consider that thou canst not renounce thy blood; that thou sharest with Syphax the name of Numidian. My husband left this palace, pursued by the wrath of the gods: mayest thou have entered it under happier auspices! As a native of Carthage, as the daughter of Asdrubal, judge what I have to expect from a Roman. If I must not remain in the fetters of a prince born on the soil of my country, if death alone can deliver me from the yoke of a foreigner, give me that death, and I will number it among thy favours."

Masinissa was affected by the tears and the fate of Sophonisba, who was then in the bloom of youth, and of incomparable beauty. Her supplications, says Livy, were not so much entreaties as caresses. Overcome by them, Masinissa promised all she desired, and conceiving as strong a passion for her as Syphax, he made his prisoner his wife.

Syphax, loaded with chains, was presented to Scipio. That great man, who had once seen upon a throne him whom he now beheld at his feet, was filled with compassion. Syphax had formerly been the ally of the Romans; he threw the blame of his defection on Sophonisba. "The torches of my fatal union," said he, "have reduced my palace to ashes; but one circumstance consoles me: the fury who has destroyed my house is transferred to the bed of my enemy; she reserves for Masinissa a fate similar to mine."

Under the appearance of hatred, Syphax thus disguised the jealousy in which these words originated, for he still loved Sophonisba. Scipio was not without concern, lest the daughter of Asdrubal should acquire the same empire over Masinissa as she enjoyed over Syphax. The passion of the former already seemed unbounded: he lost no time in celebrating his nuptials; and, impatient to be united to Sophonisba, he had lighted up the hy-

meneal torch before the household gods of Syphax, divinities accustomed only to hear prayers preferred against the Romans. Masinissa returned to Scipio, who, after bestowing praise on the king of Numidia, slightly reproached him with his conduct towards Sophonisba. Masinissa, on mature reflection, fearing lest he should incur the displeasure of the Romans, determined to sacrifice his love to his ambition. Retiring to his tent, he groaned and struggled against those generous sentiments, which man cannot root from his heart without violence. He sent for the officer who had the custody of the king's poison—that poison to which the African princes resorted to release themselves from the burden of life, when overwhelmed by any irremediable calamity: so that the crown, though not secure from the revolutions of fortune, was at least, with them, beyond the reach of contempt. Masinissa mixed the poison in a cup; then, turning to the officer charged with the melancholy errand: "Tell the queen," said he, "that had I been my own master, never would Masinissa have parted from Sophonisba. The gods of the Romans decree otherwise. I shall keep at least one of my promises to her: she shall not fall alive into the hands of her enemies, if she submits to her fate like a citizen of Carthage, the daughter of Asdrubal, and the wife of Syphax and Masinissa.

The officer repaired to Sophonisba, and acquainted her with the commands of the king. "With joy I accept this nuptial gift," replied she, "since it is true that a husband could not make his wife any other present. Tell thy master, that in losing my life, I should at least have preserved my honour, had I not married Masinissa the day before my death." With these words she swallowed the poison.

It was at this juncture that the Carthaginians recalled Hannibal from Italy. He shed tears of rage; he accused his fellow citizens: found fault with the gods; and reproached himself for not having marched to Rome after the battle of Cannæ. Never did a man, quitting his native land to go into exile, feel such profound grief as Hannibal on leaving a foreign shore to return to his country.

He disembarked on the coast of Africa with the veterans who had accompanied him in Spain, Gaul, and Italy; who could show more fasces taken from prætors, generals, and consuls, than

were carried before all the magistrates of Rome. Hannibal had been thirty-six years absent from his country: he had left it when a boy, and returned when advanced in life, as he himself observed to Scipio. What must have been the reflections of that great man on revisiting Carthage, whose walls and whose inhabitants were almost strangers to him! Two of his brothers were dead; the companions of his childhood had disappeared; fresh generations had succeeded each other: the temples, crowded with the spoils of the Romans, were, doubtless, the only places that Hannibal could recognise in this new Carthage. Had not his countrymen been blinded by envy, with what admiration would they have beheld the hero, who for thirty years had been shedding his blood for them in a distant region, and covering them with immortal glory! But, when services are so eminent as to exceed the bounds of compensation, they are repaid with nothing but ingratitude. Hannibal had the misfortune to be greater than the people among whom he was born, and was doomed to live and to die in a foreign land.

He led his army to Zama. Scipio pitched his camp near Hannibal's. The Carthaginian general had a presentiment of the infidelity of fortune; for he requested an interview with the Roman chief, to offer proposals of peace. A place was appointed for the interview. When the two captains met, they continued silent for some time, overpowered with admiration of each other. Hannibal, at length, spoke as follows: "The gods, O Scipio, decreed that your father should be the first of the hostile generals whom I should meet in arms in Italy: those same gods command me to come this day, unarmed, to demand peace of his son. You have seen the Carthaginians encamped at the gates of Rome: the noise of a Roman camp is now heard within the walls of Carthage. I left my country a child; I return to it mature in years: long experience of good and bad fortune has taught me to judge of things by reason, and not by the event. Your youth and prosperity, which has not yet forsaken you, will perhaps render you hostile to peace: amid success we think not of adversity. You are about the same age that I was at Cannæ and Thrasymene. Consider what I have been, and learn from my example the inconstancy of fortune. He who addresses you in the language of supplication is that same Hannibal who,

encamped between the Tiber and the Teverone, ready to assault Rome herself, deliberated what he should do with your native land. I have carried terror into the fields of your fathers, and am now reduced so low as to implore you to spare my country a similar calamity. Nothing is more uncertain than the chances of war: a moment may blast all your glory and your hopes. Agree to peace, and you remain the arbiter of your destiny; fight, and you resign your fate into the hands of the gods."

To this studied harangue Scipio replied with greater frankness, but less eloquence: he rejected, as unsatisfactory, the proposals made by Hannibal, and both sides prepared for battle. It is probable that the interest of his country was not the only motive which induced the Roman general to refuse a compromise with the Carthaginian commander, and that Scipio could not withstand the desire of trying his strength with Hannibal.

The day after this interview, both armies, composed of veterans, and headed by the two greatest captains of the two greatest nations in the world, advanced to contend, not for the walls of Rome or Carthage, but for the empire of the world, the stake of this last struggle.

Scipio placed the *hastati* in the first rank, the *principes* in the second, and the *triarii* in the third, leaving equal intervals between these lines to form a passage for the Carthaginian elephants. Light troops, dispersed in these spaces, were, as occasion required, to fall back upon the heavy armed soldiers, and to discharge upon the elephants a shower of arrows and javelins. Lælius covered the left wing of the army with the Roman cavalry, and Masinissa commanded the Numidian horse on the right.

Hannibal drew up eighty elephants in front of his army, the first line of which was composed of Ligurians, Gauls, Baleares, and Mauritanians; the Carthaginians constituted the second; and the Bruttii, posted in their rear, formed a kind of reserve, on which the general placed very little dependence. Hannibal opposed his cavalry to the Roman horse, the Carthaginians to Lælius, and the Numidians to Masinissa.

The Romans first gave the signal for the attack. At the same time they set up such shouts, that part of the elephants fell back affrighted on the left wing of Hannibal's army, and threw the

Numidian horse into confusion. Masinissa, availing himself of this circumstance, rushed upon them, and put them to flight. The rest of the elephants, which had advanced against the Romans, were repulsed by the light troops, and produced the same accident in the right wing of the Carthaginians as had befallen the left. Thus, in the very first onset, Hannibal was left without cavalry, and unprotected on both flanks; urgent reasons, not recorded in history, doubtless forbade him to think of retreat.

The infantry having engaged, Scipio's troops easily routed the first line of the enemy, entirely composed of mercenaries. The Romans and the Carthaginians were now opposed to each other. The former, in order to reach the latter, being obliged to pass over heaps of carcasses, broke their line, and were on the point of losing the victory. Scipio perceived the danger, and changed his order of battle. He ordered the *principes* and the *triarii* to advance into the first line, and placed them on the right and left of the *hastati;* by which means he formed a larger front than Hannibal's army, already weakened by the loss of its cavalry and the first line of its infantry. The Carthaginian veterans maintained the glory which they had won in so many engagements. Among them were to be seen, distinguished by crowns, common soldiers, who had, with their own hands, killed generals and consuls. The Roman cavalry, returning from the pursuit of the enemy, charged the old companions of Hannibal in the rear. Surrounded on all sides, they fought to the last gasp, and gave up their standards only with their lives. Hannibal himself, after having done all that can be expected of a great general and a valiant soldier, escaped with a few horse.

Being left master of the field of battle, Scipio bestowed great praise on the skill displayed by his rival in the conduct of the engagement. Was this generosity or pride? perhaps both; for Scipio was the victor, and Hannibal the vanquished.

The battle of Zama put an end to the second Punic war. Carthage sued for peace, and obtained it, but upon such conditions as announced her approaching ruin. Hannibal, not venturing to rely on the faith of an ungrateful people, abandoned his country. He wandered about among foreign courts, everywhere striving to raise up enemies against the Romans, and everywhere pursued by them; giving weak monarchs advice which they

were incapable of following, and learning, from his own experience, that neither glory nor misfortunes are a recommendation to crowned hosts. It is said that he met with Scipio at Ephesus, and that, in conversation with his conqueror, the latter asked: "In your opinion, Hannibal, who was the greatest general that ever lived?" "Alexander," replied the Carthaginian. "And who was the second?" rejoined Scipio. "Pyrrhus." "And the third?" "Myself." "But what would you have said," cried Scipio, laughing, "if you had conquered me?" "In that case," replied Hannibal, "I should have placed myself above Alexander:"—an expression which proves that the illustrious exile had learned in courts the art of flattering, and that he had, at the same time, too much modesty and too much pride.

The Romans could not be easy as long as they knew that Hannibal was living. Solitary, proscribed, and oppressed with adversity, he seemed to them to counterpoise the fortune of the Capitol. They were humbled by the idea that the world contained a man who had vanquished them, and who was not affrighted at their greatness. They sent an embassy to Asia, to demand of King Prusias the death of his guest. Prusias had the baseness to give up Hannibal; on which that great man swallowed poison, saying: "Let us deliver the Romans from the terror excited in them by an old man, exiled, unarmed, and betrayed."

Scipio underwent, like Hannibal, the penalty attached to glory. He ended his days at Liternum, in voluntary exile. It is remarkable that Hannibal, Philopœmen, and Scipio, died about the same time, all three of them victims to the ingratitude of their respective countries. The African had the following well-known inscription engraven on his tomb:

UNGRATEFUL LAND OF MY NATIVITY,
THOU SHALT NOT POSSESS MY BONES.

But, after all, proscription and exile, which plunge vulgar names into oblivion, draw the eyes of all to such as are illustrious: successful virtue dazzles, but, when persecuted, it charms.

Carthage herself did not long survive Hannibal. Scipio Nasica, and the most enlightened of the senators, were solicitous to preserve a rival to Rome: but who can change the desti-

nies of empires! The inveterate hatred of the elder Cato proved triumphant, and, on the most frivolous pretext, the Romans commenced the third Punic war.

They first had recourse to the most flagrant perfidy to disarm their enemies. The Carthaginians, having in vain solicited peace, determined to bury themselves under the ruins of their city. The consuls, Marcius and Manilius, soon appeared under the walls of Carthage. Before they commenced the siege, they performed two solemn ceremonies: the evocation of the tutelar divinities from that city, and the devoting of the birth-place of Hannibal to the infernal gods.

"God, or goddess, who protectest the people and republic of Carthage; genius to whom the defence of that city is committed, leave thine ancient abode; come and dwell in our temples. May Rome and our sacrifices be more pleasing to thee than the city and sacrifices of the Carthaginians!"

The form of the latter ceremony was as follows:

"God Pluto, Jupiter, the malevolent, and ye gods, Manes, strike terror into the city of Carthage; sweep away its inhabitants into the infernal region. To you I devote the heads of our enemies, their possessions, their towns, their lands; grant my prayers, and I will sacrifice to you three black ewes. Thee, earth, mother of mankind, and thee, Jupiter, I call to witness."

The consuls, however, were vigorously repulsed. The genius of Hannibal had revived in the besieged city. The women cut off their hair and twisted it into cords for the bows and the military engines. Scipio, the second Africanus, then served as a tribune in the Roman army. Some veterans, who had seen the first Scipio, were yet alive, and among the rest the celebrated Masinissa. This Numidian monarch, more than eighty years of age, invited the youthful Scipio to his court, and it was on the supposition of this interview* that Cicero composed the beautiful passage of his *Republic*, known by the appellation of *Scipio's Dream*. He introduces Æmilianus, speaking in the following manner to Lælius, Philus, Manilius, and Scævola:

"I accost Masinissa. The old man clasps me in his arms, and bathes me with his tears. He raises his eyes to heaven, and

* Scipio had before seen Masinissa. This intended interview never took place; for Masinissa was dead when Scipio arrived at his court.

exclaims: 'Thou sun, and ye, celestial deities, accept my thanks. I receive, before I die, in my kingdom, and my habitation, the worthy heir of the virtuous man and the great commander, who still lives in my remembrance.'

"At night, my mind being occupied with what Masinissa had told me, I dreamed that Africanus appeared before me: I trembled, overpowered with respect and fear. Africanus exhorted me to be of good cheer, and carried me with him to the uppermost region of heaven, to a place glittering all over with stars. He thus addressed me:

"'Look down, and behold Carthage: I forced her to submit to the Roman people; in two years thou wilt raze her city to the ground, and merit, by thine own achievements, the name of Africanus, which as yet thou only inheritest from me. Know, for thine encouragement in virtue, that there is a place in heaven set apart for the just. What on earth is denominated life, is but death. Existence commences only in the everlasting mansions of souls, and thither we cannot arrive without piety, religion, justice, respect to our parents, and devotion to our country. Learn, above all, to despise the recompenses of mortals. Thou here seest how small is this earth, how small a space the most extensive kingdoms occupy on the globe, which thou canst scarcely discern, how many deserts and seas divide the nations from each other. What then should be the object of thine ambition! Has the fame of Rome ever reached the summits of Caucasus, or the banks of the Ganges? How many nations in the east, in the west, in the north, and in the south, will never hear the name of Africanus? And as for those who now pronounce it, how long will they continue to speak of him? they will soon be no more. In the convulsions of empires, in those great revolutions which time brings about, my memory will be irrecoverably lost. O my son, think then only of those divine sanctuaries where thou wilt hear that harmony of spheres with which thine ears are at this moment charmed; aspire only to those eternal temples prepared for great souls, and for those sublime geniuses who, during life, exalted themselves to the contemplation of heavenly things.' Africanus was silent, and I awoke."

This noble fiction of a Roman consul, surnamed the Father of his Country, is not derogatory to the gravity of history, if history

is designed to preserve great names and the ideas of genius, and these great names and these ideas are here to be discovered.*

Scipio Æmilianus, appointed to the consulship through the favour of the people, received orders to continue the siege of Carthage. He first surprised the lower town, which was called Megara, or Magara.† He then attempted to block up the outer port by means of a mole; but the Carthaginians opened another entrance to the harbour, and appeared at sea, to the great astonishment of the Romans. They might have burned Scipio's fleet; but the hour of Carthage was come, and confusion pervaded the councils of that unfortunate city.

It was defended by one Asdrubal, a cruel man, who commanded thirty thousand mercenaries, and who treated the citizens with as much rigour as if they had been enemies. The winter having passed in the enterprises above mentioned, Scipio, in spring, attacked the inner port, denominated Cothon.

Being soon master of the walls of this harbour, he pushed forward into the great square of the city. Three streets led from this square up a gentle acclivity to the citadel, known by the name of Byrsa. In the houses of these streets the inhabitants defended themselves with such obstinacy, that Scipio was obliged to besiege and reduce the houses one by one. This struggle lasted six days and nights. One party of Roman soldiers forced the retreat of the Carthaginians, while another was employed in removing, with hooks, the dead bodies that lay in heaps in the houses, or were tumbled into the streets. Many of the living were thrown into the graves indiscriminately with the dead.

On the seventh day deputies appeared in the dress of supplicants; they merely begged the lives of the citizens who had taken refuge in the citadel. Scipio granted their petition, excepting only from this favour the Roman deserters who had gone over to the Carthaginians. Fifty thousand persons, men, women, and children, were thus permitted to depart from Byrsa.

On the most elevated part of the citadel stood a temple consecrated to Esculapius. In this temple, the deserters, to the

* This dream is an imitation of a passage in *Plato's Republic.*

† I shall not enter into a description of Carthage till I come to speak of its ruins.

number of nine hundred, entrenched themselves. They were commanded by Asdrubal, who had with him his wife and his two children. This desperate body of men withstood for some time the efforts of the Romans: but being driven by degrees from the court of the temple, they shut themselves up in the building itself. Asdrubal, impelled by the love of life, and secretly deserting his companions in misfortune, his wife and his children, went, with an olive-branch in his hand, and threw himself at Scipio's feet. Scipio immediately ordered him to be shown to the deserters, who, boiling with fury, set fire to the temple, venting the most horrible imprecations against Asdrubal.

When the flames began to issue from the edifice, a female, attired in her most sumptuous apparel, made her appearance, holding two children by the hand. This was the wife of Asdrubal. She looked about among the enemy who surrounded the citadel, and recognising Scipio: "Roman," cried she, "I pray not that heaven may wreak its vengeance upon thee; thou followest only the laws of war: but mayest thou, with the divinities of my country, punish the perfidious wretch who betrays his wife, his children, his country, and his gods! As for thee, Asdrubal, Rome is already preparing the chastisement due to thy crimes. Unworthy chief of Carthage, go and be dragged at the chariot-wheels of thy conqueror, while this fire shall snatch me and my children from slavery."

With these words, she despatched her children, threw them into the flames, and precipitated herself after them. All the deserters followed her example.

Thus perished the city of Dido, Sophonisba, and Hannibal. Florus says, that some idea may be formed of the magnitude of this catastrophe, when it is known that the conflagration lasted seventeen whole days. Scipio shed tears for the fate of Carthage. At the sight of the flames, consuming a city once so flourishing, he reflected on the revolutions of empires, and repeated these verses of Homer, in allusion to the future destinies of Rome: "A time will come when the sacred walls of Ilion shall perish, together with the warlike Priam, and all his people." Corinth was destroyed in the same year as Carthage; and a youth of Corinth repeated, like Scipio, a passage in Homer, when he beheld his native city in ashes. Who, then, is this man that

is thus summoned by all antiquity to the fall of states, to the spectacle of the calamities of nations—as if there could be nothing great or tragical without his presence—as if all human woes were under the protection, and under the empire, of the bard of Ilion and of Hector?

No sooner was Carthage destroyed than an avenging deity seemed to rise from its ruins. The manners of Rome became depraved; she began to be distracted by civil wars; and this corruption, and these broils, commenced on the Punic shores. Scipio himself, the destroyer of Carthage, died by the hands of his relations; the children of that Masinissa who contributed to the triumph of the Romans, slaughtered each other on the tomb of Sophonisba; the possessions of Syphax enabled Jugurtha to seduce and to vanquish the descendants of Regulus. "O venal city!" exclaimed the African prince, as he left the Capitol. "O city ripe for ruin, if thou meetest with a purchaser!" Jugurtha soon afterwards obliged a Roman army to pass under the yoke, almost in sight of Carthage, and revived that ignominious ceremony, as if to gratify the manes of Hannibal. Falling at length into the hands of the Romans, he lost his presence of mind amidst the triumphal pomp. The lictors stripped him, took the jewels from his ears, and threw him, naked, into a ditch, where this monarch justified to his last gasp what he had said concerning the rapacity of the Romans.

The victory gained over the descendants of Masinissa, occasioned, however, that jealousy between Marius and Sylla, which soon plunged all Rome into mourning. Vanquished by his rival, the fugitive Marius sought an asylum beside the tombs of Hanno and Hamilcar. A slave of Sextilius, the prefect of Africa, brought Marius an order to quit the ruins which served him for a retreat: "Go, tell thy master," retorted the grim consul, "that thou hast seen Marius, a fugitive, seated on the ruins of Carthage."

"Marius and Carthage," said a historian and poet, "mutually reconciled each other to their fate; and both having fallen, they forgave the gods."

At length the liberties of Rome expired at the feet of Carthage, destroyed and enslaved. The vengeance is complete: a Scipio falls in Africa under the sword of Cæsar, and his body is

buffeted by those waves which bore the triumphal ships of his forefathers.

But Cato still lived at Utica; and with him, Rome, and liberty, yet existed. Cæsar approached. Cato, persuaded that the tutelar deities of his country had withdrawn their protection, called for his sword. It was brought by a boy, when Cato, taking it from the sheath, and feeling the point, exclaimed: "Am I not my own master!" He then threw himself on his couch and read twice over Plato's dialogue on the immortality of the soul; after which he fell asleep. Wakened at daybreak by the singing of the birds, he thought it high time to exchange a life of freedom for a life of immortality; he wounded himself with his sword below the stomach, fell back upon his bed, and was found struggling with death. His attendants bound up the wound; but on recovering his senses, he pulled off the bandages, and tore out his entrails. He chose rather to die in a sacred cause than to live the slave of a great man.

The destinies of republican Rome being accomplished, men and laws having altered, the state of Carthage also experienced a change. Tiberius Gracchus had, so early as his time, planted a colony on the desolate side of the city of Dido; but doubtless this colony had not prospered, since Marius found at Carthage nothing but hovels and ruins. Julius Cæsar, when in Africa, had a dream, in which he imagined he beheld a great army, calling him with many tears. From that moment he formed the design of rebuilding Corinth and Carthage, the soldiers of which states, fancy had probably represented to him in his dream. Augustus, who was implicated in all the excesses of a sanguinary revolution, and who lived to make amends for them all, put in execution the project of Cæsar. Carthage rose from its ruins, and Strabo assures us that in his time it was a flourishing city. It became the metropolis of Africa, and was celebrated for its politeness and its schools. It gave birth alternately to great and shining geniuses. Tertullian addressed to it his vindication against the Gentiles. But still cruel in her religion, Carthage persecuted the innocent Christians, as she had formerly burned children in honour of Saturn. She doomed to martyrdom the illustrious Cyprian, who caused Latin eloquence to flourish once more. Arnobius and Lactantius distinguished themselves at

Carthage, where the latter acquired the appellation of the Christian Cicero.

Sixty years afterwards, St. Augustine imbibed, in the capital of Africa, that love of pleasure over which, like the royal prophet, he mourned all the rest of his life. His warm imagination, impressed with the fictions of the poets, took delight in seeking the relics of the palace of Dido. Maturer age dissolved the charm, and the void which succeeds the indulgence in pleasure recalled the son of Monica to more serious thoughts. St. Ambrose completed the victory, and Augustine, having become bishop of Hippona, was a pattern of virtue. His habitation resembled a kind of monastery, where was to be seen no affectation of poverty or splendour. Attired in a modest, but yet neat and pleasing manner, the venerable prelate threw aside the sumptuous garments, which, as he said, were not adapted to his station, or to his body, bowed by old age, or to his gray hair. No female was ever admitted into his house, not even his sister, a widow, and a servant of God. Strangers found at his table a liberal hospitality; but, for his own part, he lived solely on fruits and vegetables. He made it his principal occupation to relieve the poor, and to preach the word of God. In the exercise of these pious duties, he was surprised by the Vandals, who laid siege to Hippona in the year 431, and who totally changed the face of Africa.

The barbarians had already made themselves masters of the most important provinces of the Roman empire, and Rome itself had been sacked by Alaric. The Vandals, either instigated by the Visigoths, or invited by count Boniface, at length passed over from Spain into Africa. According to Procopius, they were of Gothic extraction, and combined religious fanaticism with their natural ferocity. Being converted to Christianity, but belonging to the sect of Arians, they persecuted the Catholics with relentless fury. Their cruelty was unprecedented. When they were repulsed in their attempt on a city, they murdered their prisoners round about it, and left their bodies exposed to the sun, that the winds might waft pestilential diseases within those walls which had baffled their rage. Africa was affrighted at this race of men, half-naked giants, who transformed the people vanquished by their arms into beasts of burden, drove them

in crowds before them, and when tired of that, cut all their throats.

Genseric fixed the seat of his empire at Carthage: he was worthy to command the barbarians over whom God had placed him. He was a prince of a gloomy disposition, subject to paroxysms of the blackest melancholy, and who appeared great amid the general wreck of the civilized world, because he was mounted upon its ruins.

In the midst of its misfortunes, a signal revenge was reserved for the city of Dido. Genseric crossed the sea, and made himself master of Rome; he gave it up to the soldiers to pillage fourteen days and fourteen nights. He then embarked again: the fleet of this second Hannibal conveyed to Carthage the plunder of Rome, as Scipio's fleet had transported to Rome the spoils of Carthage. "All Genseric's vessels," says Procopius, "arrived safely in Africa, excepting that which carried the gods."

Being firmly established in his new empire, Genseric quitted it every year to ravage Italy, Sicily, Illyricum, and Greece. The blind conquerors of that period were deeply sensible that they were nothing of themselves, but merely the instruments of the will of the Eternal. Hence the names which they assumed of Scourge of God and Ravager of Mankind; hence, that fury for destruction with which they were tormented, that thirst of blood which nothing could appease; hence, that combination of all things towards their success, that universal degeneracy, that want of courage, of virtue, of talents, and of genius: for it was concluded that nothing could prevent the accomplishment of the decrees of heaven. The fleet of Genseric was ready; his soldiers had embarked; but whither were they going? That was more than he knew himself. "Prince," said the pilot to him, "what nation are you going to attack?"—"That," replied the barbarian, "which God at present beholds in his wrath."

Genseric died thirty-nine years after the taking of Carthage. This was the only city of Africa, the walls of which he had not destroyed. He was succeeded in his empire by Honoric, one of his sons. After a reign of eight years, Honoric left the throne to his cousin Gondamond, who wielded the sceptre thirteen years; when the crown devolved to his brother Transamond. The latter reigned twenty-seven years. Ilderic, the son of Ho-

noric, and grandson of Genseric, then inherited the kingdom of Carthage. Gelimer, a relative of Ilderic, conspired against him, and threw him into a dungeon. The emperor Justinian espoused the cause of the dethroned monarch, and sent Belisarius into Africa. Gelimer made scarcely any resistance. The Roman general entered Carthage victorious. He repaired to the palace, where, by a freak of fortune, he sat down to the repast prepared for Gelimer, and was attended by the officers of that prince. Nothing had changed at the court but the master; and that is a very trifling matter, when fortune has deserted him.

Belisarius, for the rest, was worthy of his success. He was one of those men who appear at distant intervals in a vicious age, to bar the right of prescription against virtue. Unfortunately, those noble minds, which shine in the midst of meanness, produce no revolution. They are not connected with the human affairs of their time; strangers, and insulated in the present, they cannot possess any influence over the future. The world rolls over them without hurrying them away; but, on the other hand, they are unable to check the course of the world. If souls of a superior nature shall be useful to society, they must spring up among a people which retains a love of order, of religion, and of manners, and whose genius and character are in unison with its moral and political situation. In the age of Belisarius, the events were great, and the actors little. For this reason, the annals of that age, though abounding in tragic catastrophes, tire and disgust us. We look not in history for revolutions which crush and overwhelm men; but for men who control revolutions, and who are more powerful than fortune. The universe, convulsed by the barbarians, excites no feelings but those of horror and contempt; but we never fail to take the strongest interest in a petty quarrel between Sparta and Athens, in a narrow corner of Greece.

Gelimer, carried prisoner to Constantinople, graced the triumph of Belisarius. Soon afterwards this monarch turned husbandman. In such a case philosophy may afford consolation to an ordinary mind, but it serves only to increase the regret of a truly royal heart.

It is well known that it was not by Justinian's order that Belisarius lost his eyes. Were this even the case, it would form

but a very small event in the history of human ingratitude. As to Carthage, she witnessed the departure of a prince from her walls to take possession of the throne of the Cæsars: this was that Heraclitus who deposed the tyrant Phocas. In 647 the Arabs made their first incursion into Africa. This was followed by four other expeditions within the space of fifty years. Carthage fell under the Mahometan yoke in 696. Most of its inhabitants fled into Spain and Sicily. John, the general of the emperor Leontius, retook the city in 697; but the following year the Saracens recovered the possession of it, which they have retained ever since; and the daughter of Tyre fell a prey to the children of Ishmael. It was taken by Hassan, during the caliphat of Abd-el-Malek. It is asserted that the new masters of Carthage razed it to the very foundations; but yet considerable remains of it must have existed at the beginning of the ninth century, if it be true that Charlemagne's ambassadors discovered there the body of St. Cyprian. Towards the conclusion of the same century, the infidels formed a league against the Christians, and at their head, as we are told in history, were the Saracens of Carthage. We shall likewise see that St. Louis found a rising town upon the ruins of this ancient city. Be this as it may, nothing is at present to be seen there but the relics which I shall presently describe. The only name by which it is known is the country of Bersach, apparently a corruption of Byrsa. In going from Tunis to Carthage, you must inquire for the tower of Almenara, or the *rous* of Mastinaces: *Ventoso gloria curru!*

It is very difficult to collect, from the accounts of the historians, the plan of the ancient Carthage. Polybius and Livy had doubtless treated very circumstantially of the siege of that city, but their descriptions have not reached us. On this subject we possess nothing but abridgments, such as those of Florus and Velleius Paterculus, who enter into no local details. The geographers, who lived at a later period, were acquainted only with the Roman Carthage. The most complete authority, on this head, is that of Appian, a Greek, who flourished near three centuries after the event, and who, in his declamatory style, is deficient in precision and perspicuity. Rollin, who follows him, and, perhaps injudiciously, blends Strabo's account with his, will spare me the trouble of a translation.

"It was seated at the bottom of a bay, surrounded by the sea, in the form of a peninsula, the neck of which, that is, the isthmus connecting it with the continent, was a league and a quarter (twenty five stadia) in breadth. The peninsula was eighteen leagues (three hundred and sixty stadia) in circumference. On the west side there was a long point of land about twelve fathoms (half a stadium) in breadth, which, running out into the sea, separated it from the morass, and was encompassed on all sides by rocks, and a single wall. On the south side, and next to the main land, the city was defended by a triple wall, thirty cubits in height, exclusively of the parapets and the towers which flanked it all round at equal distances, being eighty fathoms asunder. Each tower had four stories; the walls had but two; they were roofed; and at the bottom were stables capable of containing three hundred elephants, and four thousand horses, together with every thing necessary for their subsistence. Here was, likewise, room sufficient to lodge twenty thousand infantry and four thousand horsemen: and the whole of this warlike equipage was contained in the walls alone. There was but one place where the walls were weak and low: this was a neglected angle, beginning at the point of land above mentioned, and running to the harbour which was on the west side. There were two ports which communicated with each other, but had only one entrance, seventy feet wide, and defended by chains. The first was for merchant vessels, and here were many and various habitations for the mariners. The other was the inner port for the ships of war, in the middle of which was an island called Cothon, bordered, as well as the port, with large quays, where there were separate buildings, in which two hundred and twenty ships might be placed under cover, and storehouses above them, where every thing necessary for the equipment of the ships was deposited. The entrance of each of these buildings for the reception of the ships was adorned with two marble columns of the Ionic order; so that the port and island exhibited on either side two magnificent galleries. In this island was the residence of the admiral; and as it was over against the entrance of the harbour, he could thence discover what was passing at sea, though it was impossible to perceive from the sea, what was doing in the interior of the port. The merchants, in like manner, could not overlook

the ships of war, the two harbours being separated by a double wall, and in each of them there was a gate for the purpose of entering the city without passing through the other port. Carthage might therefore be divided into three parts: the harbour, which was double, and was sometimes called Cothon, from the little island of that name; the citadel, denominated Byrsa; and the city, properly so called, where the inhabitants dwelt, which surrounded the citadel, and was called Megara."

Of this city nothing was probably left but the public and private reservoirs, which are of astonishing beauty, and give a high idea of the structures of the Carthaginians: but I am doubtful whether the aqueduct which conveyed the water to these cisterns ought not to be attributed to the second Carthage. My opinion of the total destruction of the city of Dido is founded on the following passage of Florus:

Quanta urbs delela sit, ut de cæterlis taceam, vel ignium morâ probari potest. Quippe per continuos xvii *dies vix potuit incendium extingui, quod domibus ac templis suis sponte hostes immiserant; ut qualenus urbs eripi Romanis non poterat, triumphus arderet.*

Appian adds, that what escaped the conflagration was demolished by the command of the Roman senate. "Rome," says Velleius Paterculus, "already the mistress of the world, thought herself not safe as long as the name of Carthage subsisted:" *nomen usquam maneret Carthaginis.*

Strabo, in his concise and perspicuous description, evidently blends different parts of the ancient and modern city.

Καὶ Καρχηδὼν δὲ πολὺ χερρονησος τινος ἱδρυται, &c.

"Carthage, encompassed on all sides with walls, occupies a peninsula three hundred stadia in circumference, which is joined to the main land by an isthmus sixty stadia in breadth. In the centre of the city rose a hill, on which was erected a citadel called Byrsa. On the summit of this citadel was seen a temple consecrated to Esculapius, and the declivity of the hill was covered with houses. The harbours are at the foot of Byrsa, as well as the small circular island called Cothon, around which the ships form a circle."

On the word Karchedon, in the original, I shall observe that, according to Bochart, the Phœnician name of Carthage was Car-

tha-Hadath, or Cartha-Hadtha, which signifies the new city. The Greeks turned it into Karchedon, and the Romans into Carthage. The names of the three divisions of the city were likewise derived from the Phœnician: Magaria, from *magar*, a storehouse; Byrsa, from *bosra*, a fortress; and Cothon, from *ratoun*, a cut: for it was not perfectly clear that Cothon was an island.

After the time of Strabo, we know nothing of Carthage, except that it became one of the largest and finest cities in the world. Pliny, however, merely says, *Colonia Carthago, magna in vestigiis Carthaginis.* Pomponius Mela, anterior to Pliny, does not seem much more favourable: *Jamquidem iterum opulenta, etiam, nunc tamem priorum excidio rerum quàm ope præsentium clarior:* but Solinus says, *Alterum post urbem Romam terrarum decus.* Other authors style it the Great and the Happy: *Carthago magna, felicitate reverenda.*

New Carthage suffered from a conflagration during the reign of Marcus Aurelius; for we find that prince engaged in repairing the losses of the colony.

Commodus, who stationed a fleet at Carthage, for the purpose of carrying to Rome the corn of Africa, would have changed the name of Carthage into *Villa Commodiana.* This folly of the unworthy son of a great man was soon forgotten.

The two Gordians, having been proclaimed emperors in Africa, made Carthage the capital of the world during their transient reign. It appears, however, that the Carthaginians were by no means grateful for this distinction; for, according to Capitolinus, they revolted against the Gordians, in favour of Capelius. Zosimus farther informs us, that these same Carthaginians acknowledged Sabinianus for their master, while the younger Gordian succeeded Balbinus and Maximus at Rome. Though we should believe, from what is said by Zonaras, that Carthage was favourable to the Gordians, yet those emperors had not time to contribute much to the embellishment of that city.

Several inscriptions, given by the learned Dr. Shaw, prove that Adrian, Aurelian, and Septimus Severus, erected edifices in different cities of Byzacium, and it is highly probable that the capital of that wealthy province was not neglected by them.

The tyrant Maxentius carried fire and sword into Africa, and triumphed over Carthage, as over the ancient enemy of Rome.

It is impossible to survey, without shuddering, that long series of madmen, which almost uninterruptedly governed the world from Tiberius to Constantine, and was continued, after the latter, in the monsters who reigned at Byzantium. The people were no better than the kings. A horrible contention seemed to exist between the nations and the sovereigns—these to dare, those to endure every thing.

Thus our information respecting the monuments of Carthage, in the ages which we have just reviewed, is reduced within a very narrow compass: we merely find, from the writings of Tertullian, St. Cyprian, Lactantius, and St. Augustine, from the canons of the councils of Carthage, and the Acts of the Martyrs, that Carthage contained amphitheatres, theatres, baths, and porticos. The city was never strongly fortified; for the elder Gordian could not defend himself there; and, long afterwards, Genseric and Belisarius gained possession of it without difficulty.

I have in my hands several coins of the Vandal kings, which prove that the arts were totally lost during the reigns of those monarchs: it is not probable, therefore, that Carthage received any embellishment from its new masters. We know, on the contrary, that Genseric overthrew the churches and the theatres; all the pagan edifices were demolished by his command: mention is made, among others, of the temple of Memory, and the street of the Celestial Goddess, which was lined with splendid structures.

Justinian, having wrested Carthage from the Vandals, caused porticos, thermæ, churches, and monasteries, to be erected there, as we find in Procopius's book on edifices. That historian speaks also of a church built by the Carthaginians on the sea-shore, in honour of St. Cyprian. Such is all that I have been able to collect, concerning the monuments of a city which occupies so high a rank in history. Let us now proceed to its ruins.

The ship in which I left Alexandria having arrived in the port of Tunis, we cast anchor opposite to the ruins of Carthage. I looked at them, but was unable to make out what they could be. I perceived a few Moorish huts, a Mahometan hermitage at the point of a projecting cape, sheep browsing among ruins;—ruins, so far from striking, that I could scarcely distinguish them from the ground on which they lay. This was Carthage.

Devictæ Carthaginis arces
Procubuere, jacent infausto in littore turres
Eversæ. Quantùm illa metûs quantùm illa laborum
Urbs dedit insultans Latio et Laurentibus arvis!
Nunc passim vix reliquias, vix nomina servans,
Obruitur propriis non agnoscenda ruinis.

"The walls of vanquished Carthage, and her demolished towers, lie scattered on the fatal shore. What fears did this city formerly excite in Rome; what efforts did she cost when insulting us, even in Latium and the Laurentian plains! Now, scarcely a relic of her is to be seen; she scarcely retains her name, and cannot even be recognised by her own ruins."

In order to discover these ruins, it is necessary to go methodically to work. I suppose, then, that the reader sets out with me from the fort of the Goletta, standing, as I have observed, upon the canal by which the lake of Tunis discharges itself into the sea. Riding along the shore in an east northeast direction, you come, in about half an hour, to some salt-pits, which extend towards the west, as far as a fragment of wall, very near to the great reservoirs. Passing between these salt-pits and the sea, you begin to discover jetties running out to a considerable distance under water. The sea and the jetties are on your right; on your left you perceive a great quantity of ruins, upon eminences of unequal height; and below these ruins is a basin of a circular form, and of considerable depth, which formerly communicated with the sea by means of a canal, traces of which are still to be seen. This basin must be, in my opinion, the Cothon, or inner port of Carthage. The remains of the immense works discernible in the sea, would, in this case, indicate the site of the outer mole. If I am not mistaken, some piles of the dam constructed by Scipio, for the purpose of blocking up the port, may still be distinguished. I also observed a second inner canal, which shall be, if you please, the cut made by the Carthaginians when they opened a new passage for their fleet.

This opinion is diametrically opposite to that of Dr. Shaw, who places the ancient port of Carthage to the north and northwest of the peninsula, in the wet morass, called El Mersa, or the harbour. He supposes that this port has been choked up by the northeast winds, and the mud of the Bagrada. D'Anville, in his

Ancient Geography, and Belidor, in his Hydraulic Architecture, have adopted this opinion. Travellers have bowed to these great authorities. I know not what opinion is entertained on the subject by the learned Italian, whose work I have already mentioned.

I must own it is not without fear that I find myself opposed to men of such eminent merit as Shaw and D'Anville. The one had seen the places, and the other was acquainted with them, as it were, by intuition. One thing, however, gives me courage. M. Humberg, commandant engineer at the Goletta, a man of great abilities, and who has long resided among the ruins of Carthage, absolutely rejects the hypothesis of the learned English traveller. It is certain that we should receive with caution accounts of those assumed changes of places, those local accidents, by means of which a writer explains difficulties in a plan which he does not understand. I am doubtful, then, whether the Bagrada could have choked the ancient port of Carthage, as Dr. Shaw supposes, or produced, on the coast of Utica, all the revolutions which he describes. The elevated part of the land to the north and northwest of the isthmus of Carthage, has not, either along the sea or in the El Mersa, the smallest sinuosity capable of affording shelter to a vessel. To find the Cothon in this position, we must have recourse to a hole which, by Shaw's own account, is scarcely one hundred yards square: on the other hand, along the sea, on the southeast, you find long dykes, vaults which may have served for store-houses, or even for the reception of the galleys; you see canals excavated by the hand of man, an inner basin sufficiently capacious to hold the barks of the ancients, and in the midst of this basin a small island.

History supports me in this explanation. Scipio Africanus was engaged in fortifying Tunis when he perceived the ships leaving Carthage to attack the Roman fleet at Utica.* Had the port of Carthage been to the north, on the other side of the isthmus, Scipio, stationed at Tunis, could not have seen the Carthaginian galleys; for the land in that part intercepts the view of the gulf of Utica. But if we place the port to the southwest, Scipio then could see, and must have seen, his enemies standing out of the harbour.

* Livy, book x.

When Scipio Æmilianus undertook to block up the entrance to the outer port, he began the jetty at the point of Cape Carthage.* Now, Cape Carthage is to the east, on the bay of Tunis. Appian adds, that this point of land was near the port; which is correct, if the port lie to the southeast, but false, if situated to the northwest. It would be the height of absurdity, to suppose a dyke carried from the longest point of the isthmus of Carthage for the purpose of enclosing what is termed El Mersa on the northwest.

Lastly, after he had taken Cothon, Scipio attacked Byrsa, or the citadel:† the Cothon was consequently below the citadel. Now, the latter stood on the highest hill of Carthage, a hill which is seen between the south and east. The Cothon, if situated on the northwest, would have been too far distant from Byrsa, whereas the basin where I place it lies exactly at the foot of the hills to the southeast.

If I expatiate more on this point than is necessary for many readers, there are others, I know, who take a lively interest in the recollections of history, and who look in a work of this kind for nothing but facts and positive information. Is it not singular, that in a city so celebrated as Carthage, we should have to seek the very site of her ports, and that the circumstance which constituted her principal glory, is precisely that which is now most completely forgotten.

Shaw seems to have been more happy in regard to the port described in the first book of the Æneid. Some scholars have looked upon this port as a creation of the poet; others have conceived that Virgil intended to represent either the port of Ithaca, or that of Carthagena, or the bay of Naples: but the bard of Dido was too scrupulous about the delineation of places to allow himself such a liberty. He has most accurately described a port at some distance from Carthage. Let us hear Dr. Shaw:

"Two leagues to the east northeast of Seedy Doude, and a little to the southward of the promontory of Mercury, is Lowbareah, the Aquilaria of the ancients, where Curio landed those troops that were afterwards cut in pieces by Sabura. There are several fragments of antiquities at this place, but nothing remarkable: however, from the seashore to this village, which is at

* Appian. † Ibid.

half a mile's distance, the interjacent mountain, from the level of the sea to the height of twenty or thirty feet, is all the way very artfully scooped and hollowed, small openings being carried up in several places to the surface, for the admission of fresh air, whilst large pillars and arches are left standing at proper distances below, to support the mountain. These are the quarries which Strabo takes notice of, whence the buildings of Carthage, Utica, and many other adjacent cities, might receive their materials. Moreover, as the mountain above is all over shaded with trees; as the arches below lie open to the sea, having a large cliff on each side, with the island of Ægimurus placed over against them; as there are likewise some fountains perpetually draining from the rocks, and seats for the weary labourer, we have little room to doubt, from such a concurrence of circumstances, so exactly corresponding to the cave which Virgil placeth somewhere in this gulf, but that the following description is literally true, notwithstanding the opinion of some commentators who have thought it fictitious:

Est in secessu longo locus; insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum: quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent: tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.
Fronte sub adversâ, scopulis pendentibus antrum;
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo
Nympharum domus, &c. VIRG. ÆN. I. 163.

Having now settled the situation of the ports, the rest will not detain us long. I suppose that we have pursued our way along the coast to the angle from which the promontory of Carthage projects. This Cape, according to Dr. Shaw, was never included in the city. Let us now leave the sea, and striking off to the left, traverse, as we return to the south, the ruins of the city, scattered over the amphitheatre of the hills.

We first find the remains of a very extensive edifice, which seems to have formed part of a palace or of a theatre. Above this edifice, ascending to the west, you come to the beautiful cisterns, which are generally accounted the only relics of ancient

Carthage: they were probably supplied with water by an aqueduct, some fragments of which may be seen in the plain. This aqueduct was fifty miles in length, commencing at the springs of Zawan and Zungar. There were temples above these springs. The largest arches of the aqueduct are seventy feet high, and the columns which support these arches are sixteen feet square. The cisterns are prodigious; they form a series of vaults, communicating with each other, and are bordered throughout their whole length by a corridor. This is a truly magnificent work.

A rugged road leads from the public cisterns to the hill of Byrsa. At the foot of the hill you find a cemetery and a miserable village, perhaps the *Tents* of Lady M. W. Montague.* The summit exhibits a level space bestrewed with small pieces of marble, and which is visibly the area of a palace or of a temple. If you suppose the former, it shall be the palace of Dido; if you prefer the latter, it must have been the temple of Esculapius. Here two females consigned themselves to the flames, not to survive, the one, her dishonour, the other, her country.

From the summit of Byrsa, the eye embraces the ruins of Carthage, which are more numerous than is generally imagined: they resemble those of Sparta, having nothing left in tolerable preservation, but covering an extensive space. I saw them in the month of February; the fig, olive, and carob trees were already clothed with their young leaves; large angelicas and acanthuses formed verdant thickets among fragments of marble of every colour. In the distance my eye wandered over the isthmus, the double sea, distant islands, a pleasing country, bluish lakes, and azure mountains. I beheld forests, ships, aqueducts, Moorish villages, Mahometan hermitages, minarets, and the white buildings of Tunis. Millions of starlings, in flocks that looked like clouds, flew over my head. Surrounded by the grandest and most moving recollections, I thought of Dido, of Sophonisba, of the noble wife of Asdrubal; I contemplated the vast plains which entomb the legions of Hannibal, Scipio, and Cæsar; my eyes sought the site of Utica; but, alas! the ruins of the palace of Tiberius still exist at Capri, and in vain you look for the spot occupied by Cato's house at Utica! The terrible

* The Elephants' Stables, mentioned by this lady, are subterraneous chambers, which have nothing remarkable.

Vandals and the light Moors passed successively before my memory; which exhibited to me, as the last picture, St. Louis expiring on the ruins of Carthage. With the narrative of the death of that prince, I shall conclude this work; happy to return, as it were, to my country by an ancient monument of its virtues, and to finish, at the tomb of the monarch of sainted memory, this long pilgrimage to the sepulchres of great men.

When St. Louis undertook his second expedition he was not young. His impaired health did not permit him to remain long on horseback, or to bear the weight of armour; but Louis had lost none of the vigour of his mind. He assembled the grandees of his kingdom at Paris; represented to them the unfortunate situation of Palestine; and declared his resolution to go to the relief of his Christian brethren. At the same time he received the cross from the hands of the legate, and gave it to his three eldest sons. A great number of the nobility took the cross with him. The kings of Europe, Charles of Sicily, Edward of England, Gaston of Bearn, the kings of Navarre and Arragon, prepared to follow his example. The fair sex displayed the same zeal: the lady de Poitiers, the countess of Bretagne, Iolanda of Burgundy, Joan de Toulouse, Isabel de France, Amicia de Courtenay, threw aside the distaff, which then afforded employment to queens, and accompanied their husbands beyond the sea.

St. Louis made his will, and then went to receive the oriflamme. This banner, which first made its appearance in the French armies under Louis the Fat, was a standard of silk affixed to the point of a lance. In time of peace, it was deposited in the abbey of St. Denis, among the tombs of the kings, as if to indicate that, from generation to generation, the French were faithful to their God, to their prince, and to honour. St. Louis, according to custom, received this banner from the hand of the abbot, who delivered to him, at the same time, the scarf and the pilgrim's staff, which were then denominated the *solace and the marks of the journey.** Louis offered up his prayers at the shrine of the martyrs, and committed his kingdom to the protection of the patron of France. The day after this ceremony, he walked barefoot with his sons from the Palace of Justice to the

* Solatia et indicia itineris.

church of Notre Dame; in the evening he set out for Vincennes, where he took leave of queen Margaret; and then quitted forever those aged oaks, the venerable witnesses of his justice and his virtues.

"Many a time," says the Sire de Joinville, "have I seen the holy monarch go to amuse himself in the wood of Vincennes, where he would sit down at the foot of an oak, and make us seat ourselves round him, and all those who had business with him could come and speak to him without being hindered by any guard. In like manner I have several times, in summer, seen the good king come into the garden at Paris, dressed in a camlet coat, a surtout of linsey-woolsey without sleeves, and a black mantle over that; and he would order carpets to be spread near him for us to sit down upon, and diligently attend to the affairs of his subjects, as at the wood of Vincennes."

St. Louis embarked at Aigues Mortes, on Tuesday, July 1st. 1270. Three plans were proposed in the council held by the king previously to his departure: to land at St. John d'Acre, to attack Egypt, or to make an attempt on Tunis. Unfortunately, Louis adopted the latter, for a reason that appeared decisive.

Tunis was then under the dominion of a prince whom Geoffrey de Beaulieu and William de Nangis call Omar el Muley Moztanca. The historians of those times have not told us why this prince feigned a desire to embrace the Christian religion; but it is highly probable that receiving intelligence of the preparations of the crusaders, and not knowing where the storm would burst, he hoped to avert its fury by sending ambassadors to France, and flattering the pious monarch with a conversion which he had no thoughts of. This artifice of the infidel was the very thing that drew down upon him the tempest which he was solicitous to avoid. Louis conceived that Omar wanted nothing but an opportunity to declare his sentiments, and that great part of Africa would then embrace Christianity, after the example of its prince.

To this religious motive was added a political consideration. The Tunisians infested the seas; they intercepted the succours sent to the Christian princes in Palestine; they furnished the sultans of Egypt with horses, arms, and troops; they were the centre of connexion maintained by Bondoc Dari with the Moors of

Morocco and Spain. The destruction of this haunt of banditti was therefore a point of some consequence, as it would facilitate future expeditions to the Holy Land.

St. Louis entered the bay of Tunis in the month of July, 1270. At this time the Moorish prince had begun to rebuild Carthage: several new edifices were already erected among the ruins, and a castle appeared on the hill of Byrsa. The crusaders were struck with the beauty of the country, covered with woods of olive-trees. Omar, so far from coming out to meet the French, threatened, on the contrary, to put to death all the Christians in his dominions, if they attempted to disembark. These menaces did not prevent the army from landing; it encamped on the isthmus of Carthage, and the king's chaplain took possession of the native land of Hannibal with these words: "I put you to the ban of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of Louis king of France, his lieutenant." The same spot had echoed the accents of the Getulion, the Tyrian, the Latin, the Vandal, the Greek, and the Arab; and it was the same passions that were expressed in all their different languages.

St. Louis resolved to reduce Carthage before he laid siege to Tunis, which was then an opulent, commercial, and fortified city. He dislodged the Saracens from a tower which defended the cisterns: the castle was carried by assault, and the new city followed the fate of the fortress. The princesses, who accompanied their husbands, landed at the port, and by one of those revolutions produced in the lapse of ages, the most illustrious females of France took up their abode in the ruins of the palace of Dido.

But no sooner had Louis crossed the seas, than prosperity seemed to forsake him; as if he had been always destined to exhibit the infidels a pattern of heroism in adversity. He could not attack Tunis till he had received the reinforcements with which his brother, the king of Sicily, had promised to join him. Being obliged to intrench himself on the isthmus, the army was attacked by a contagious disease, which in a few days swept away half of his troops. The African sun consumed men accustomed to live beneath a milder sky. To increase the sufferings of the crusaders, the Moors raised the burning sand by means of machines, and scattering it before the southern breeze, they exposed

the Christians by this fiery shower to the effects of the *Kamsin*, or terrible wind of the desert: an ingenious and terrific invention, worthy of the solitudes which furnished the idea of it, and evincing to what lengths man can carry the spirit of destruction! Incessant engagements exhausted their remains of strength; the living were not sufficient to bury the dead; whose bodies were thrown into the ditches of the camp, which were soon completely filled with them.

The counts of Nemours, Montmorency and Vendôme were already no more; the king had seen his favourite son, the count of Nevers, expire in his arms. He felt himself the attacks of the disease. He was sensible from the first moment that it would terminate fatally, and that this shock could not fail to overpower a body worn out with the fatigues of war, the cares of a throne, and those religious and royal vigils which Louis gave to his God and to his people. He nevertheless strove to conceal his illness, as well as the grief which he felt for the loss of his son. With the hand of death impressed upon his brow, he was seen visiting the hospitals, like one of those fathers of mercy, devoted, on the very same spot, to the redemption of captives and the attendance on the infected. From the works of the saint he passed to the duties of the monarch, providing for the safety of the camp, meeting the enemy with undaunted countenance, or seated before his tent, administering justice to his subjects, as he was wont under the oak of Vincennes.

Philip, the eldest son and successor of Louis, never quitted his father, whom he saw sinking into the tomb. The king was at length confined to his tent; when incapable of rendering, in his own person, any farther service to his people, he endeavoured to ensure their future happiness, by addressing to Philip those instructions which no true Frenchman can ever read without emotion. These he committed to writing when on his death bed. Ducange speaks of a manuscript which appears to have been the original of these instructions: the writing is large, but shows the weakness of the hand which expressed the sentiments of so strong a mind.

"My dear son, the first thing which I instruct and command thee to keep, is to love God with all thy heart, for without this, no man can be saved. And beware of doing what is displeasing

to him; for thou shouldst rather desire to undergo all sorts of torments than commit a mortal sin.

"If God sends thee adversity, receive it with resignation, and thank him for it: and think that thou hast amply deserved it, and that every thing will turn out for thy profit. If he gives thee prosperity, return him thy most humble thanks, and take care that thou art made no worse for it, either by pride or otherwise. For we ought not to make war upon God with his gifts.

"Take care to have about thee prudent and upright men, who are not full of covetousness, whether ecclesiastics, seculars, or others. Shun the society of the wicked; listen to the words of God, and treasure them in thy heart.

"Administer justice and equity to each, as well to the poor as to the rich. And to thy servants be honourable, liberal, and frugal of words, that they may fear and love thee as their master. And if any controversy or quarrel arise, inquire into the very truth; whether it be for or against thyself. If thou findest for certain that thou hast any thing rightfully belonging to another, acquired either by thyself or thy predecessors, immediately restore it.

"Take care, with all diligence, that the people and subjects live in peace and happiness under thee, especially in the good cities and towns, and elsewhere. Maintain thy franchises and privileges, which thy forefathers have maintained and preserved, and keep them in favour and love.

"Beware of engaging in war against Christian men without mature deliberation, and unless thou canst not possibly avoid it. If war and disputes arise among thy subjects, pacify them as speedily as thou canst.

"Keep a watchful eye over thy governors, bailiffs, and other officers, and frequently inquire into their conduct, that, if need be to reprove them, thou mayst do it.

"And I entreat thee, my son, after my death, to keep me in remembrance, and my poor soul; and assist me with masses, prayers, alms, and benefactions, throughout all thy kingdom. And allow me a share and portion in all the charities which thou bestowest.

"And I give thee every benediction that ever father can give his child, praying to all the Trinity of Paradise, the Father, the

Son, and the Holy Ghost, to keep thee and to protect thee from all evil; that we may once, after this mortal life, be together in the presence of God, and thank and praise him to all eternity."

Every man at the point of death, and undeceived in regard to the things of the world, may give prudent instructions to his children; but when these instructions are enforced by the example of a whole life of innocence, when they issue from the lips of a great sovereign and an intrepid soldier, from a heart fraught with a simplicity that never was surpassed; when they are the last expressions of a divine spirit, ready to speed its flight to the celestial mansions; then happy is that people who, with honest pride, can exclaim: "The man who penned these instructions was the king of my fathers!"

The disease growing more violent, Louis demanded extreme unction. He pronounced the responses to the prayers for the dying in as firm a tone as if he had been giving orders on the field of battle. He raised himself upon his knees at the foot of his bed, to receive the eucharist, and his attendants were obliged to support in their arms this second Jerome, during this his last communion. From that moment he banished all earthly thoughts, and conceived that he stood acquitted towards his subjects. What monarch, indeed, ever fulfilled his duties in so exemplary a manner! His charity now embraced all mankind: he prayed for the infidels, who were at once the glory and the misery of his life: he invoked the patron saints of France, of that France which was dear to his royal heart. On the morning of Monday, the 25th of August, feeling his end approaching, he desired to be placed upon a bed of ashes, where he lay with his hands folded upon his bosom, and his eyes raised towards heaven.

Never was such a spectacle beheld but once, and never will it be again exhibited. The fleet of the Sicilian monarch appeared on the horizon; while the plain and hills were covered with the army of the Moors. Amid the wreck of Carthage, the Christian camp presented the image of the profoundest grief: a death-like silence pervaded it, and the expiring soldiers, leaving the hospitals, crawled over the ruins to approach their dying monarch. Louis was surrounded by his weeping family, the dismayed princes, and their fainting consorts. The deputies of the emperor of Constantinople were present at this scene: they had

it in their power to relate to Greece the particulars of an end which Socrates would have admired. From the bed of ashes on which St. Louis heaved his last sigh, could be seen the shore of Utica: each spectator might draw a comparison between the death of the stoic and that of the Christian philosopher. More happy than Cato, St. Louis was not obliged to read a treatise on the immortality of the soul, to convince himself of the existence of a future life: of this he found an irrefragable proof in his religion, his virtues, and his misfortunes. At length, about three in the afternoon, the king fetched a deep sigh, and having distinctly repeated these words: "Lord, I will go into thy house, and will adore thee in thy holy temple," his soul took its flight to that holy temple in which it was worthy to dwell.

The trumpets of the Sicilian crusaders sounded, and their fleet arrived full of joy, and bringing useless succours. Their signal was not answered. Charles of Anjou was astonished, and began to apprehend some disaster. He landed; he beheld the sentinels with pikes reversed, while the dejection visible in their faces expressed their grief much more strongly than this mark of military mourning. He flew to the tent of his brother, and found him extended lifeless on a bed of ashes. He threw himself on his sacred remains, he bathed them with his tears, he respectfully kissed the feet of the saint, and showed marks of affection and sorrow that would not have been expected from so haughty a spirit. The face of Louis was yet tinged with all the colours of life, and his lips even retained their vermilion hue.

Charles obtained the bowels of his brother, which he deposited at Montreal, near Salerno. The heart and body of the prince were destined for the abbey of St. Dennis; but the soldiers would not suffer these venerated relics to depart before them, saying that the remains of their sovereign were the safeguard of the army. France, inconsolable for the loss of such a monarch upon earth, declared him her protector in heaven; and Louis, placed in the rank of saints, might be considered as the everlasting king of his country. His people vied with each other in erecting to his memory churches and chapels more magnificent than the simple palaces in which he had passed his life. The old chevaliers who had accompanied him in his first crusade, were the first to acknowledge the new power of their chief. "And I, too," says the sire de

Joinville, "had an altar erected in honour of God, and of monseigneur Saint Loys."

The death of Louis, so affecting, so virtuous, so calm, with which the history of Carthage concludes, may be regarded in the light of a sacrifice of peace, offered in expiation of the excesses, the passions, and the crimes of which that unfortunate city was so long the theatre.

Leaving M. Devoise, by whom I had been so generously entertained, I embarked in the American schooner, in which, as I have observed, Mr. Lear procured me a passage. We weighed from the Goletta on the 9th of March, 1807, and made sail for Spain. We received some instructions from an American frigate in the road of Algiers. This city stands in a charming situation, upon an eminence that reminds you of the beautiful hill of Pausilippo. On the 19th, at seven in the morning, we descried the Spanish shore near Cape de Gatte, at the extremity of the kingdom of Grenada. Following the coast, we passed Malaga, and at length, on the 27th, being Good Friday, we came to an anchor in the bay of Gibraltar.

I landed on Easter Monday at Algesiras, and set out from that place on the 4th of April for Cadiz, where I arrived two days afterwards, and was received with extreme politeness by Messrs. Leroi and Canclaux, the French consul and vice-consul. From Cadiz I proceeded to Cordova, and admired the mosque, now transformed into the cathedral of that city. I traversed the ancient Bœtica, where the poets have placed the abodes of happiness. I went to Andujar, and turned back to look at Grenada. I thought the Alhambra worth seeing, even after the temples of Greece. The valley of Grenada is delicious, and very much resembles that of Sparta. Well may the Moors regret such a country!

From Grenada I set out for Aranjues, and travelled through the country of the illustrious knight of La Mancha, whom I consider as the noblest, the bravest, the most amiable, and the least insane of mortals. I saw the Tagus at Aranjuez, and arrived on the 21st of April at Madrid.

M. de Beauharnais, the French ambassador at the court of Spain, loaded me with favours; he had formerly known my unfortunate brother, who died on the scaffold with his illustrious

grandfather.* I left Madrid on the 24th, and proceeded to the Escurial, built by Philip II. on the desert mountains of Old Castile. The court pays its annual visit to this monastery, as if to exhibit to recluses dead to the world, the spectacle of all the passions, and to receive from them those lessons by which the passions never profit. Here you are shown the sepulchral chapel where the kings of Spain are deposited one above another; so that all this dust is arranged and ticketed like the curiosities in a museum. Empty sepulchres are left for the sovereigns who have not yet come into the world.

From the Escurial I pursued my way to Segovia. The aqueduct of that city is one of the grandest works of the Romans, but for a description of it I refer the reader to the excellent work of M. de la Borde. At Burgos a superb gothic cathedral announced my approach to my native land. I was not unmindful of the ashes of the Cid.

At Miranda I saluted the Ebro, whose banks witnessed the first steps of that Hannibal whose course I had so long been tracing. I passed through Vittoria, and crossed the charming mountains of Biscay. On the 3d of May I set foot on French ground, and arrived on the 5th at Bayonne, after having made the complete tour of the Mediterranean, and visited Sparta, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, Rhodes, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Cairo, Carthage, Cordova, Grenada, and Madrid.

When the pilgrim of old had accomplished his journey to the Holy Land, he left behind his staff at Jerusalem, and returned with that of a palmer. I have not brought back to my country a similar mark of honour, neither have I attached to these my last efforts an importance of which they are undeserving. For these twenty years I have devoted myself to study amid dangers and afflictions of every kind. Many of the pages of my works were written beneath the tent, in deserts, on the bosom of the deep; and I have often held the pen without knowing whether my existence was likely to be prolonged for a few moments: these are claims to indulgence, and not titles to glory. Should Heaven be pleased to grant me a repose which I have never yet enjoyed, I shall endeavour to rear in silence a monument to my country; but should Providence deny me this boon, I shall only

* M. de Malsherbe.

strive to screen my declining years from those cares which embittered my early life. I am no longer young, no longer fond of bustle; I know from experience that letters, the commerce with which is so delicious when secret, draw down upon us naught but storms from without. At any rate, I have written enough, if my name be destined to live; far too much, if it be doomed to perish.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

DISSERTATION ON THE EXTENT OF ANCIENT JERUSALEM, AND OF ITS TEMPLE; AND ON THE HEBREW MEASURES OF LENGTH. BY M. D'ANVILLE.

The cities which hold a considerable rank in history, require particular researches into what regards them in the detail; and it cannot be denied that Jerusalem is one of those cities which deserve to be the objects of our curiosity. This consideration has induced several scholars to treat this subject in a very ample manner, and in all its circumstances, and to endeavour to ascertain the site of the different quarters of that city, its public edifices, its gates, and almost generally of all those places which we find mentioned in the sacred scriptures and other monuments of antiquity. If even the researches of these scholars should not appear to have been attended throughout with complete success, still their zeal is not the less worthy of our commendation and gratitude.

The principal point attempted in this dissertation is to determine the extent of that city, respecting which we have as yet nothing precise, and which even seems in general to be greatly exaggerated. To decide this question recourse must be had to local circumstances, and it is owing to the neglect of these that this point yet remains to be discussed. Though it is difficult and next to impossible to elucidate in a satisfactory manner a great number of details respecting Jerusalem, yet the subject which we here undertake to examine is susceptible of being cleared up by the strongest evidence.

In order to be able to treat this matter with precision, we must set out with ascertaining what composed ancient Jerusalem. This investigation will leave no uncertainty in the distinction between the modern and the ancient city. The site of the latter will appear to be the more accurately determined, as the natural situation of places enables us to form an infallible judgment concerning it. In this view we insert the very faithful sketch of a plan of modern Jerusalem, probably taken by the direction of M. Deshayes, and published in the narrative of his travels in the Levant, in 1621, undertaken in consequence of commissions with which he was charged by Louis XIII, to the Grand Signor. One of the articles of these commissions being to support the Latin monks in the possession of the sacred places in Palestine, and to establish a consul at Jerusalem, it is not surprising that such a plan should be met with in his book rather than any other. The present extent of the city, its streets, the topography of the ground, are expressed in

this plan, and better than any where else that I know of. For the greater clearness and less distraction in regard to the principal object, we admit into our plan such circumstances only as are particularly connected with the subject of this dissertation. The utility, nay even the necessity of a plan in such a case, affords just reason for astonishment that no use has yet been made of that whose assistance we borrow.

I.—Of the Quarters of Ancient Jerusalem.

Josephus gives us a general idea of Jerusalem, when he says (*War of the Jews*, book vi. ch. 6.) that this city was seated on two hills facing each other and separated by a valley. That which was called the Upper City occupied the most extensive as well as the most elevated of these hills, whose advantageous situation induced David to choose it for his fortress; and the other hill, named Acra, was the site of the Lower City. Now we see that Mount Sion, which is the first of these two hills, is yet perfectly distinguished on the plan. Its most remarkable declivity looks towards the south and west, being formed by a deep ravine, which in scripture is denominated Ge-Ben-Hinnom, or the Valley of the Children of Hinnom. This valley, running from west to east, meets, at the extremity of Mount Sion, the Valley of Kedron, which extends from north to south. These local circumstances, which are determined by nature herself, are not liable to those changes which time and the fury of men may have made in the city of Jerusalem. It is these that ascertain the limits of the city in that part which Sion occupied. It is this part that advances farthest towards the south, and you are not only fixed in such a manner that you cannot take in a greater space on that side, but the utmost breadth to which the site of Jerusalem can possibly extend is determined on the one hand by the declivity of Sion which faces the west, and on the other by its opposite extremity towards Cedron and the east. That part of the walls of Jerusalem which Josephus calls the most ancient bordered the summit of the rock, according to that historian. To this also refer these words of Tacitus, in the description which he gives of Jerusalem (*Hist. lib. i. c.* 11.) *Duos colles, immensum editos, claudebant muri—extrema rupis obrupta.* Hence it follows that the contour of the mountain still serves to mark and circumscribe the ancient limits.

The second hill rose to the north of Sion, its east side facing Mount Moria, on which the Temple was situated, and from which this hill was separated only by a chasm which the Asmoneans partly filled up, by lowering the summit of Acra, as we are informed by Josephus in the place quoted above: for, this summit commanding the Temple, and being very near it, according to the account of Josephus, Antiochus Epiphanes erected a fortress upon it to overawe the city and annoy the Temple; which fortress, having a Greek or Macedonian garrison, held out against the Jews till the time of Simon, who demolished it, and at the same time levelled the summit of the hill. As no mention is ever made of Acra till after this time; it is most probable that this name is nothing else than the Greek word Ακρα, which signifies a high place, and sometimes means a fortress. Besides, the term Hakra, with an aspirate, appears

to have been peculiar to the Syrians, or at least adopted by them to denote a fortified place. In the Chaldean Paraphrase (II *Samuel*, ii. 7.) Hakra Dsiun is the fortress of Sion. Josephus gives an idea of the figure of the base of the hill, by the term αμφικυρτος, which, according to Suidas, is applied to the moon in one of her phases, between the new and the full, and according to Martianus Capella, between the half and the full. A remarkable circumstance in the plan which serves for our ground-work, is a vestige of the principal eminence of Acra, between Sion and the Temple; and this circumstance is the less equivocal, as care has been taken to write *high place* in the plan itself, near the south-west corner of the Temple.

Mount Moria, on which the Temple stood, being at first only an irregular hill it was necessary, in order to extend the appendages to the Temple over an equal surface and to increase the area of its summit, to support the sides, which formed a square, by immense works. The east side bordered the valley of Cedron, commonly called the valley of Jehoshaphat, which was very deep. The south side, over-looking a very low spot, was faced from top to bottom with a strong wall; and Josephus assigns an elevation of not less than three hundred cubits to this part of the temple; so that, for its communication with Sion, it had occasion for a bridge, as the same author informs us. The west side looked towards Acra, the appearance of which, from the Temple, is compared by Josephus to a theatre. On the north side an artificial ditch, ταφρος δε ορωρυκτο, says our historian, separated the Temple from a hill named Bezetha, which was afterwards joined to the town by an extension of its area. Such is the general disposition of Mount Moria, in the site of Jerusalem.

The famous tower of Antonia flanked the north-east corner of the Temple. Seated on a rock, it was originally erected by Hyrcanus, the first of that name, and called Βαρις, a Greek term, according to Josephus, but which St. Jerome asserts to have been common in Palestine, even down to his time, to denote strong buildings, and such as were erected in the form of towers. That in question received considerable embellishments from Herod, who named it after Anthony, his benefactor; and before the accession of Bezetha, the area of the city did not extend beyond it towards the north. It is even necessary to recede a little to the south, a very small distance from the west front of the Temple, in order to exclude from the city Golgotha or Calvary, which, being the place of execution for criminals, was not comprehended within its walls. The piety of the Christians did not at any time suffer this place to remain unknown, even prior to the reign of Constantine the Great: for, could it have been so to those Jews who had been converted to Christianity, who, as we are told by St. Epiphanius, again took up their abode in the ruins of Jerusalem, after the destruction of that city by Titus, and there led an edifying life?

In the year 326, Constantine, according to Eusebius, covered this very spot with a church, and his account agrees with the testimony of the author of the *Itinerarum à Burdigala Hierusalem usque*, who was at Jerusalem in 333, according to the consulate, which serves as a date to his Itinerary: *Ibidem modo jussu Constantini Imperatoris Basilica facta est, id est Dominicum, miræ pulchritudinis.* Though Almansor Hakim Billa, a caliph of the race of the

Fatimites of Egypt, ordered the church to be destroyed at the beginning of the eleventh century, from a determination not to tolerate the imposture of the holy fire, as it was termed, of the Greeks on Easter-eve; yet the Greek emperor Constantine Monomachus, thirty-seven years afterwards, in 1048, obtained of Hakim's grandson the right to rebuild the same church, and defrayed the expense of the structure, as we are informed by William, archbishop of Tyre. Besides, the conquest of Jerusalem, by Godfrey of Bouillon, in 1099, leaves no long interval of time from the circumstance just mentioned. Now it will be remarked that the preceding facts, relative to ancient Jerusalem, have nothing equivocal, and are as decisive as the disposition of Mount Sion on the opposite side.

In respect to the eastern part of Jerusalem, there is no ambiguity. It is notorious and evident that the valley of Cedron served for the boundary of the city, in the same or nearly the same line as was described on the border of that valley, by the front of the Temple which looked that way. We arrive at the like certainty in respect to the west side of the city, when we consider that the natural elevation of the ground which bounds the area of Sion on that side, as well as towards the south, continues to run northward till it comes opposite to the Temple. There is no reason to doubt that this long eminence, commanding a valley situated without the town, is the contrary side of Acra to that which faces the Temple. The advantageous situation which the walls of the city still retain on the precipice, fully justifies this opinion. It is moreover supported by the testimony of Brocardus a Dominican monk, who was in Palestine in 1283, as he informs us in the description which he gave of that country. It is to the west part of the site of Jerusalem, running from Sion towards the north, that these words, extracted from the special description of this city, refer: *Vorago seu vallis quæ procedebat versus aquilonem, faciebatque fossam civitatis juxta longitudinem ejus, usque ad plagam aquilonis; et super eam erat intrinsecus rupes eminens quam Josephus Acram appellat, quæ sustinebat murum civitatis superpositum, cingentem ad occidente. civitatem, usque ad portam Ephraim, ubi curvatur contra orientem.* This statement of an author who wrote from actual observation, is perfectly conformable with the preceding representation, suggested by the plan of the ground. This may suffice to explain the different quarters which composed ancient Jerusalem, their site and relative positions.

II. Extent of Ancient Jerusalem.

The account given by Josephus of the several walls which encompassed Jerusalem, comprehends circumstances that contribute to make us thoroughly acquainted with the extent of that city.

This historian distinguishes three different walls. That which he calls the most ancient, not only covered Sion on the exterior of the city, but likewise separated that part from the lower city, or Acra. It is at this very place that Josephus commences his description of this wall: He says that the tower called Hippicos flanked the end next the north, αρχομενον δε κατα βορειαν απο τε Ιππικε *incipiens ad boream ad Hippico;* it thence extended to the west gate of the

Temple, by which, to judge from the plan, we are to understand the south-west angle. It is obvious that this part of the wall forms a separation between the upper and the lower city. It seems to correspond with the southern boundary of the modern city of Jerusalem, which excludes Sion; so that we have every reason to presume that the tower of Hippicos, whose situation, as we shall presently find, is an important point for us to ascertain, stood near the south-west angle of the present area of Jerusalem. If we may give credit to various accounts, the present wall was the work of Solyman, who, in 1520, succeeded his father Selim, to whom the Turks are indebted for the conquest of Egypt and Syria. Be this as it may, Edrisi, who wrote his geography for Roger I. king of Sicily, deceased in 1151, represents Jerusalem as being nearly in the same state as at the present day; saying that it extends in length from west to east. He even expressly excludes Mount Sion from its area; for, to use the words of his description, in order to go to a Temple where the Christians pretended that Christ had held the last supper with his disciples, and which is situated on that mount, it is necessary to leave the town by a gate called Bab Seihun, the Gate of Sion, which corresponds with the present state of Jerusalem. Benjamin of Tudela, whose Travels are dated 1173, remarks, that in his time there was no entire edifice standing upon Mount Sion, except this church. The observation relative to Mount Sion, which is to be found in the Travels of Willebrand of Oldenburg, performed in 1211, *Nunc includitur muris civitatis, sed tempore passionis Dominicæ excludebatur*, must be taken in a contrary sense, if it were only on account of the last member of the sentence, *excludebatur tempore passionis*. It is, in general, highly probable, that in places where the ancient wall had any correspondence with the modern enclosure, the situation of those places, nay even the vestiges of the former foundations having determined the limits of the modern area, the latter consequently gives the extent of the ancient site. A particular circumstance exists to authorize this general observation in regard to the separation of Sion from Acra. This is the re-entering angle facing Sion, which is to be observed in the present southern boundary of Jerusalem, in the part nearest the site of the Temple or Mount Moria; for it was, in fact, in this manner only that the quarter of Sion could be separated from Acra; since, as we have observed in speaking of Acra, the *high place* marked in the plan, and on which the angle in question seems to depend, undoubtedly formed part of the eminence known by the name of Acra, and probably that which most overlooked, and consequently was most distinct from Sion.

Josephus having described the northern part of the area of Sion, from the tower of Hippicos to the Temple, begins again at that tower and follows it to the west, and afterwards of course to the south as far as the fountain of Siloe. This fountain is situated at the bottom of a deep ravine, which bounds the base of Sion, prolonged to the edge of the valley of Cedron, and which separates it from a portion of the city seated along this valley, as far as the foot of the Temple. At this ravine terminated the hollow, or valley, which parted Mount Sion from the hill of Acra, and which Josephus terms των Τυροποιων, *caseariorum*, of the cheesemongers. Edrisi, who makes mention of this valley, and that very distinctly, says, that on going out at the gate of which he had spoken by the name of Sion, you descend into a hollow (*in fossam* according to the version of the Maronites) which, he adds, is called the Valley of Hell, and in which is the fountain of Seluan (or Siloan.) This fountain was not included within the an-

cient city. St. Jerome alludes to it in these words (*in Micah.* xxii. 23): *In portarum exitibus, quæ Siloam ducunt.* As the valley in which Siloe is situated, extends from south-east to north-west, Josephus must be considered very accurate, when he says that the wall which looks down upon the fountain of Silde, runs on the one hand towards the south, and on the other towards the east; for it is almost exactly in this manner that this wall followed the edge of the two declivities which form the ravine. The Itinerary of Jerusalem agrees in its account of the fountain of Siloe: *Deorsum in vallo, juxta murum, est piscina quæ dicitur Siloa.* Be it here remarked, that mention is thus made of this wall in a document of the age of Constantine the Great. It may hence be inferred, that the rebuilding of Jerusalem, after the destruction of the city by Titus, which we know to have been the work of Adrian, who gave the new town the name of Ælia Capitolina, extended to Sion, as well as the rest of the city: so that the reduction of Sion to the state in which it now appears, must have originated in the ravages committed by Chosroes, king of Persia, by whom the city was taken in 614. It would therefore be wrong to take in a literal sense what is said by Abulpharagius (*Dinast.* 7.) that the Ælia of Adrian was near the destroyed city. By this nothing else can be meant, but that the site of the city at the time when the historian wrote, and after the establishment of Mahometanism, did not exactly correspond with that which it occupied at a more remote period. It must not be imagined that the use of the name of Ælia was strictly confined to the duration of the Roman power, since the oriental writers sometimes employ the denomination of Ilia to denote Jerusalem.

But to resume the course of the wall beyond Siloe, this wall was continued across Ophla, and terminated at the east front of the Temple, which brings us in fact to its angle, between the west and the south. In several passages of scripture mention is made of Oph'l, or Ophel. This term is even used metaphorically: but it is impossible to determine, from the context of the original, whether it signifies rather presumption or pride, than blindness or infatuation. Commentators are divided, some insisting that Ophel mentions a high place, and others a deep place. The contrariety of this interpretation is not more extraordinary than that which we find in the use of the Latin word *altus*, which is sometimes applied to depth as well as to height. The Greek version (Reg. N. 5. 24), has rendered Ophel σκοτεινὸν, a covered, and, as it were, gloomy place; and in fact, if it be remarked that Ophla applies in Josephus precisely to that part of the wall which passes through this glen, which, as we have observed, in speaking of Mount Moria, was overlooked by the south front of the Temple, it cannot be denied that the interpretation of Ophel, as a deep place, is justified by a circumstance of this nature, and that all doubts of its propriety are removed.

The site assigned to Ophel will agree with what is said by Josephus (*War of the Jews*, book vi. ch. 7) when speaking of the factions or parties by which Jerusalem was divided; namely, that one of these parties occupied the Temple and Ophla, and the valley of Cedron. In the second book of Chronicles (xxiii. 14) king Manasseh is said to have enclosed Ophel within the area of the city; which is the more remarkable as it would hence follow that the city of David had not previously exceeded the natural limits of Mount Sion, which is actually bounded by the ravine of Siloe. The literal translation of the text is as follows: *Ædificavit murum exteriorem civitati David ab occidente Gihon, in torrente, procedendo usque ad portam Piscium, et circuivit Ophel, et muni-*

dit eum. These words, *murum exteriorem civitati David*, would allude to the consequence that has just been drawn respecting the accession of Ophel; *circuivit Gihon*, according to the commentators, is the same as Siloe; and in this case, *ab occidente* must mean from what lies to the west of Siloe, that is to say, from Sion, which really lies westward of that fountain, the bank of the brook, *in torrente* which may naturally be presumed to mean Cedron. Nothing can more clearly coincide with the situation of the place itself than this interpretation, which teaches us that a distinction ought to be made between the city of David, properly so called, and what was afterwards included in the same quarter of Sion. We have therefore traced the extent of that whole quarter, together with its dependencies to the foot of the Temple.

The second wall mentioned by Josephus has nothing to do with our subject because it was situated in the interior of the city. It began at the gate called Genath, of the gardens, as this word may be rendered; which gate was opened in the first of these walls, or that which separated Sion from Acra: and this second wall, running towards the north side of the city, turned again upon the tower of Antonia, where it terminated. This wall was consequently but an intersection of Acra, connected at one end with the wall of Mount Sion and at the other with the tower which covered the north-west angle of the temple. It is natural to suppose that it owed its existence only to its having preceded an ulterior wall, such as that which extended the limits of the quarter of Acra, and of which we have yet to speak. I shall merely add that it is this interior wall that we ought to adopt in preference, if we would trace the limits of the city rebuilt by Nehemiah; as it is much more reasonable to attribute to the Asmonean princes, and to that period when their affairs were most prosperous, the erection of a new wall which doubles the former and comprehends a much more considerable space.

The third wall, which, when joined to the first, completes the circumscription of the area of Jerusalem, begins, according to Josephus, at the tower of Hippicos. The description of the first wall has already made us acquainted with the site of this tower. What the same historian says of the wall in question confirms the accuracy of that site. Beginning then at the tower of Hippicos, this wall ran directly northward to another very considerable tower called Psephina. Now we still see that the present wall of Jerusalem, retaining the advantage of standing on the brow of the hill on which the ancient Lower City was seated, extends, from south to north, from the northern angle of Sion to the castle denominated the Castle of the Pisans. The tower of Psephina, according to what we are elsewhere told by Josephus, was not inferior to any of those that belonged to the fortifications of Jerusalem. The Pisans' Castle is still a kind of citadel to this city. Here resides the aga, and here is stationed the garrison under his command. Phocas, the Greek, who visited the Holy Places in 1185, and whose travels were published by Allatius, *in Symmictis sive Opusculis*, observes that this tower, or rather this castle, to come a little nearer to the terms which he employs, πυργος παμμεγε θεστατος—*turris insigni admodum magnitudine*, was denominated, by the inhabitants of Jerusalam, the Tower of David. He places it in the north part of the city; Epiphanius of Hagiopolis, near the gate facing the west, which is more correct, particularly in regard to the modern city of Jerusalem. According to the account of Brocard, the monk, whom I have already quoted, David's Tower must have been comprehended in

the area of Sion, and stood near the angle formed by the valley which separates that Mount from Acra, with the western declivity of Sion; a situation more suitable to Hippicos than to Psephina. We nevertheless meet in the same account with a particular mention of the place which agrees with the site of the Castle Pisano. It is clearly delineated in these words: *Rupes illa, super quam ex parte occidentis erat extructus murus civitatis, erat valde eminens, præsertim in angulo ubi occidentalis muri pars connectebatur aquilonari; ubi et turris Nebiosa dicta, et propugnaculum valdè firmum cujus ruinæ adhuc visuntur, unde tota Arabia, Jordanis, Mare Mortuum, et alia plurima loca, sereno cælo videri possunt.* This latter circumstance, demonstrating the great advantage of the situation of the place, is well calculated to determine our opinion respecting the site which is much more suitable to the ancient tower of Psephina than to the modern Castle Pisano. We will go still farther and observe that this account of Brocard's agrees with what we read in Josephus (*Jewish War, book* vi. ch. 6,) that, at sun-rise, the tower of Psephina commanded a view of Arabia, the sea and the remotest part of Judea. Though it is not probable that the present castle is the structure which originally occupied this place, and it is erroneous, as Phocas justly remarks, to attribute it to David himself; yet it does not thence follow that it differs from the former in regard to its site. Benjamin of Tudela even asserts that the walls erected by the Jews, his ancestors, were standing in his time, that is in the twelfth century, to the height of ten cubits.

If we have already discovered such a concordance between Castle Pisano and the tower of Psephina, the following circumstance will incontestibly establish their identity. Josephus expressly says that this tower flanked the angle of the city facing the north and west; and, as we have seen, Brocard thus expresses himself respecting the place which we make to correspond with it: *Ubi occidentalis muri pars connectabatur aquilonari.* You will remark that, opposite to the north side of Castle Pisano, or the west gate contiguous to that side, we cannot exclude Calvary from the ancient city without turning off to the east. Now Castle Pisano, to which we have been led by the course of the wall from the Tower of Hippicos, or by a line drawn towards the north, occupies precisely that angle of the ancient area. It must then be admitted that if the site of Hippicos required confirmation, it would receive it from so precise a determination of Psephina in consequence of the coincidence of situation.

As to the name of Castle Pisano (for some readers may wish to know the reason of this denomination) I confess that I have not met with any particular fact in history that has a direct reference to the subject. It is nevertheless certain, that on account of the part which the Pisans, who were formerly very powerful, took in the Holy Wars, they had establishments and grants at Acre, Tyre, and other places in Palestine. Paola Tronci, author of the *Annals of Pisa*, even ascribes to two of his countrymen the honour of having first scaled the wall of Jerusalem, at the time when the city was taken by Godfrey of Bouillon. It may likewise be remarked that the first Latin prelate elevated to the patriarchal chair of Jerusalem was a bishop of Pisa, named Daibert. In my opinion, moreover, the discovery of some escutcheons with the arms of Pisa, in any part of the castle, might have been sufficient to procure it in latter times the name it bears. When Brocard was in the Holy Land, that is towards the end of the thirteenth century, we find that this castle was called Nebiosa, the from which Neopolis commonly assumes in the language of the people of the

Levant. It is not surprising that this friar should speak of it as a ruined or extremely dilapidated edifice, since it is certain that about thirty-three years after the taking of Jerusalem by Saladin, in the year of the Hegira 616 and of Christ 1219, Isa, who was nephew to that prince and reigned at Damascus, ordered the fortifications of Jerusalem to be demolished; and that David, the son of the latter, destroyed, twenty years afterwards, a fortress which the French had rebuilt in that city.

Leaving Psephina, Josephus continues to trace the area of Jerusalem on the north side. Before Bezetha made an addition to the city, there would have been nothing more to do, to complete the boundary on that side, than to carry it on to the tower of Antonia, near the north-west angle of the Temple. Accordingly, no mention is made of that tower in the account of this third wall. Josephus speaks of an angle there to return to the boundary line on the border of the Cedron; and we actually find that the modern area, in which the site of Bezetha is included, gives this angle, and that at a considerable distance from the north-east angle of the Temple, where it terminates. The present wall of Jerusalem, by its removal to a greater distance from the north front of the Temple, gives to Bezetha an extent little inferior to that of the Lower City, which there is every reason to suppose correct and quite sufficient. Josephus speaks of the Royal Grots, as being opposite to the gate in this part of the wall, looking to the north. These grots are situated in the vicinity of that called the Grotto of Jeremiah, and we cannot approach nearer to this grot than by following the line of the present inclosure. Josephus asserts that Bezetha corresponds with the Greek appellation of καινη πολις, the New City, which is contested by Villalpando and Lami, who produce other interpretations. Agrippa, the first prince of that name, began, during the reign of Claudius, the wall which inclosed that quarter; and what he had not ventured to finish, that is, to raise the new wall to a sufficient height for defence, was in the sequel executed by the Jews.

Thus not only the different quarters which composed the city of Jerusalem, in its greatest extent, but even its boundary line, may be ascertained. Before these circumstances had been deduced and collected into one point of view, or were verified by their application to local circumstances, a prejudice respecting the uncertainty of procuring data to convey a just notion of the state of ancient Jerusalem, might induce a belief that it would be difficult to determine its extent from a comparison with its present and modern condition. So far, however, from any such uncertainty existing, it will be seen, from the sequel of this dissertation, that the measures of the circumference of ancient Jerusalem, borrowed from antiquity itself, produce the same result as is furnished by the present measure and by the very ground. It is obvious that a coincidence of this kind must necessarily presuppose the correctness of the positions in regard to ancient Jerusalem.

III.—Present Measure of the Area of Jerusalem.

The scale affixed to M. Deshayes's plan requiring some explanations, I shall give a faithful account of the remarks which a scrupulous examination has enabled me to make upon it. It exhibits a small rod, described as one hundred

paces. Besides this rod is a longer, with the number one hundred, and half of which is subdivided in tens. By a comparison of the length of these two rods, it is easy to perceive that one gives the measure in ordinary paces, the other in fathoms. I will not, however, conceal the circumstance that there is not an exact proportion between these two standards. Following the circumference of the city, the scale of ordinary paces gave five thousand one hundred paces, which, at two feet and a half, the usual way of reckoning, make 12,750 feet, or 2,225 fathoms. Now, by the scale of fathoms, I reckon no more than about 2,000; that is—on the north side, and from the north-east to the north-west angle, 677; on the west side, to the south-west angle, 355; on the south side, 544; and the east side, from the south-east angle to the north-east, 488; making a total of 2,004. In these measures it has been thought right to take no notice of the projections of the towers, and some small redents, formed by the wall in various places; but all the changes of direction, and other windings, have been followed. To enter into the detail of the four principal aspects of the site of Jerusalem, I chose to follow in preference the scale of fathoms, because this scale seems much less equivocal than the other. Notwithstanding this preference, which will be justified by what is to follow, I must, to tell the truth, charge the rod of this scale of fathoms with being incorrectly subdivided in the space taken for fifty fathoms, or for the half of that rod. This part is too short in comparison with the total length of the rod; and I took the trouble to ascertain that, by this portion of the rod, the circumference of Jerusalem would amount to 2,200 fathoms.

Though it cannot be denied that these variations, affect the accurracy of the scale to the plan of Jerusalem, they are not, however, sufficient to authorize the total rejection of that scale. I assert that the rod of one hundred fathoms appears less equivocal to me than the rest. The measure of the circumference of Jerusalem, in its modern, state, and such as it is represented in the plan of M. Deshayes, is given by Maundrell in his Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, indisputably one of the best works of the kind that exist. This intelligent and very accurate traveller reckoned 4,630 of his paces in the exterior circumference of the walls of Jerusalem; and he remarks that the deduction of one tenth of that number makes the measure of that circumference 4,167 English paces; ten paces being equivalent to nine yards. The English yard consisting of three feet, and two yards making a fathom, the latter must contain 811 lines of the standard of the French foot, according to the most scrupulous evaluation; consequently, the 4,167 yards, or 2,083 and a half English fathoms, must make 1,689,718 lines, which give 140,810 inches, or 11,734 feet 2 inches, or 1,955 fathoms 4 feet 2 inches.—Now, if we call this in round numbers 1,960 fathoms, and in like manner take that of the plan of M. Deshayes at 2,000, the mean proportion will be no more than 20 fathoms distant from the two extremes, or about one hundredth part of the whole. And what could be expected to come nearer in such a case? We should, perhaps, find not less variations in the different plans of our own fortresses and frontier towns. It may be considered as a proof of the preference due to the rod of one hundred fathoms, that, though its deviation from the other standards of the scale consists in giving a less value of measure, yet it rather errs on the other side, in comparison with the measure taken on the spot by Maundrell.

IV.—Measure of the Circumference of Ancient Jerusalem.

After having discussed and ascertained the positive measure of the space occupied by the present site of Jerusalem, let us see what measures several writers of antiquity have left us of the circumference of ancient Jerusalem. It may be concluded, both from the preceding investigation of its ancient state, the very disposition of the ground, and local circumstances, which cannot have undergone a change, that there is no reason to apprehend any mistake respecting the ancient limits of this city. They are circumscribed on the spot, not only in consequence of facts which relate to them, but likewise by what is adapted to the place itself. This produced the expression of Brocard: *Quum ob locorum munitionem, transferri non possit (Jerusalem) a pristino situ.* We may therefore judge of its circumference from the plan of the ground with sufficient certainty to trace upon this plan a boundary line, which may be deemed the representative of the true one. Of this any person may convince himself, who will take the trouble to follow upon the plan of the details that have been given respecting the ancient Jerusalem. Let us now consider the measures that we have just announced.

Eusebius, in his *Evangelical Preparation* (book ix. c. 36.) informs us, on the authority of a Syrian land-surveyor, του της Συριας σχοινομετρου, that the circumference of the area of Jerusalem is twenty-seven stadia. On the other hand, Josephus (*War of the Jews*, book vi. c. 6.) computes the same circumference at thirty-three stadia. According to the account of the same Eusebius, Timochares wrote, in a history of king Antiochus Epiphanes, that Jerusalem was forty stadia in circuit. Aristeas, author of a history of the Seventy Interpreters who were employed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, agrees with Timochares on the subject of this measure. Lastly, Hecatæus, quoted by Josephus, in his first book against Appion, stated the circumference of Jerusalem at fifty stadia. Thus the numbers of the stadia here given vary from twenty-seven to fifty. What a difference! How can any consistency be discovered in statements which vary to such a degree? I know not whether this inconsistency has ever been attempted to be explained. It has hitherto exceedingly puzzled scholars; for example, Reland, one of the most judicious writers of all those who have treated on this subject, and who, after adopting Josephus's measure of thirty-three stadia, thus expresses himself:—*Non confirmabo sententiam nostram testimonio* περιεχος παμμεγε διστασος—*qui ambitum Hierosolymæ vigiuti et septem stadiis definvit apud Eusebium.*

This measure of twenty-seven stadia, the first quoted by us, seems nevertheless to deserve a particular deference, since it is given on the authority of a surveyor, who measured with the cord σχοινομετρου. A smaller number of stadia than in the other measures indicated, must naturally require the greatest standard of the stadium, which there is no difficulty in admitting to be that of the most common, known by the appellation of the Olympic. Its extent is equal to 94 fathoms, 2 feet, 8 inches, being composed of 600 Greek feet, and the Greek foot being equivalent to 1,360 parts of the Paris foot, divided into 1,440, or 11 inches, four lines. Thus the twenty-seven stadia will amount to 2,550 fathoms. Now the circumference of the ancient area of Jerusalem, taking the greatest space that it can possibly have covered, will measure about 2,690 fathoms, according to the scale given in M. Deshayes's plan. But it must

father be observed that, by Maundrell's measure, which gives only 1,980 instead of 2,000 to the present circumference of Jerusalem, or one fiftieth less, the amount in question of the produce of the twenty-seven stadia will be reduced to 2,550 fathoms. Having thus, for the reader's convenience, divided the length of the boundary of ancient Jerusalem into equal parts, to the number of 51, each of these parts literally occupies the space of 50 fathoms, according to Maundrell's measure; and the worst will be that 49 are equivalent to 50 according to the scale of the plan.

But, you will say, as this number of stadia corresponds with the measure of the circumference of Jerusalem, no attention ought to be paid to any other statement. To this I reply, that the ancients made use of stadia of different measures at different times, nay even at one and the same time. They frequently employed them indiscriminately, and without hinting at any difference of length. They have therefore subjected us to the necessity of seeking, by study and criticism, to discover the kinds most suitable to times and places. We cannot do better than calculate Josephus's measure of thirty-three stadia by the standard of a stadium, shorter by one fifth than the Olympic stadium, and of which I have given some account in my little Treatise on Itinerary Measures. The very shortness of this stadium seems to render it fitter for spaces comprehended within the walls of cities, than for more extensive ones which embrace a whole district or country. The measure of the length of the great Circus at Rome, as given by Diodorus Siculus and Pliny, corresponds only with this, and not with the Olympic stadium. This stadium being equivalent to 75 fathoms, 3 feet, 4 inches, thirty-three stadia of this measure will produce 2,493 fathoms, 2 feet. Now what does this amount want of agreeing with that of the foregoing twenty-seven stadia? some fifty fathoms. A fraction of a stadium, a fathom more if you please in the computation of the stadium, would literally leave no difference in the amount of such a calculation.

It will perhaps be required, that, independently of an arrangement between the amounts, reasons should be adduced for believing that the kind of measure is of itself applicable to the circumstance in question. As the subject that we proposed to treat in this paper must lead to the discussion of the Hebrew measures of length, we shall hereafter find that the Jewish mile is equal to seven stadia and a half; according to the account of the Jews themselves; and this mile being composed of 2,000 Hebrew cubits, that the total amount thence resulting is 569 fathoms, 2 feet, 8 inches; consequently the stadium employed by the Jews is equivalent to 76 fathoms, wanting a few inches, and cannot be considered as differing from that made use of in the preceding calculation. The length in question exceeding by a trifle that before given by this kind of stadium, the thirty-three stadia taken as the circumference of Jerusalem will make more than two thousand five hundred fathoms, and will be only some forty fathoms under the first amount of this circumference. But we may go still farther, and ascertain that Josephus individually makes use of the measure of the stadium in question, by the following example:—In his Antiquities, book xx. ch. 6, he says that the Mount of Olives, is five stadia from Jerusalem. Now by measuring upon M. Deshayes's plan, which extends to the summit of that hill, the track of the two ways which descend from it, and continuing this measure to the nearest angle of the Temple, we find nineteen parts of twenty fathoms, according to the standard furnished by the rod of 100 fathoms divided into five parts;

that is 380 fathoms, or consequently five stadia of the kind produced above; since the division of 380 by five gives 76. It is clear, that to take the distance in the most extensive sense, its termination cannot be removed farther than the summit of the hill. It is not then the effect of chance or an arbitrary employment, but a regular practice that occasions the concordance of the calculation of the thirty-three stadia in the manner that has just been shown.

I now proceed to the statement of forty stadia for the circumference of Jerusalem. The calculation to be made of these requires two preliminary observations. The first is, that the authors who have given this statement, wrote under the Macedonian princes who succeeded Alexander in the east; the second, that the city of Jerusalem, in the time of these princes, did not yet comprehend the quarter of Bezetha, situated to the north of the Temple and the Tower of Antonia; since Josephus informs us that it was not till the reign of Claudius that this quarter began to be enclosed within the walls of the city. It will appear singular, that, in order to apply to the circumference of Jerusalem a greater number of stadia than the preceding calculations admit, we should nevertheless find it necessary to take that city when confined within a narrower compass. From the plan which is given us, I have found that the exclusion of the Bezetha requires a deduction of about 370 fathoms from the amount of the circumference; because the line which excludes Bezetha, measures no more than about 300 fathoms, whereas that which embraces the same quarter is 666. If the circumference of Jerusalem, comprehending Bezetha, amounts to 2,550 fathoms, according to the calculation of the twenty-seven ordinary stadia, with which Maundrell's measure exactly agrees; or to 2,600 at most, according to the scale of M. Deshayes's plan; consequently, by the exclusion of Bezetha, this amount is reduced to about 2,180 fathoms, or 2,224 at the highest.

To these observations I shall add, that, without doubt, a particular stadium was employed in the measure of Alexander's steps; a stadium so short in comparison to the other, that, to judge from the computation of the circumference of the globe given by Aristotle, Alexander's preceptor, 1,111 of these stadia, will go to a degree of the equator. Some researches respecting the stadium which may be called Macedonian, will be found in the Treatise on Itinerary Measures. The result given by Aristotle's measure has not there been adopted literally and without scrutiny; but from a particular standard which seems to have peculiarly and exclusively belonged to this stadium, the length of the stadium is fixed in such a manner that 1050 are sufficient to make a degree. As a knowledge of the principle of this stadium enables us to calculate with precision at 54 fathoms, 2 feet, 5 inches, the forty stadia will consequently give 2,176 fathoms. Now, is not this the very same result as the preceding? And by deducting the 370 fathoms, which the exclusion of Bezetha would require, do we not obtain the same amount as is obtained from the first measure of the twenty-seven stadia?

I shall nevertheless take the liberty of remarking, by the way, that it must not be imagined that there was the least intention of contriving these coincidences respecting the circumference of Jerusalem, in the definitions which have appeared appropriate to each of the measures applied to it. If then these coincidences are the more remarkable, because fortuitous, have we not a right to conclude that the definitions themselves thence acquire the advantage of verification?

We have yet to consider the measure of fifty stadia ascribed to Hecatæus. We shall not be surprised that this author, who makes the population of Jerusalem amount to more than two millions, about two millions one hundred thousand, should have exaggerated rather than diminished its extent, and that he should have comprised the suburbs or habitations standing without the walls. But what might be correct when applied to the number of the Jews who thronged to Jerusalem at the season of the Passover, will by no means hold good respecting the ordinary state of that city. Moreover, if we calculate these fifty stadia by the standard of the last mentioned stadium, which seems the most suitable, the amount will not be more than 2,700 fathoms. Thus this result will not exceed by more than 100 fathoms that which is given by the scale of M. Deshayes's plan.

Confining ourselves to what is most positive in this body of facts, it is evident that the utmost circumference of Jerusalem comprehended no more than about 2,550 fathoms. Not only is this ascertained by actual and positive measurement, but the testimony of antiquity on the subject is precise. In consequence of this measurement, we know that the greatest space occupied by that city, or its length, amounted to no more than about 950 fathoms, and its breadth to about half as much. Its area cannot be computed to exceed one-sixth of Paris, admitting into this area none of the suburbs situated without the gates. For the rest, it would not perhaps be correct to infer, from this comparison, a proportionate reduction of the ordinary number of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. With the exception of the space occupied by the Temple, which also had its inhabitants, the city of Jerusalem might have been more equally built in every part than a city like Paris, which contains more spacious houses and more extensive gardens, than we can well suppose to have existed in ancient Jerusalem, and which together would form the area of a large town.

V—Preceding Opinions respecting the Extent of Jerusalem.

The measure of the area of Jerusalem being deduced from a comparison of the ground itself, with all and each of the ancient measures that are given, it may not be amiss to consider how widely some writers had deviated from the truth in regard to this subject. Villalpando has asserted that the thirty-three stadia assigned by Josephus, referred to the extent of Sion alone, exclusively of the rest of the city. I have calculated that, according to this hypothesis, the circumference of Jerusalem would, in the same proportion, amount to 75 stadia; and without taking any other standard for the stadium than that which seems appropriate to the thirty-three stadia in question, this calculation will give 5,700 fathoms. It will be still worse if we make no distinction of stadia, and employ the ordinary standard, especially as the others have hitherto been but little known. This standard will swell the amount to 7,200 fathoms, which is almost triple the real measure. Now I would ask if the disposition of the ground, and the measure of space adapted to it, can admit of an extent any thing like this calculation? Can we increase the site of Sion? Are we not obstructed on the one hand by the brook Cedron, and on the other by Calvary! This opinion is moreover confuted, as the learned and judicious Reland has observed, by Josephus, when he says that the circumference of the lines with which Titus invested all Je-

Jerusalem was thirty-nine stadia. In an accurate calculation of the extent of this city, we are not obliged to recur to the expedient usually adopted, when the measures given by the ancients are irreconcilable with an hypothesis, which is to assert that there is an error in one of the figures of the text.

Father Lami, in his great work *De Sancta Civitate et Templo*, fixes the measure of the circumference of Jerusalem at sixty stadia; founding his calculation on the supposition that the walls contained one hundred and twenty towers, each of which, with its curtain, occupied half a stadium. This number of cubits, from tower to tower, is, to be sure, borrowed from Josephus; but as this same historian speaks of one hundred and sixty-four towers, distributed among three different walls; as the separation of Sion from Acra is comprehended in the extent of these walls; as Acra was divided by an inner wall, and was likewise separated from Bezetha: it is difficult to build any thing positive on such a foundation, and this point would always be involved in great uncertainty, if even the actual measure of the spaces threw no obstacle in the way. It may further be observed, that the learned author whom we have quoted is not consistent, as will be seen from a comparison of his calculation with the plan he has given of Jerusalem. According to all appearance, the stadia which he employs are the ordinary stadia, since he gives no definition of more than one kind of stadium in the Treatise on Measures prefixed to his work. By this standard the circumference of Jerusalem, as calculated by father Lami, amounts to 5,660 fathoms. Now, according to the plan to which I have alluded, the circumference of Jerusalem is to the sides of the square of the Temple as forty-one to two; and the scale which is wanting in this plan is supplied by that with which the author has accompained his particular ground plan of the Temple, the sides of which are estimated at about 1,120 French feet. Consequently the circumference of the city in the plan cannot amount to more than about 23,000 feet, or 3,830 odd fathoms, which are equivalent to only 41 stadia at most. If we morever consider that father Lami's plan exhibits a sort of perspective, and that the quarter of the Temple is thrown into the back ground, whence it must follow that what is seen in the fore ground occupies less space, this would of course occasion a still greater reduction in the calculation of the circumference. M. Deshayes's plan was given to father Lami, and the measure taken on the spot by Maundrell had been published. How happens it that scholars are desirous of owing all to their own researches, and are unwilling to adopt any thing but what immediately belongs to the species of erudition which is their peculiar province?

These observations on two celebrated authors, and precisely those two that have bestowed the greatest learning and most pains on the illustration of ancient Jerusalem, justify in my opinion the assertion made in the preamble to this memoir, that the extent of this city had not hitherto been determined with any kind of precision, and that it had in particular been exceedingly exagerated.

VI—Measure of the Extent of the Temple.

Maundrell, who has given the length and breadth of the area of the celebrated mosque, which occupies the site of the Temple, does not seem to have made a just distinction between those two spaces, to judge from the plan of M. Deshayes. He makes the length 570 of his paces, which, according to the standard

followed by him in regard to the circumference, would make 813 English yards, or 240 French fathoms. We find, however, only about 215 on the plan. The error may have proceeded, at least in part, from the circumstance that Maundrell judged the angle of this site nearer to the gate called St. Stephen's; but this error is of no kind of consequence in regard to the circumference of the city: for, in Maundrell's measure, the part of this circumference comprehended between the gate above-mentioned and the south-west angle of the city, which is also the south-west corner of the site of the mosque, is found to consist of 620 of that traveller's paces, which, according to his calculation, make 558 English yards, or 272 French fathoms, wanting a few inches. Now the scale of the plan gives 265 fathoms, which are equivalent to about 260, if we strictly adhere to the proportion ascertained to exist between this scale and Maundrell's measure.

In the extracts made from the Oriental Geographers by the abbé Renaudot, the manuscript of which is in my possession, the length of the site of the mosque of Jerusalem is stated at 794 cubits. It is Arabian cubits that are here meant. That our attention may not be diverted from our present object by the particular discussion which this cubit would require, I shall at present confine myself to the general result; the details leading to it, and demonstrating its accuracy, shall form the subject of a separate article, to follow the Hebrew measures. Let it here suffice to remark that, an equivocal method of ascertaining the cubit in use among the Arabs, is to deduce it from the Arabic mile. This mile consisted of 4,000 cubits; and as, according to the measure of the earth taken by order of the caliph Al Mamoun, the mile, thus composed, is computed at the rate of 56 2-3 to a degree; it follows that this mile is equivalent to about 1066 fathoms, taking the degree at 57,000 fathoms, to avoid entering into any nice distinctions on the subject of degrees. A thousand Arabian cubits are therefore equal to 250 fathoms, and nine feet more, which we will not here take into the account: and if we suppose in round numbers, 800 fathoms instead of 794, the result is 200 fathoms good measure. Thus the calculation of 215 fathoms, deduced from the plan of Jerusalem represented in all these circumstances, is preferable to a higer estimate.

The length of the site of the mosque is, according to Maundrell, 370 paces, or 156 fathoms four feet and a half. Now the measurement of the plan gives about 172. It is here remarkable that Maundrell's measure loses, in breadth, the greater part of what is gained in length. Hence it may be concluded that the want of precision in these measures consists not so much in their general amount as in their distribution. In all probability edifices contiguous to the area of the mosque in the interior of the city have rendered it much more difficult to take its circumference with accuracy than that of the city. Maundrell himself acknowledges that his measure is deduced from a calculation made on the outside; and the details into which we could not avoid entering on this subject will show, that our investigation is conducted with reference to all the data that could be procured, there is no dissimulation or contrivance in our account.

The mosque which has succeeded the Temple is held in extraordinary veneration by the Mahometans. Omar, having taken Jerusalem in the 15th year of the Hegira (A. D. 637,) laid the foundation of this mosque, which was greatly embellished by Abd el Malek, the son of Mervan. The Mahometans have carried their respect for this place to such a length as to place it on a level with their sanctuary at Mecca; calling it Alaesa, which signifies *extremum; or ulterius*,

in contradistinction to that sanctuary: and according to all appearance they have made a particular point of enclosing in its area the whole site of the Jewish Temple—*totum antiqui Sacri fundum*, says Golius in his learned notes on the astronomy of Alferganes. Phocas, whom I have already quoted, and who wrote in the 12th century, is precisely of the same opinion, that the whole space surrounding the mosque is the ancient area of the Temple; παλαιον το μεγαλο και ξυστον. Though this Temple had been destroyed, it was not possible but that vestiges should exist, that at least traces might be discovered of those prodigious works erected to raise the sides of the Temple and its entire area to a level with the ground of the Temple itself situated on the summit of Mount Moria. The four sides forming the circumference of the Temple were turned towards the four cardinal points; and it was the intention that the entrance of the Temple should be exposed to the rising sun, in placing the *Sancta Sanctorum* at the opposite side. In this conformity with the arrangement of the tabernacle had been studied, and these circumstances are liable to no difficulties. Now the same disposition of the four fronts is still remarked in the area of the mosque of Jerusalem, the sides of which correspond within thirteen or fourteen degrees, with the four quarters of the compass placed on the plan of M. Deshayes: Supposing even that the position of this compass is dependant on the due northern polarity of the needle, and that allowance ought to be made for a western declination; that, moreover, this position might not be perfectly accurate; the consequence would be a still greater degree of precision in the correspondence of this area with the quarters of the compass. We find in Sandys, an English traveller, a small plan of Jerusalem, which, though far inferior in merit to that of M. Deshayes, nevertheless derives great advantage from the general conformity with this plan; and according to the points of the compass marked on Sandys's plan, the faces of the square of the Temple corresponds exactly with the letters N. S, E. W.

It would appear that the sides of the Jewish Temple were perfectly equal, and formed a more regular square than the site of the present Mahometan mosque. It is generally admitted that Ezekiel's measure gives 500 cubits to each of the sides. Though in the Hebrew we find *reeds* for *cubits*, and in the Vulgate *calamos* for *cubitos*, the mistake is obvious, especially as the *calamus* comprehended not less than six cubits; and besides, the Greek version, executed apparently from a correct text, says expressly, πηχεις πεντακοσιους. Rabbi Jehuda, the author of the Misna, and who collected the traditions of the Jews respecting the Temple, at a period not very remote from its destruction (for he lived during the reign of Antoninus Pius) agrees in this point, in his particular treatise, entitled *Middoth*, or the Measure. It cannot then be doubted that such was in reality the extent of the Temple.

We have a second observation to make, which is, that this measure, so far from answering to the length, is not equal even to the breadth, or the shortest side of the area of the mosque, however disposed we may be to give to the cubit its utmost dimension. Ezekiel, indeed, would lead us to suppose this measure of a cubit rather under than over-rated, as he tells the Jewish captives at Babylon (xl. 5, and xliii. 13) that, in the construction of a new Temple, in the re-establishment of the altar, they are to employ a cubit, comprehending a cubit and a hand-breadth: εν πηχει τε πηχεως και παλαιστης, says the Greek version, *in cubito cubiti et palmi*. Several scholars, and among others father Lami, have

imagined that the Hebrew cubit might be the same, or nearly the same measure as the *derah* or Egyptian cubit, the use of which, in the measure of the inundation of the Nile, must have preserved its original length without alteration, and rendered it invariable notwithstanding the changes of rulers. Greaves, an English mathematician, and Cumberland, bishop of Peterborough, find, in the application of the derah, in several chambers of the Great Pyramid, where this measure is used complete and agrees without any fraction, a proof of its high antiquity. It is, moreover, extremely probable that the Israelites, who became a people merely by the multiplication of a single family, during their abode in Egypt and who were even employed in the public works of that country, borrowed the measures made use of in those works. Prior to this period, the patriarchs of their race, never building, and having even no stationary possessions, it is not likely that they should have for their own use particular measures, fixed and regulated with great precision by certain standards, since things of this kind originated only in the necessity for them. Moses instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians, must necessarily have derived from their mathematics whatever was connected with it in the sciences which he had acquired. Be this as it may, a circumstance beyond all doubt in the employment of the derah is, that a greater length cannot be given to what is denominated the cubit. Greaves having taken the measure of the derah on the Nilometer of Cairo, has made a comparison between it and the English foot; and supposing this foot to be divided into 1,000 parts, the derah makes 1824 such parts. From the comparison of the English and French foot, by which it appears that the English foot is longer by one sixth of a line than it had before been reckoned the derah is equivalent to twenty inches and a half good measure of the French foot. Now 500 cubits of the measure of the derah make 10,250 inches, equal to 854 feet, or 42 fathoms, 2 feet. Thus there was just reason to assert that the measure of the Temple is inferior to the area of the mosque; since that measure is not equal to the smallest of the dimensions of this area, or its breadth. How would it be if we were to refuse to the Hebrew cubit, considered strictly as a cubit, the same length as a derah has?

However, when we reflect that the area of the summit of Mount Moria has been made as extensive as it is by dint of art, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that an addition was made in this particular to the labours of the Jewish people, —labours which at different times took up several centuries, as Josephus has remarked. The octagonal building of the mosque being comprehended in the space of about 45 fathoms, according to the scale of the plan; and the kind of inner cloister which surrounds this mosque being about 100 fathoms square; it cannot be presumed that the Mahometans had any motive for extending the outer court beyond the limits which the Jews had been enabled to give it, only by surmounting nature. From these considerations there is every reason to presume that the whole of the space assigned to the mosque and its dependencies once belonged to the Temple; and the Mahometan superstition might probably have determined to lose no part of this area, without feeling any desire to extend it.

Father Lami, in the distribution of the parts of the Temple, distinguishing and separating the *Atrium Gentium* from that of the Israelites in which respect he differs from Villalpando, judged that this *Atrium* of the Gentiles was without the place measured by Ezekiel. Now, it appears that the discussions on

which we are about to enter, favours that opinion, and that this same opinion assigns the proper use of the superabundant space. Lightfoot, in what he has written on the subject of the Temple, quotes a passage of the Talmud added to the Middoth, which says that Mount Moria exceeded in measure 500 cubits; but that the surplus of that measure was not accounted holy, like the part which it enclosed. The Jewish tradition would prove two things; one, that the area of Mount Moria had been increased even beyond what was comprehended in Ezekiel's measure, as we in fact remark that the present space is more extensive; the other, that the surplus over and above this measure cannot be better accounted for, than as the place set apart for the Gentiles, whom a feeling of veneration for the God of Israel brought to his Temple, but who were not considered as his genuine worshippers. These circumstances coincide in a remarkable manner with what is said in the eleventh chapter of the Revelations, where St. John, having been commanded to measure the Temple of God, "There was given me a reed like unto a rod, and the angel stood, saying, Rise and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein;"—adds, "But the court which is without the Temple, leave out and measure it not, for it is given unto the Gentiles." This injunction—*measure it not*, gives us to understand, that in measuring the Temple it was proper and even necessary for him to confine himself to a more limited space than the whole area of the Temple; and the preceding words—*the court which is without the Temple*, make us nevertheless acquainted with a space supplementary to this measure, and inform us at the same time of the purpose to which it was appropriated, *for it is given unto the Gentiles*. This passage of the Apocalypse may have an absolute and comparative foundation (independently of any mystic or figurative signification) in the recollection which St. John had retained of the Temple of Jerusalem. Josephus, who assigns a triple enclosure to the Temple, doubtless means by this three different spaces: so that, exclusively of the *Atrium Sacerdotum* and *Atrium Israelitarum*, we must necessarily admit a third space, such as in fact appears, from the preceding considerations, to have existed.

Father Lami, whose skill in architecture was of great service to him in his description of the Temple, applying the measure of 500 cubits to the boundary of the *Atrium* of the Israelites, and forming an exterior *Atrium*, with a kind of combination in the proportions of the parts of the Temple, is thereby led to assign about 2620 Hebrew cubits to the circumference of his ground-plan of the Temple. This number of cubits, according to the same standard as above, makes 746 fathoms. Now, let us recollect that the length of the area of the mosque of Jerusalem, deduced from the plan of that city, was stated at about 215 fathoms, and the breadth at 172. Multiply each of these amounts by two, and you will have in the whole 774 fathoms, from which may be deducted one fiftieth, or 15 or 16 fathoms, to reduce the scale to the standard, which appeared more correct in the total measure of the circumference of Jerusalem. At this rate there will be only 13 or 14 fathoms more or less, in the calculation of the circuit of the area belonging to the Temple. Father Lami, it is true, has assumed four equal sides, though the quantity of measure is somewhat unequally divided by the nature of the ground itself. But, is it not obvious that this perfect equality in father Lami arises only from an imitation or repetition of what was peculiar to the body of the Temple, cut off from the outer *Atrium* of the Gentiles? And since there is no

fact furnishing a proof of such a repetition, which may be more easily imagined than admitted by the nature of the ground, it cannot be considered as positive.

Having ascertained what was the extent of the Temple, we cannot help being extremely surprised to find that what Josephus says on this subject differs so widely from the truth. We cannot comprehend how it happens that this historian, who in other particulars seeks, as well he might, to convey a high idea of this edifice, should fall so very short of the extent which ought to be assigned to it. The sides of the square of the Temple are stated to be a stadium in length! and in another place the whole circumference of the area including the tower of Antonia, contiguous to the north-west angle, is computed at six stadia. He should have written δικα instead of εξ, taking the stadium at the same standard as seemed suitable for it in the measure of the circumference of Jerusalem, and ten of these make 760 fathoms, which form an exact mean between the preceding computations.

III.—Of the Hebrew Measures of Length.

I shall conclude this essay with some discussion respecting the Hebrew measures appropriated to spaces. This discussion is the more intimately connected with what goes before, as it furnishes proofs on several points. It does not appear equivocal that the cubit, called in the Hebrew *Ameh* compounded of *Aleph Mem*, and *He*) in the Chaldean language, Ametha, with the Greeks πηχυς, and likewise Ωλενη, from which the Latins have formed the word *Ulna*, should be an element of measure, which it is of very great importance to verify. The standard which we have seen this cubit take above, in reference to the extent of the Temple, appears well adapted to give it already a considerable advantage. Let us see if it can be otherwise repeated or deduced from some other medium.

If we follow the statement of the rabbi Godolias, on the authority of Maimonides, the Hebrew cubit is equivalent to the Bologna ell; and from this comparison, Dr. Cumberland, bishop of Peterborough, has assigned to the cubit 21 English inches and 700-35,000ths of an inch, as I find by Arbuthnot's Treatise of Money, Weights, and Measures. This makes 20 inches and about five lines of the Paris foot, and is consequently but one line shorter than the derah, or Egyptian cubit.

But, a method of determining the length of the Hebrew cubit, which, as far as I know, has never yet been resorted to, decisive as it may appear, is this: The Jews agree in stating the *Iter sabbaticum*, or the distance it was lawful for them to travel on the sabbath-day, in obedience to the injunction of Exodus, xvi. 29. *Let no man go out of his place on the seventh day*—they agree, I say, in rating it at two thousand cubits. The author of the Chaldean Paraphrase expresses himself positively on this subject, on occasion of ver. 6. ch. i. of the book of Ruth. Œcumenius confirms this measure by the testimony of Origen, when he says that the mile, being equal to a sabbath-day's journey, comprehends δις χιλιων πηχων. The Treatise on Jewish Measures, written by St. Epiphanius, who, being a Jew, and born in Palestine, must have been well acquainted with the case in point, informs us that the sabbath-day's journey is equivalent to

six stadia. To make the cubit in question rather longer than shorter, we cannot do better than employ the ordinary stadium, eight of which go to a Roman mile, and which seems even to have superseded all the other stadia in the decline of the empire.

The length of this stadium, taken at 94 fathoms, two feet, eight inches, being multiplied by six, gives 566 fathoms, four feet. On reducing this amount into feet, we find 3,400, containing 40,800 inches: and, on dividing this number of inches into 2,000 parts, each of these parts is found to consist of 20 inches and 2-50ths. Now, the product of this calculation seems to be expressly designed to serve as a verification to the measure deduced above. What, indeed, is wanting to make the standard which we have just found precisely the same as that which we before employed for the Hebrew cubit, under the idea that it was one and the same measure with the derah, or the Egyptian cubit? Must not the difference of a line and one fiftieth be considered of very trifling importance in a combination of this kind? Not only does this difference not exceed 1-200th of the whole, but, before we can consider this difference as a want of precision in the employment of the derah for the Hebrew cubit, we ought to be perfectly sure that the six stadia, neither more nor less, were exactly equivalent to the 2,000 cubits. We ought, therefore, to be thoroughly satisfied with the statement of St. Epiphanius, and to know that he has not neglected to add a thirty-fourth part of a stadium, or between sixteen and seventeen feet.

The Jews had a measure of length, to which they not only applied the term of *berah*, which some commentators consider as peculiar to it, but likewise that of *Mill*, (*Mem, Iod, Lamed,*) in the plural *Milin*. Though there is no doubt that this denomination is borrowed from the Romans, yet this is no reason why the mile among the Jews should not have had a distinct and particular definition, which is stated at 2,000 cubits, and which exactly agrees with the account of Œcumenius, who has just been quoted. Several passages of the Gemara, referred to by Reland, (*Palæstina*, vol. i. p. 400.,) inform us that the Jews reckon seven stadia and a half to a mile. The term which they employ to express the stadium, is *Ris*, (*Resch, Iod, Samech,*) in the plural *Risin*. It may be rendered by the Latin word *curriculum*. The junction of four milin composed among the Jews a kind of league, called *Parsch*, (*Pe, Resch, Samech, He.*) In the Syriac language, *Puras* signifies to extend, and *Parsch*, extent; and it is the more natural to suppose that this term was borrowed from that language, as it became common among the Jews in the times posterior to their captivity. We find in Reland a passage from the Talmud, which expressly states the Jewish mile to be 2,000 cubits, and a parsch 4,000. Two thousand cubits, according to the precise standard of the derah, make 569 fathoms, two feet, eight inches. If we multiply this amount by four, we shall find 2,277 fathoms, four feet, eight inches, for the parsch. This measure scarcely differs at all from our French league, composed of two Gallic leagues, and 25 of which are exactly equivalent to a degree.

The learned Reland, setting out with the supposition that the Jewish mile is not different from the Roman mile, and making the number of 2,000 cubits in the one equivalent to 5,000 feet in the other, concludes that the cubit contained two feet and a half. But though it cannot be denied that the extent of the Roman dominion rendered the Roman mile almost universal, still it is very certain that the measure of this mile ought not to be confounded with that given us for

the Jewish mile. Not only is the standard of the cubit, which would result from the mistake, naturally difficult of admission, exceeding the limits of probability in quality of a cubit; but a mere comparison of numbers, unaccompanied with essential approximations, cannot be supported against a positive definition, the accuracy of which is proved by verifications. There is a passage in the Gemara which fixes a common day's journey at ten *pareaut*, (for such is the plural of *pareeh*.) If the parseh were equivalent to four Roman miles, the amount would be 40 miles. But the ancients never go so far in this computation. They commonly confine themselves to 25 miles, or 200 stadia; and if Herodotus (book 5.) makes it 250 stadia, we ought to bear in mind that this historian has, in many places, employed stadia of ten to a mile. The oriental geographers also agree in the number of 25 miles for a common day's journey, as the Maronites, who have translated Edrisi's Geography, in the state in which we have it, or rather the extract from it, have observed in their preface: for when the orientals seem to vary respecting the number of miles, in sometimes stating 30 instead of 25, this arises from the difference of miles, and from their not having always employed the standard Arabic miles, 25 of which may be equivalent to 30 or 31 of a more ordinary kind. By the evaluation which is proper to the parseh, ten of which are equal to 30 Roman miles, it is evident that a measure considerably longer would exceed the above-mentioned limits. Father Lami has objected to Villalpando on the subject of a similar opinion, that the Hebrew cubit was equal to 2 1-2 Roman feet; that, as the height of the altar of perfumes was stated to be two cubits, a priest of gigantic stature would have been required to officiate and scatter incense over that altar. It is certain that the coincidences which we have met with, respecting the area of the Temple, would not have taken place with a cubit measuring about one fourth more than that which is here given. The Roman foot being equal to 1,306 tenths of a line of the Paris foot, the 2 1-2 feet contain 326 1-2 lines, or 27 inches 2 1-2 lines. It must further be remarked, that Villalpando assigned to the Roman foot something more than this calculation.

I took notice above of the fortuitous coincidence between the parseh and our league, merely to communicate to this parseh the idea of what is proper and familiar to us. But the same agreement between the parseh and an ancient oriental measure must not, in like manner, be considered as the effect of chance. This exact correspondence will rather prove them both to have been one and the same measure. I have shown, in the treatise on Itinerary Measures, that the stadium, which makes one tenth of a Roman mile, was exactly suitable for measuring Xenophon's marches; and that, from the calculation made by Xenophon himself of the number of stadia in parasangs, it appears certain that 30 stadia made one parasang. This computation is conformable, in every respect, with the precise definition of the parasang given by Herodotus, Hesychius, and Suidas. On multiplying 75 fathoms, three feet, four inches, at which the stadium of ten to the mile is fixed, by 30, we shall have a product of 2,266 fathoms, four feet. Now, this estimate of the parasang comes within eleven fathoms of the parseh; so that two feet two inches more in the length of the stadium, which serves to compose the parasang, would make both amounts exactly equal. If even we were to adopt, in preference, the result of the comparison made by St. Epiphanius of the Jewish mile, or Sabbath-day's journey, with six ordinary stadia, that is to say, 566 fathoms, four feet, and to multiply this amount by four,

we should obtain precisely the 2,266 fathoms, four feet, which are the product of our 30 stadia. Who would not hence conclude that the parseh is no other than the parasang, whether Persian, Babylonian, or whatever you may choose to call it? Does not the parseh comprehend the amount of 30 stadia, since the Jewish mile, the fourth part of the parseh, is accounted by the Jews equal to 7 1-2? Let us add, that the names parseh and parasang have sufficient affinity to countenance the idea of the identity of the measure; and that, as the terms *paras* and *parseh* have, in the ancient oriental language, the Chaldee as well as Syriac, a proper and literal interpretation, which cannot have a meaning more suitable to the thing itself, this was undoubtedly adopted to acquire the proper signification of the word parasang. As the parseh is not mentioned in scripture, there is every reason to believe that it was not introduced among the Jews till subsequent to the Babylonian captivity.

But observe what a series of coincidences! The definition of the parasang has its existence independently of what constitutes the parseh, for this parasang depends on a particular stadium, which is produced by means totally foreign to what appears even to concern or to interest the parasang, as may be seen in my Treatise on Measures. The parseh, on the other hand, springs from totally different elements, and has its principle in this, that the Egyptian cubit seems to be a measure of the highest antiquity, and that the use of it was, probably, adopted by the Hebrew nation. On these presumptions (for so far we can have nothing more) the application of the cubit to this parseh is more exactly verified than we could venture to hope, by the conclusion which must be drawn from the measure assigned by Epiphanius, as the fourth part of the parseh. All these different ways, so totally distinct from each other, lead, nevertheless, to the same consequences, and meet at the same point. It would be impossible to obtain greater harmony by concerted means. What must result from this? A mutual guaranty, if I may be allowed that expression, of all the parties and circumstances that enter into the combination.

The positive determination of the Hebrew cubit is one of the principal advantages of such a discussion. It is very true that Father Lami, as well as some other scholars, proposed the adoption of the derah for this cubit, but without positively demonstrating the propriety of such adoption, or verifying it by applications of the nature of those which have just been produced. It would even appear that the precision of this measure had, in some sort, escaped Father Lami, since, notwithstanding his conjecture respecting the derah, he makes the Hebrew cubit twenty inches. *Nos*, says he, (lib. i. cap. 9. sect. 1.,) *Cubitum Hebræum facimus viginti pollicum.*

The Hebrew cubit was composed of six minor palms, and this palm is called, in Hebrew, *Topach*, (*Teth*, *Ihe*, *Hheth*.) The Septuagint version has rendered this word παλαιστης, which is peculiar to the palm in question; the definitions given by Hesychius, and Julius Pollux, fix this palm at four fingers' breadth. The cubit, consequently, contained twenty-four fingers, and this is precisely the number of parts into which the Egyptian cubit, or derah, is divided on the column of Mihias, otherwise the Nilometer near Fostat, or old Cairo. Abulfeda is quoted by Kircher, as saying that the legal cubit of the Jews, the same as the Egyptian, contains twenty-four fingers. In Diodorus Siculus, (lib. i.,) when he speaks of the Nilometer which existed at Memphis, and which he terms Νειλοσκοπιον, we find mention made not only of the cubits into which it was

divided, but also of the fingers, δακτυλοι, which formed the subdivisions of the cubit.

According to the measure which agrees with this cubit, the topach or palm is equal to 3 inches 5 lines of the French foot; and I observe that this particular measure has the advantage of appearing to be borrowed from nature; for, if we suppose it to be taken from the breadth of the four fingers of a clenched fist, agreeably to the explanation of Pollux, the study of the relative proportions of the parts of the body will show that this measure is adapted to a stature of about 5 feet 8 inches French; and this stature, which is exactly equivalent to six Greek feet, is rather above than below the ordinary height of man. But if the palm, which forms the sixth part of the Hebrew cubit, is thus found to correspond with a lofty and majestic stature, and cannot be sensibly extended without swelling into the gigantic, it will follow that the measure of this cubit cannot, as a cubit, partake of the same concordance. Father Lami, in fixing the cubit at twenty inches, has thence calculated the stature of the patriarchs at 80 inches or 6 feet 8 inches, which agrees in proportion with this principle of Vitruvius: *Pes altitudinis corporis sextæ cubitus quartæ.* According to this proportion, the measure taken from the derah would produce seven feet wanting two inches. If such a stature be admissible on the score of a particular distinction between the first race of mankind and the present state of nature, still it is very certain that the length of the cubit in question exceeds the limits to which the ordinary stature of men has long been confined: so that in proportion to the stature with which the measure of the palm seems particularly to agree, or 5 feet and about 8 inches, the length of the cubit should be but about seventeen inches. Now, the rabbis seem to be persuaded that a difference existed between the common cubit and the legal or sacred cubit, the standard of which was deposited in the sanctuary; and that this common cubit was shorter than the other by one tophach. Being thus reduced to five *tiputchim*, (the plural of tophach,) or to twenty fingers, and losing 3 inches 5 lines, its length amounted to 17 inches 1 line. Though father Lami has combated the Jewish tradition respecting this common cubit, still the striking analogy of proportion seems to support it. The testimony of the rabbis even receives a positive confirmation from the comparison made by Josephus between the ordinary cubit of the Jews and the Attic cubit: for this cubit, being deduced from the proportion natural to it in common with the Greek foot, consisting of 1,360 parts or tenths of a line of the Paris foot, makes 2,040 of the same parts, or 204 lines, or 17 inches. Let us recollect, moreover, what has been quoted above from Ezekiel, in treating of the measure of the Temple, when he directs the Jews of Babylon to employ a cubit longer by a hand's breadth than the ordinary one, in rebuilding the Temple. This hand's breadth being no other than the smaller palm or tophach, have we not here a formal distinction between two cubits, the shorter of which appears to have been in common use. But, in allowing that the smaller cubit was introduced during the time of the second Temple, we might, from delicacy, and to shun any violation of the divine precept, which enjoins but one weight and one measure, be willing to reject the cubit in question for the time preceding the captivity: which, however, we should be absolutely authorized to do by the silence of scripture, since in Deuteronomy, (iii. 11.,) the measure of the bedstead of Og, king of Bashan, is given in cubits taken from the natural proportion of the human body, *after* the *cubit of a man*, or, according to the Vulgate, *ad men-*

quam cubiti virilis manus. Though an indefinite number of measures, which enlarge upon their natural principles, (for example, all that bear the name of a foot, without entering into farther details,) sufficiently authorize the denomination of cubit, in a measure of such length as the Hebrew and Egyptian cubit appear to have been; still the consideration of those principles is frequently essential in the discussion of measures, and ought not to be lost sight of. It was to this that I owed the discovery of the natural foot, the measure and use of which I have discussed in my Treatise on Itinerary Measures.

We have, then, in this memoir an analysis of the Hebrew measures, which, though independent of all particular application, nevertheless agrees with the measure of the circumference of Jerusalem and the extent of the temple, according to the deduction of that measure from the various indications of antiquity compared with local circumstances. There appears to be such a connexion between the different objects here brought together, that they seem dependent on each other, and to afford, as far as they are concerned, a mutual confirmation.

Discussion of the Arabian Cubit.

I promised, in treating of an article relative to the measure of the temple, to enter into a discussion of the Arabian cubit after I had finished with the Hebrew measures.

This cubit, *deraga* or *derah*, is of three kinds: the ancient, the common, and the black. The first, which is thus named from having existed, as it is said, in the time of the Persians, consists of 32 fingers; the second of 24, according to the more common and natural definition; and the third, forming nearly the mean between the two, is reckoned at 27 fingers. The first is formed by the addition of two palms to the six which compose the second, and which it has in common with the Egyptian and Hebrew cubit. These definitions are furnished by an extract from an oriental land surveyor, for which we are indebted to Golius, in the notes with which he has illustrated the Elements of Astronomy of Alferganes.

Of these three cubits, that which seems most entitled to our attention, especially in regard to use and a greater conformity with the nature of the cubit in general, is the common one. As a circumstance of essential importance, to enable us to determine its length, I shall observe, that the cubit deduced from the analysis of the measure of the earth, taken by command of the Caliph Al Mamoun in the plains of Sinjar in Mesopotamia, cannot so well refer to any as to that denominated the common or ordinary cubit. According to Abulfeda's account of the measure of Al Mamoun, the terrestrial degree upon the meridian was calculated at 56 2-3 Arabian miles; and Alferganes (ch. viii.) says, that the mile in this measure was composed of 4,000 cubits. Taking the degree in round numbers at 57,000 fathoms, (for the reason we have given in treating of the measure of the temple,) the Arabian mile consists as nearly as possible of 1,006. The thousand fathoms make the cubit of 18 inches; and if we take into the account the six fathoms over, we shall have a line and about 3-10ths of a line to add to each.

The learned Golius conceived that the black cubit was alluded to in Al Mé-

moun's measure, because Alferganes has made use of the term royal cubit, to denote that which he considered adapted to this measure It must be admitted to be the general opinion that this cubit owed its establishment to Al Mamoun, and that it was thus denominated because it was taken from the breadth of the hand or natural palm of an Ethiopean slave belonging to that prince, because it was found to surpass any other. Be it remarked, however, that not only does the surveyor quoted by Golius apply the use of the black cubit to the measure of various costly stuffs at Bagdad, but that the proportion established between the different Arabian cubits is extremely inconvenient for the application of the black cubit to the measure of the earth under Al Mamoun. Be it further remarked; 1. That the black cubit, with the advantage of three fingers over the common cubit would still not have any striking excess beyond the ordinary standard, if it amounted to no more than 18 inches; 2. That the common cubit, which would be two inches less, would consequently appear small, since we have seen that the cubit in use among the Jews, notwithstanding its inferiority to the legal cubit, contained at least 17 inches; 3. That the ancient cubit, called the *hashemide*, amounted in proportion to no more than 21 inches and a few lines, though reasons might be adduced for supposing it to have been longer: for, according to Marufides, the height of the chumb of St. Sophia, which from the floor to the dome is 78 hashemide cubits, is computed by Evagrius at 180 Greek feet; and according to the proportion which exists between the Greek foot and ours, the cubit in question will amount to 26 inches and about 2 lines. Even this is not enough if we follow the standard of the hashemide cubit, which, according to Edward Bernard, is marked upon a manuscript in the library at Oxford, and which he represents as measuring 28 inches 9 lines of the English foot, equal, within a trifle, to 27 inches of the Paris foot. The measures of he length and breadth of St. Sophia, given by Marufides, namely, 101 cubits for the one, and 93 1-2 for the other, will make the cubits still longer, if we compare them with Grelot's dimensions of 42 and 38 fathoms. The comparison not being perfectly consistent, the result given by the length will be near 30 inches to the cubit, and by the breadth 29 inches 3 lines, good measure.

I am aware that persons might think themselves justified in supposing that the length, whatever it may be, of the ancient or hashemide cubit, has an influence over the proportions of the other cubits; and that it would make the common one amount to 20 inches 3 lines, if we adhere to the standard itself of the hashemide cubit: since the apparent comparison between them is as 4 to 3. But as such an argument is not sufficient to suppress and render null the analysis of the cubit resulting from the positive measure of the terrestrial degree under Al Mamoun, even though this measure should not be judged to possess the utmost degree of precision, it must be natural to presume that there is no proportion among the different Arabian cubits better calculated to suit this analysis of the cubit than the common cubit. The black cubit will be the less fit for this purpose, as, according to the hashemide measure, it must have amounted to 21 inches 9 lines.

Thevenot, whose accuracy and sagacity, so superior to those of the generality of travellers, are well known, having remarked, in a geographical work written in Persian, that the finger, the fourth part of the palm, and the twenty-fourth part of the cubit, was defined to be equal to six barley corns placed by

the side of each other, (a definition which is in fact universal among oriental authors,) says that he found the measure of six barley corns, multiplied eight times, to amount to six inches of our foot; from which he concludes that the cubit, composed of 144 grains, must have been equal to a foot and a half. Now, is not this the same thing that results not only from the measure of the terrestrial degree by order of Al Mamoun, but likewise, of the special application which we make of the common cubit to that measure? I remark that the black cubit, in proportion to the analyzed measure of the common one, will be 20 inches and four or five lines, which, be it observed by the way, comes very near to the Egyptian and Hebrew cubit. Now, as this black cubit exceeded the common measure only because the breadth of the Ethiopian's hand, or the palm which was taken for a standard, surpassed the ordinary measure; not because there was any intention of altering the cubit calculated at six palms; would it not be making too great a change in the natural proportion, to extend it to 21 inches and almost a half, while the six Greek palms, though proportioned to the stature of a man of 5 feet 8 inches, amount to no more than 17 inches? If these consonances and probabilities do not extend to the comparison which has been made of the ancient or hashemide cubit with the other cubits, we observe that this comparison is probably but numerary in regard to the palms and fingers, without being proportional as to the effective length. Do we not see the same difference between the measures of a foot, though they are all composed of twelve inches? And, to take an example for the very subject before us, though the black cubit exceeded the common by 3 inches in the 24 of that common cubit, were more than six palms taken to compose it?

In this discussion of the Arabian cubit, which relates only to one particular point in what forms the subject of our dissertation, I have the more willingly entered, as I am not aware that the result deduced from it has hitherto been developed.

No. II.

MEMOIR ON TUNIS.

QUESTION I.—*Are the Beys, who govern Tunis, Turks or Arabs? At what precise period did they usurp the authority which the Deys formerly possessed?*

IT is near one hundred and fifty years since the Beys of Tunis wrested the authority from the Deys; but they have not retained without revolutions the authority which they usurped. The party of the Deys several times recovered the superiority, and was not completely discomfited till 1684, on the flight of Mahmed Icheleby, who was expelled by Mahmed and his brother Ali Bey An hereditary monarchy was then established; and Mahmed Bey, the author of the revolution was the first sovereign. This new order of things was no sooner established than deranged. The Dey of Algiers, taking umbrage at the Tunisecns, went to enforce his pretensions at the head of an army, (October 13, 1689,) laid siege to Tunis, obtained possession of it in consequence of the flight

of the Bey, and set up Ahmed Ben Chouques in his stead. Mahmed Bey having gained over the Arabs on the frontiers to his side, advanced against Ahmed Ben Chouques, engaged and defeated him, and then proceeded to lay siege to Tunis. His competitor having, after the battle, retired to Algiers, Mahmed Bey, without difficulty, made himself master of the capital, where he once more established his authority, which he retained till his death. He was succeeded by his brother Ramadan Bey, the mildness of whose character encouraged the Tuniseens to expect a tranquil reign. They were not disappointed, but this very circumstance occasioned his ruin. His nephew Murat, son of Ali Bey, impatient to enjoy the throne to which he was the next heir, availed himself of his uncle's indolence, rebelled, took him prisoner and put him to death. Murat's reign, too long for the welfare of his people, was marked with atrocious cruelties. Ibrahim Cherif, the Turk, put a period to it by assassinating him. (June 10, 1702.) The house of Mahmed Bey becoming extinct by this murder, Ibrahim had no difficulty to procure himself to be acknowledged as Bey by the divan and the soldiery. Being afterwards taken prisoner in a battle in which he was defeated by the Algerines, the army elected Hassan Ben Ali, the grandson of a Greek renegado, as his successor. With him commenced a new dynasty, which has continued without interruption till the present time. The new Bey was aware that his throne would not be secure as long as Ibrahim lived. This consideration induced him to employ various means to get him into his power. This he at length effected, by declaring that he was but Ibrahim's substitute, and only waited for his appearance to abdicate the supreme authority. Ibrahim, deceived by this apparent submission, repaired to Porto Farina, where his head was struck off. (January 10, 1706.)

Hassan Ben Ali reigned in peace, and nothing but an heir was wanting to crown his wishes. Finding that he was not likely to have issue by any of his wives, he resolved to nominate his nephew Ali Bey, who commanded his army, as his successor. Several years had elapsed, when a prize was brought in by one of the cruisers of the regency, which happened to have on board a Genoese woman, who was placed in Hassan Ben Ali's harem. This woman, for whom he conceived an attachment, became pregnant. When this circumstance was fully ascertained, he assembled the divan and put the question, whether, in case this woman, whom he had in vain solicited to turn Mahometan, should be delivered of a son, this child could be acknowledged as his successor? The divan was of opinion that he could not, unless the Christian slave embraced the religion of Mahomet. Hassan renewed his solicitations, and his favourite at length consented to renounce her faith. She was delivered of a son, who was named Mahmed Bey, and afterwards of two more, Mahmoud and Ali Bey. Hassan seeing that he had now three heirs, informed his nephew Ali Bey, that, as heaven had changed the order of things, he could not leave him the throne after his death; but that as a proof of his constant friendship, he would purchase for him the place of pacha, whom the porte still continued to nominate at Tunis. The young Bey, submitting to his uncle's pleasure, accepted the promised appointment, and assumed the title of Ali Pacha. His ambition appeared gratified; but he affected a content he did not feel, to disguise the great designs which he had conceived. He could not without impatience behold the sceptre snatched from his hands, and, to spare himself this disgrace, he fled from Tunis to the mountain of Osseletis, put himself at the

head of a party which he had secretly formed, and attacked his uncle. This attempt proved unsuccessful: he was defeated, and, being obliged to quit his retreat, he sought refuge at Algiers, where, by intrigues and promises, he prevailed on the Algerines to espouse his cause. They sent an army to Tunis, and, after a complete victory, obliged Hassan Ben Ali to leave his capital and flee to Keyrouan. On the conclusion of the civil war, which produced a famine, the fugitive prince quitted Keyrouan and repaired to Sousse.

A French captain, of la Ciotat, named Bareilhier, who had long been attached to Hassan, gave proofs of his zeal by going continually to procure him corn and provisions: the prince gave him bonds for the amount, which he was to pay in case fortune should replace him on the throne. Affairs, however, grew worse and worse, and, being deprived of every resource, he resolved to send his children to Algiers (which seems to be the refuge of all the fugitive princes of Tunis) with a view to join them there; but, when he was preparing to accomplish this design, Younnes Bey, the eldest son of Ali Pacha, overtook him, and with his own hand struck off his head. Ali, having thus got rid of his most dangerous enemy, looked forward to the peaceable enjoyment of his power; but his tranquillity was interrupted by the disharmony of his children. Mahmed Bey, who was his favourite, formed the plan of excluding his elder brother, Younnes Bey, from the throne, to which he was the next heir. He accordingly endeavoured to ruin him in the good opinion of his father, and succeeded in the attempt. Ali Pacha, deceived by his specious stories, gave directions for the apprehension of his eldest son; but Younnes, being apprized of the circumstance revolted, and made himself master of the castle of Gaspe and the city of Tunis; but being again driven out by Ali Pacha, he was obliged to seek refuge at Algiers. Mahmed Bey, being freed from so dangerous a competitor, resolved to rid himself also of his younger brother, and caused him to be poisoned. He then procured himself to be acknowledged presumptive heir to the throne, and had the prospect of one day enjoying the dignity which his crimes had prepared for him, when the face of affairs was all at once totally changed. The city of Algiers experienced one of those revolutions so frequent in military governments; a new Dey was appointed, and the choice of the soldiery fell upon Ali Tchaouy, a Turk. He had before been ambassador at Tunis, and had there received an affront from that same Younnes Bey, who was afterwards obliged to implore his protection. Regardless of his solicitations, he espoused, out of revenge, the cause of the children of Hassan Ben Ali, and supplied them with troops, commanded by the Bey of Constantine, for the purpose of recovering the throne.

Success crowned their enterprise; they sacked the city of Tunis, and took prisoner Ali Pacha, who was immediately strangled. Mahmed Bey, the eldest son of Hassan, was seated on the throne. This good prince reigned but two years and a half, and left two sons, Mahmoud and Ismael Bey, who were yet infants.

His brother Ali Bey succeeded him, upon promising, it is said, to restore the throne to Mahmed's children when the eldest should arrive at years of discretion. The desire to transmit it to his own family prevented him from fulfilling this engagement. He sought by degrees to remove his nephews from the government and to raise his son to it. He showed the young Hahmoud to the people, gave him the command of his army, and solicited for him the title of

pacha. By these means he secured the suffrages of the people in favour of his son; and by kind treatment acquired such an ascendency over the minds of his nephews, that, when he died, (May 26, 1782,) they voluntarily relinquished their claims, and were the first to recognise their cousin Hahmound Pacha as sole Bey of Tunis.

Since that period the state has not been disturbed by any revolution, and those who have in their power to excite one, seem too much attached to the Bey to have the least inclination to do so.

The remembrance of past calamities, and the spectacle of the troubles of Algiers, have taught the Tunisees to be too much upon their guard against the restless and uneasy disposition of the Turks, to admit them into the government. The Beys have therefore endeavoured to abolish by degrees the authority which they had usurped: they have made a point of keeping them out of all the important places of administration reserved for natives and Georgians, and to suffer them to fill such only as have but a shadow of authority attached to them. Thus, though the reigning family may be considered as Turkish, since Hassan Ben Ali was descended from a Greek renegado, the government itself must be considered as Moorish.

II. *With what nations of Europe has Tunis entered into treaties? At what period were they concluded, and on what terms? Are they still in force?*

XVII. *What nations have consuls at Tunis? Are there any nations who permit their consuls to engage in trade?*

XVIII. *How many foreign houses are established at Tunis for the purpose of trade, and to what nations do they belong? Are they all in the capital?*

N. B. These questions, as well as some of the succeeding, are brought together on account of their connexion with each other.

The European nations to which Tunis has granted treaties are, France, England, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and Spain. Venice also may be included in the number, notwithstanding the present war in which she is engaged with this regency, and the emperor, whose flag has been struck only on account of his rupture with the Porte. The Ragusans, as tributaries of the Grand Seignior, have also their treaty, but without flag and without commeree, and merely as a protection for their ships.

The treaties between France and Tunis are the most ancient; they date from 1685, though there were some antecedent to that period which no longer exist, and which are not referred to in this treaty. That with England was concluded five or six months afterwards; and that with Holland a few years later. The treaties with the other nations above mentioned, are not of an earlier period than forty or fifty years back. From the subjoined outline of the treaties with France, a judgment may be formed respecting those with the other nations, since they were all framed as nearly as possible after that model. By an article of these treaties, and with reference to the practice adopted by the Porte in regard to ambassadors, the French consul at Tunis takes precedence of the other consuls. His majesty confers on him the title of consul-general and chargé des affaires, because, on the one hand, he is empowered to administer justice to the houses established at the port, and the ships that touch there, and, on the other, to treat concerning the interests of the two powers. All the consuls have a right to engage in trade except the French consul, to whom it is for-

bidden upon pain of removal from his post. This judicious prohibition was designed to prevent him from being, as he otherwise might, the judge and a party in the same cause, and likewise too powerful a competitor for the merchants, since the consideration attached to his office would easily have procured him a preference in all affairs of business

The other nations, having no mercantile houses established in Tunis, for the contrary reason, allow their consuls to engage in trade.

There are (in 1787) eight commercial houses established at Tunis, all of which are French, and fixed in the capital.

III. *What is the amount of the population of this empire? Are the Moors or the Arabs the most numerous? Are they taxed by tribes or individually? Is there any proportion in the imposts? Are there any Arabs fixed in the city?*

The population was calculated at four or five millions of souls before it was thinned by the plague, which may be computed to have swept off one eighth. The number of the Arabs exceeds that of the Moors.

Some taxes are paid by tribes and others by individuals. There is no absolute rule for establishing any proportion in the taxes; and upon the whole nothing is now left arbitrary. There are Arabs fixed in the city, but they are not the most numerous class of its inhabitants.

IV. *Are there in the heart of the kingdom, or on the frontiers, many tribes who refuse to pay the imposts? Are the Moors or Arabs the most untractable? Which of these two are the most opulent? Do the wandering tribes ever farm lands of the inhabitants of the towns, for the purpose of cultivating them or depasturing their flocks and herds? What do these flocks and herds consist of?*

There are tribes on the frontiers which at times refuse to pay the imposts, but the troops sent to levy them soon compel payment. It is in general the Arabs that are most untractable. There is every reason to presume that the Moors are the richest, because they not only hold offices, but embark at the same time in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. As the Arabs confine themselves to agriculture, the wandering tribes frequently farm lands of the inhabitants of the towns, either for the purposes of tillage or as pasturage for their flocks and herds, consisting of horned cattle, sheep and camels, which serve them for beasts of burden, whose hair they spin, whose milk affords them nourishment, and whose flesh they often eat.

Fine horses are become very scarce, the Arabs have grown tired of breeding them, because the government or its emissaries took from them every tolerable horse just at what price they pleased.

V. *Are there many proprietors of lands? Are these proprietors all resident in the towns, or are there houses detached and in villages? Are not the latter exposed to depredations from the roving hordes?*

Though the Bey possesses a great extent of land, and though there is much the revenues of which belong to Mecca, the proprietors are nevertheless numerous. They reside in the towns, in villages, and even in detached habitations, and in all these situations they are but little exposed to depredations from the roving hordes.

VI. *What may be the amount of the revenues of the state? From what sources are they derived? Are they entirely consumed by the ordinary ex-*

penditure, or can any part of them be laid by? Is the Bey supposed to have amassed money, and is the amount considerable?

As far as it is possible to form an estimate of the finances of a state, most of the revenues of which are annually put up to sale, and a great part of which is raised by extortion, the revenues of the Bey of Tunis may be computed at twenty-four millions of livres. The sources whence it is derived are the customs, licenses for exportation, the different sums of money given by every new governor, the amount of which keeps continually rising on account of the annual sales, the revenue of the domains, the tenths collected upon lands, the produce of prizes, the sale of slaves, &c. &c. The yearly expenses are considerably below the revenues, part of which are of course annually laid by.

There is no doubt that the Bey possesses considerable wealth, and that he is continually augmenting it; the most sordid avarice being one of his faults. The peace with Spain has just increased it by some millions, and Venice will not be long before she does the same.

Algiers and Constantine sometimes make heavy drains upon this treasure, which the government of Tunis might secure against their extortion, if it were to lay out part of its wealth in keeping up its fortresses, its marine, and a few disciplined troops.

VII. *Are there many Christian slaves at Tunis? Have any been ransomed of late years, and at what price? Of what nation were they?*

The number of Christian slaves at Tunis is very considerable, and has greatly increased within these few years, owing to the youth and military genius of the Bey, who encourages cruising, and even sends out corsairs himself. It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of slaves, because some are constantly being taken, and others ransomed. They are in general Neapolitans, Venetians, Russians, and Imperialists. At the present moment, Naples ransoms all of hers that she can, Genoa now and then, Malta almost always; but religion sometimes makes exchanges, by which Tunis is invariably a gainer, never releasing a Maltese but for two, three, or even four Mussulmen.

The ransom of the slaves belonging to the Bey, who are most numerous, is fixed at two hundred and thirty Venetian sequins for the seamen, and four hundred and sixty for the captains and women, of whatever age they may be.* Private individuals nearly follow these prices, from which, however, they at times make some abatement, either on account of the age of the slave, or his want of talents. It may be asserted that the condition of slaves at Tunis is in general very easy; many remain or return after they have been ransomed; and some obtain their liberty at the death, or even during the lifetime of their masters.

VIII. *What number of troops are kept by the Bey, and of what nation are they? How much do they cost? Are they at all disciplined and inured to war? Where are they stationed?*

The Bey keeps about 20,000 men,† 5,000 Turks, Mamelukes, or Krougoulis,

* Since the time of the Prince of Paterno, the ordinary ransom has been fixed at three hundred Venetian sequins, and the double ransom at six hundred piasters.

† At the time of the expedition against Tripoli, the Bey made a considerable addition to his troops. He enrolled, as it were, all the young Krougoulis in his dominions, to the number of more than 1,200; on which account the regular troops now cost the government about 700,000 piasters per annum.

the latter of whom are natives of the country, but sons or descendants of Turks or Mamelukes; 2,000 Moorish spahis, under the command of the four agas of Tunis, Kairouant, Ref, and Bejea; 4 0 Moorish Ambas, commanded by the Bachictenba, their chief; 2,000, or 2,500 Moorish Zouavas, of all countries, under the command of their Hodgia There are about 20,0 0 men enrolled in the corps of Zouavas, but the government pays no more than 2,0 0, or 2,50 at most; the others enjoy certain privileges, and are only called out on extraordinary occasions.

Eleven or twelve thousand Arabs, of the tribes of Berdes, Auled, Seid, Auled Hassan, &c. &c. comprehended collectively under the name of Mazerguis, accompany the camps and the regular troops to watch the motions of the tributary Arabs, and especially some chiefs of independent Arabs encamped on the confines of Tunis and Constantine.

The Turks, Mamelukes, and Krougoulis, who represent the old militia, cost the government of Tunis 700,000 piasters and more per annum.

The greater part of the Mamelukes, divided into four companies of 25 each,* are more particularly designed for a guard for the Bey. These are allowed, besides their pay, a gratuity of 20 piasters every half year, and some small fees in stuffs and other articles. They are likewise the bearers of all orders sent by the Bey to the governors or shieks When these orders relate to disputes between individuals, the latter are obliged to maintain them during their mission.

Some Turks and Krougoulis are likewise employed as guards to the Bey, and enjoy nearly the same advantages as the Mamelukes They are not sent by government upon any business but what is of a military nature. It is the same with respect to the Moorish Ambas and Spahis

Nearly half the soldiers are at Tunis, either acting as a garrison to the city or in camp The rest are distributed upon the frontiers, viz.

At Tabarca	600
Gafsa	75
Gerbis	75
Mehdia	50
Galipia	50
Hamamet	50
Bizerta	150
Porto Farina	100
La Goletta	300
Total	1,450

There are about 300 Zouavas employed in garrisons, viz.

At Gerbis	100
Zarsis	25
Beben	25
Gouvanes	25
Guebes	25
Hamma	25
Carried forward	225

* There are at present but two companies of Mamelukes of about 25 each.

Brought forward	225
Haxe	25
Sousse	25
Taburba	50
Sidi Daoud	25
The castles of Tunis	150
Aubarde	200
La Goletta	50
Total	750

The government employs the rest of the Zouaves, to which it allows pay, in the camp which it forms every year on the frontiers of Tripoli

IX *Are there any caravans in the kingdom? Whither do they travel? Is the trade carried on by them considerable? What articles do they barter? Do they pay any tribute to the government*

Two caravans travel regularly to Tunis, the one from Constantine and the other from Godemes. The former makes eight or ten journeys in a year, purchases mercery jewellery, drugs, grocery, linen, and woollen cloth, hardware, and hats, manufactured at Tunis; paying for these articles in cattle and hard piasters. That from Godemes rarely performs more than three journeys; bringing negroes, and buying the same commodities as the other, and in general whatever is necessary for the supply of the trade which it carries on with the interior of Africa. No direct impost is levied by the government on these caravans

X *Has the government reserved any branch of commerce for itself?*

The branches of commerce which the government has reserved for itself, are, leather; wax, which it relinquishes annually to a company of Jews, or Moors, for a certain quantity of woollen cloth, stuffs, or money; soda, or barilla, which is sold to the highest bidder; the tunny fishery, for the monopoly of which the sum of 30,000 francs is annually paid; and the coral fishery, for which the African company yearly pay nearly the same sum.

XI *What was the amount in the year 1787, of the exports from Tunis to the Levant, and of the imports from the Levant into Tunis?*

It is impossible to calculate with any degree of certainty the exports from Tunis to the Levant. The registers kept by the custom-houses established in the different ports of the kingdom are very imperfect: besides which a brisk smuggling trade is carried on, and connived at by the officers of the customs, because the first profit from it goes into their pockets.

XII. *During the same period, what was the amount of the exports from Tunis to Europe, and of the imports from Europe into Tunis?*

XIII. *In what ports were the exports shipped, and by the ships of what nation of Europe or of the Levant was this commerce carried on?*

The subjoined statement, as concise and as faithful as possible, will completely answer these two questions.

Result of the state of commerce in 1787.

	LIVRES.
The merchandise which we imported into Tunis amounts to	5,225,344
The amount of exports	4,634,531
Balance in favour of the former	591,313
Total amount of both	9,860,375
Total amount of the commerce, active and passive, of all the foreign nations	5,108,477
Leaving a balance in our favour of	4,751,898
	TONS.
There is the same proportion between the respective tonnages, ours amounting to	12,806
That of foreigners	6,870
Surplus in favour of ours	5,936

Foreigners themselves freighted part of our vessels. The goods were shipped at Tunis, Bizerta, Porto Farina, Sousse, and Gerbis. As to imports, they all enter the kingdom by the port of la Goletta. According to the note put at the foot of the Abbé Raynal's questions, the imports from Marseilles to Tunis in 1787 amounted to no more than 1,009,963 livres; whereas, by the above statement, they appear to have been 5,225,844 livres. The prodigious difference which exists between these two calculations proceeds from this circumstance, that the former includes nothing but goods; whereas, in the second, the amount of the money received from Marseilles, and the bills drawn directly on that place, or by way of Leghorn, is added These two articles amount to 4,215,881 livres: and this is as nearly as possible the surplus given by this calculation over the statement of the Abbé Raynal

XIV. *Are there many proprietors of lands? Are their possessions considerable and secure? Is not the government the heir of all who die without children as it is of all its agents?*

It is impossible to ascertain the amount of property in lands or the proportion which may exist between the domains, the private possessions, and the general mass. The government is proprietor of great part of the lands, but no register of those which are private property is kept It collects one tenth on the produce, so that, while the fields of an individual lie fallow, they yield absolutely nothing to the government. Here are not seen such great landed properties as in Europe; but all landed property is under the safeguard of the law, and very rarely subject to oppression from the treasury. The government has for some time, and particularly since the latter part of Ali Bey's reign, had so much respect for itself as not to touch the property of its subjects, and even that of its agents, who, after amassing large fortunes and enjoying them in peace, left their possession to their heirs.

The Hanefis (a generic term applied to the Turks and Mamelukes) who die without children, are allowed by law to dispose of one third of their property, and the treasury claims the rest. It is also heir to all the Melekis (who are Moors) that leave no male issue; but if they have daughters the treasury divides the property with them according to law. The agent of the treasury, who superintends the recovery of this kind of property, is called Ben Elmengi; he

causes the property, both movable and immovable, to be sold, and transfers the produce to the chest of the domains.

XV. *What number of cruisers is kept by the government? Of what class are these vessels? In what port do they lie?*

The government usually keeps from fifteen to twenty cruisers; consisting of three large vessels of twenty guns, with crews of 130 men; some xebecs of less force, galliots and feluccas.* Porto Farina is the only port frequented by the prince's vessels The cruisers of private individuals are not more numerous, and nearly in the same proportion in regard to force The former are equipped and dismantled in all the ports of the kingdom, and claim one tenth of all the prizes taken by private cruisers.

XVI. *What duty is paid by each ship? What are the duties paid by merchandise on exportation or importation? Are the duties payable by Europeans and by natives the same? Have they varied of late years?*

All vessels in ballast pay nothing; every vessel, on unloading pays 7 1-2 piasters, and the same for loading. The French pay only three per cent. on commodities imported from France, and under the French flag On commodities from Italy or the Levant the English pay eight per cent. and on all goods, from whatever place they come, the other European nations pay something less than the latter. All natives pay eleven per cent. on goods imported from any christian country, and four per cent. on those from the Levant.

In respect to hats, the principal manufacture of the country, government, in order to encourage industry, requires no duty on exportation

As to articles of provision, the exportation is permitted by government only according to circumstances, and it levies a higher or lower duty, according to the demand This duty is, on wheat, from 12 to 15 piasters the *caffis*; on barley, from 5 to 9; on all pulse and other grain, 4 1-2 and 1 3-4 on the *metal* of oil.

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Wheat, 8 to 10 maboubs, or more; barley, 20 to 25 piasters, and more; oil, 2 1-2 to 3 piasters; and more for the other ports in proportion to the measure, which is larger.

N. B. The piaster of Tunis may be reckoned at one livre twelve sous; the *caffis* at 3 1-2 loads of Marseilles; it takes about three *metals* to make a *millerotte*, the *rotte* being about 1 1-4 lb. Eighty rottes make a quintal.

* This force has lately been increased by two kerlanglisches, a large Swedish vessel, which has been pierced with 24 guns, and a xebec, a present from the French republic.

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